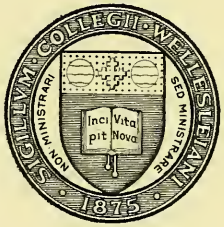
LIBRARY OF
WELLESLEY COLLEGE



PURCHASED FROM
LIBRARY FUNDS

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Boston Library Consortium Member Libraries

http://www.archive.org/details/witmirthorpillst56newy

WIT and MIRTH:
or
PILLS TO PURGE
MELANCHOLY

WIT and MIRTH:
OR
PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY

EDITED BY
THOMAS D'URFEY

IN SIX VOLUMES
VOLUME V

FOLKLORE LIBRARY PUBLISHERS, INC.
NEW YORK
1959

319292

This edition is a facsimile reproduction of the 1876 reprint of the original edition of 1719-1720.

Copyright © 1959

M
1738
W77
5-6

Printed in the U.S.A.
by Noble Offset Printers, Inc.
New York 3, New York

AN

Alphabetical TABLE

OF THE

SONGS and POEMS

Contain'd in this

BOOK.

A	Page
ALL Christians and Lay-Elders *too,*	1
As I went by an Hospital,	29
A Shepherd kept Sheep on a,	35
As I was a walking under a Grove,	37
A Councel gran ? our King did hold,	49
A Heroe of no small Renown,	56
As the Fryer he went along,	58
A Bonny Lad came to the Court,	88
A Pox on those Fools, who exclaim,	91
Amongst the pure ones all,	105
As Oyster Nan *stood by her Tub,*	107
Ah! Cælia *how can you be,*	111
Are you grown so Melancholy,	118
As Collin *went from his Sheep,*	122
A Wife I do hate,	173
A Thousand several ways I try'd,	181

A Whig *that's full*, 207
As Cupid *roguishly one Day*, 217
A Young Man sick and like to die, 267
At Noon in a sultry Summer's Day, 282
Ah! how lovely sweet and dear, 287
Advance, advance, advance gay, 288
Ah! foolish Lass, what mun I do, 322

B

BOld impudent Fuller *invented*, 5
By Moon-light on the Green, 103
Bonny Peggy Ramsey *that any*, 139
By shady Woods and purling, 161
Belinda! *why do you distrust*, 213
Born to surprize the World, 250
Bring out your Coney-Skins, 303
Bonny Scottish *Lads that keens*, 326

C

COme bring us Wine in Plenty, 15
Come pretty Birds present your, 120
Come fill up the Bowl with, 138
Cease lovely Strephon, *cease to*, 189
Cease whining Damon *to complain*, 202
Cælia *my Heart has often rang'd*, 230
Corinna, *if my Fate's to love you*, 254
Cælia's *Charms are past expressing*, 257
Come Beaus, Virtuoso's, rich Heirs, 265
Cease, cease of Cupid *to complain*, 298
Come, come ye Nymphs, 300
Chloe *blush'd, and frown'd, and swore*, 345
Cælia *hence with Affectation*, 350

D

DID you not hear of a gallant, 80
Divine Astrea *hither flew*, 275
Draw Cupid *draw, and make*, 306
Damon *if you will believe me*, 327
Drunk I was last Night that's, 329
Delia *tir'd* Strephon *with her*, 343

Fair

F

FAir Cælia *too fondly contemns*, 169
Fly Damon *fly*, *'tis Death to stay*, 247
Fear not Mortal, *none shall harm*, 248
Farewel ungrateful Traytor, 335

G

GIlderoy *was a bonny Boy*, 39
Good Neighbour why do you, 73

H

HOW now Sister Betteris, *why look*, 68
Heaven first created Woman to, 135
Hears not my Phillis *how*, 149
How happy's the Mortal whose, 179
He himself courts his own Ruin, 188
How happy and free is the, 193
How charming Phillis *is*, 201
Hither turn thee, *hither turn thee*, 211
Here lies William de Valence, 220
Ho my dear Joy, *now what dost*, 240
Here's a Health to the Tackers, 284
Here are People and Sports of, 308
Hark! now the Drums beat up again, 319
How often have I curs'd that sable Deceit, 352

I

I Am a young Lass of Lynn, 59
I am a jovial Cobler bold and, 75
It was a Rich Merchant Man, 77
If Sorrow the Tyrant invade, 83
In the pleasant Month of May, 101
It was a happy Golden Day, 110
I prithee send me back my Heart, 143
In Chloris *all soft Charms agree*, 162
I lik'd, *but never lov'd before*, 171
Iris *beware when* Strephon *pursues*, 199
I am one in whom Nature has, 241
In vain, *in vain*, *the God I ask*, 251
In the Devil's Country there, 271
In elder Time, *there was of* Yore, 289
Ianthia *the lovely*, *the Joy of*, 301
Jockey *met with* Jenny *fair*, 317

I met with the Devil in the, 330
Jilting is in such a Fashion, 333
Jockey *loves his* Moggy *dearly*, 341

L

LET the Females attend, 8
Let's be jolly, fill our Glasses, 16
Let's sing of Stage-Coaches, 20
Last Christmas *'twas my chance*, 25
Lately as thorough the fair, 44
Let Soldiers fight for Pay and Praise, 145
Long had Damon *been admir'd*, 158
Laurinda, *who did love Disdain*, 167
Let Ambition fire thy Mind, 205
Long was the Day e'er Alexis, 214
Let's be merry, blith and jolly, 337

M

MY Friend if you would understand, 94
Marriage it seems is for better, 272

N

NO more let Damon's *Eyes pursue*, 239
Nay pish, nay pish, nay pish Sir, 305
No, no every Morning my, 323
Now my Freedom's regain'd, 325
No, Phillis, *tho' you've all the Charms*, 338
Now to you ye dry Wooers, 340

O

ONce more to these Arms my, 92
One Night in my Ramble I, 109
Oh! let no Eyes be dry, 130
Old Lewis le Grand, *he raves like*, 151
Of old Soldiers, the Song you, 217
Of late in the Park a fair Fancy, 243
Oh! how you protest and solemnly, 316

P

PHilander *and* Sylvia, *a gentle*, 140
Poor Jenny *and I we toiled*, 146
Pretty Floramel, *no Tongue can*, 160
Plague us not with idle Stories, 204

Poor Mountfort *is gone, and the,* 244
Pretty Parrot say, when I was, 280

S

State and Ambition, all Joy to, 11
Stay, stay, shut the Gates, 85
Slaves to London *I'll deceive you,* 114
Stay, ah stay, ah turn, ah whither, 237
See how fair and fine she lies, 252
Since Cælia *only has the Art,* 286
Some brag of their Chloris, 307
See, Sirs, see here! a Doctor rare, 311
Swain thy hopeless Passion smother, 344

T

There was an old Woman liv'd, 13
The Suburbs is a fine Place, 27
There can be no Glad man, 32
Then Jockey *woo'd a wooing away,* 42
There was a Lass of Islington, 46
There was a Lord of worthy Fame, 53
There was a Jovial Tinker, 62
There is a fine Doctor now come, 71
There was a Knight and he, 112
Think wretched Mortal, think, 134
To the Wars I must alass, 137
Though the Pride of my Passion fair, 156
Tell me ye Sicilian *Swains,* 175
To the Grove, gentle Love, let, 182
Tell me no more of Flames in, 183
Tho' Fortune and Love may be, 186
That little Patch upon your Face, 197
Tho' over all Mankind, besides my, 233
There lives an Ale-draper near, 259
The Caffalier was gone, and the, 274
The Devil *he pull'd off his Jacket,* 278
The Jolly, Jolly Breeze, 347
The Jolly, Jolly Bowl, ib.

U

Upon a Holiday, when Nymphs, 87

Where

W

Where gott'st thou the Haver-mill, 17
When first Mardyke *was made*, 65
When Maids live to Thirty, yet never, 99
What Life can compare, with the, 125
With my Strings of small Wire, 128
When that young Damon *bless'd*, 131
Would you be a Man in Fashion, 154
When first I fair Celinda *knew*, 157
When busy Fame o'er all the, 164
Why am I the only Creature, 165
Where would coy Amyntas *run*, 172
When gay Philander *left the Plain*, 177
Wealth breeds Care, Love, Hope, 185
When first Amyntas *charmed my*, 192
Why so pale and wan fond Lover, 195
When I languish'd and wish'd you, 209
When first I saw her charming Face, 277
While the Love is thinking, 283
When Jemmy *first began to love*, 332

Y

YOU Master Colours pray, 22
Ye brave Boys and Tars, 115
Young Coridon *and* Phillis, 126
Your Hay it is mow'd, and your, 142
You happy Youths, whose Hearts, 191
Young Ladies that live in the, 262
You I love by all that's true, 336
You've been with dull Prologues, 349

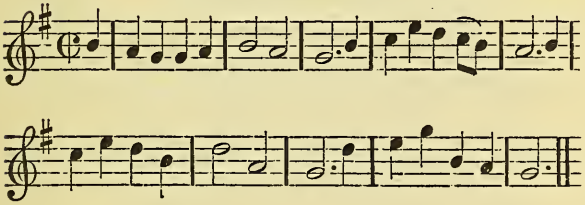
SONGS Compleat,

Pleasant and Divertive, &c.

VOL. V.

The FOUR-LEGG'D ELDER: *Or a Horrible Relation of a* DOG *and an* Elder's MAID.

By Sir John Burtonhead.



ALL Christians and *Lay-Elders* too,
For Shame amend your Lives;
I'll tell you of a Dog-trick now,
Which much concerns you Wives:

An *Elder's* Maid near *Temple-Bar,*
(Ah! what a Quean was she?)
Did take an ugly Mastiff Cur,
Where Christians use to be.
Help House of Commons, House of Peers,
Oh now or never help!
Th' Assembly hath not sat Four Years,
Yet hath brought forth a Whelp.

One Evening late she stept aside,
Pretending to fetch Eggs;
And there she made her self a Bride,
To one that had four Legs:
Her Master heard a Rumblement,
And wonder she did tarry;
Not dreaming (without his consent)
His Dog would ever Marry.
Help House of Commons, &c.

He went to peep, but was afraid,
And hastily did run,
To fetch a Staff to help his Maid,
Not knowing what was done:
He took his *Ruling Elders* Cane,
And cry'd out *help, help, here;*
For *Swash* our Mastiff, and poor *Jane,*
Are now fight Dog, fight Bear.
Help House of Commons, &c.

But when he came he was full sorry,
For he perceiv'd their Strife;
That according to the *Directory,*
They Two were Dog and Wife:
Ah! (then said he) thou cruel Quean,
Why hast thou me beguil'd?
I wonder *Swash* was grown so lean,
Poor Dog he's almost spoil'd.
Help House of Commons, &c.

I thought thou hadst no Carnal Sense,
But what's in our Lasses:
And could have quench'd thy Cupiscence,
According to the *Classes:*

But

But all the Parish see it plain,
Since thou art in this pickle;
Thou art an Independent Quean,
And lov'st a Conventicle.
Help House of Commons, &c.

Alas now each *Malignant* Rogue,
Will all the World perswade;
That she that's Spouse unto a Dog,
May be an *Elder's* Maid:
They'll jeer us if abroad we stir,
Good Master *Elder* stay;
Sir, of what *Classis* is your Cur?
And then what can we say?
Help House of Commons.

They'll many graceless Ballads sing,
Of a Presbyterian;
That a *Lay Elaer* is a thing
Made up half Dog, half Man:
Out, out, said he, (and smote her down)
Was Mankind grown so scant?
There's scarce another Dog in Town,
Had took the Covenant.
Help House of Commons, &c.

Then *Swash* began to look full grim,
And *Jane* did thus reply;
Sir, you thought nought too good for him,
You fed your Dog too high:
'Tis true he took me in the lurch,
And leap'd into my Arms;
But (as I hope to come at Church)
I did your Dog no harm.
Help House of Commons, &c.

Then she was brought to *Newgate* Goal,
And there was Naked stripp'd;
They whipp'd her till the Cords did fail,
As Dogs us'd to be whipp'd:

Poor City Maids shed many a Tear,
When she was lash'd and bang'd;
And had she been a *Cavalier*,
Surely she had been hang'd.
Help House of Commons, &c.

Hers was but *Fornication* found,
For which she felt the Lash:
But his was *Bugg'ry* presum'd,
Therefore they hanged *Swash:*
What will become of *Bishops* then,
Or *Independency?*
For now we find both Dogs and Men,
Stand up for Presbytry
Help House of Commons, &c.

She might have took a *Sow-gelder*,
With *Synod-men* good store,
But she would have a *Lay-Elder*,
With Two Legs and Two more:
Go tell the *Assembly* of Divines,
Tell Adoniram blue;
Tell *Burgess*, *Marshall*, *Case* and *Vines*,
Tell *Now-and-Anon* too.
Help House of Commons, &c.

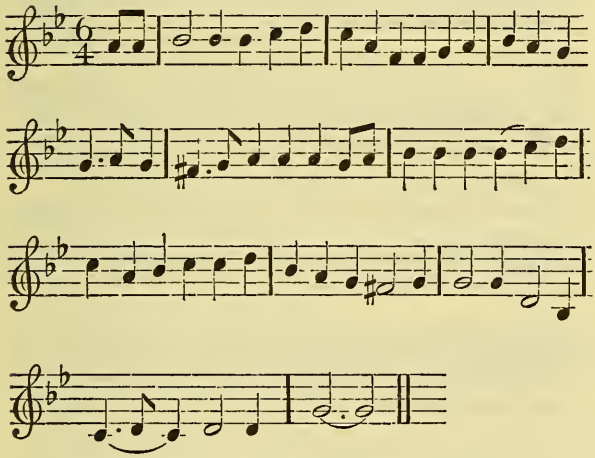
Some say she was a *Scottish* Girl,
Or else (at least) a Witch;
But she was born in *Colchester*,
Was ever such a Bitch:
Take heed all Christian Virgins now,
The *Dog-Star* now prevails;
Ladys beware your Monkeys too,
For Monkeys have long Tails.
Help House of Commons, &c.

Bless *King* and *Queen*, and send us Peace,
As we had Seven Years since:
For we remember no *Dog-days*,
While we enjoy'd our Prince:

Bless

Bless sweet Prince *Charles*, Two *Dukes*, Three Girls,
Lord save his *Majesty;*
Grant that his *Commons*, *Lords*, and *Earls*,
May lead such lives as *He.*
Help House of Commons, &c.

Plain Proof Ruin'd:
Or, a Grand CHEAT *Discover'd.*



BOld Impudent *Fuller* invented a Plot,
And all to discover the Devil knows what;
About a young Bantling strangely begot.
Which no body can deny.

The better to cheat both the Fools and the Wise,
He Impos'd on a Nation a Hundred of Lies;
That none but a Knight of the Post could devise.
Which no body can deny.

He

He tells us he had the Honour to peep,
In the Warming-pan where the *Welch* Infant did sleep;
And found out a Plot which was Damnable deep,
Which no Body can believe.

Then to the Wise Senate he suddenly went,
Where he told all the Lies that he then could invent,
For which he was Voted a Rogue by consent,
Which no Body can deny.

And tho' he was Punish'd for that his Offence,
He has almost forgot it, it was so long since,
Therefore the whole Game he began to Commence,
Which no Body can deny.

Then he to the Lords his bold Letters did send,
And told the high Peers, that the Plot he could mend,
And make it as plain, as he first did pretend,
Which no Body can deny.

He told them his Witnesses were mighty Men,
That wou'd come to the Town, tho' the Devil knows when,
And make *William Fuller* once famous agen,
Which no Body can deny.

The Lords they were Generous, Noble and Kind,
And allowed him Freedom his 'Squires to find,
The which he will do when the Devil is Blind,
Which no Body can deny.

So the Peers they declared him a scandalous Sot,
And none thinks him fit to manage a Plot,
If *Newgate* and *Tyburn* does fall to his Lot,
There's no Body will deny.

They gave him no more time than himself did require,
To find out his *Jones* and the wandering 'Squire,
But the time being come, they were never the nigher,
Which no Body can deny.

The

The brave House of *Commons* next for him did send,
To hear what the Block-headly Fool wou'd pretend,
Who humbly request, that they wou'd him befriend,
Which no Body can deny.

One day he declar'd they were near *London* Town,
But the very next Day into *Wales* they were flown,
Such nimble Heel'd Witnessess never were known,
Which no Body can deny.

When being Examin'd about his sham Plot,
He answer'd as though he had minded them not,
Perhaps the Young Rogue had his Lesson forgot,
Which no Body can deny.

But after some Study and impudent Tales,
Ask'd for a Commission to march into *Wales*,
And be Chang'd to a Herse, as Rogues goes to Goals,
Which no Body can deny.

But seeing his Impudence still to abound,
To go search for the Men who were not to be found,
They immediately sent him back to *Fleet* Pound,
Which no Body can deny.

From the *Fleet* to the Cart may he quickly advance
To learn the true Steps of old *Oates's* New Dance,
And something beside, or it is a great Chance,
Which no Body can deny.

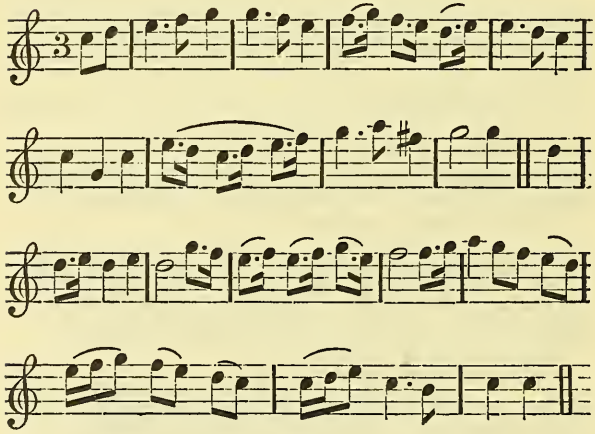
He has made it a Trade to be doing of Wrong,
In Swearing, and Lying, and Cheating so long,
For all his Life time, he's been at it ding dong,
Which no Body can deny.

Welch Taffy he raves and crys Splutterdenails,
He's abused hur Highness with Lies and with Tales,
Hur will hang hur if e'er hur can catch hur in *Wales*,
Which no Body will deny.

The

The Woman Warrior.

Who liv'd in COW-CROSS *near* WEST-SMITHFIELD*; who changing her Apparrel, entered her self on Board in Quality of a Soldier, and sailed to* IRELAND, *where she Valiantly behaved her self, particularly at the Siege of* CORK, *where she lost her Toes, and received a Mortal Wound in her Body, of which she since Died in her return to* LONDON.



LEt the Females attend,
To the Lines which are penn'd,
For here I shall give a Relation;
Of a Young marry'd Wife,
Who did venture her Life,
For a Soldier, a Soldier she went from the Nation.

She

She her Husband did leave,
And did likewise receive
Her Arms, and on Board she did enter;
And right valiantly went,
With a Resolution bent,
To the Ocean, the Ocean her Life there to venture.

Yet of all the Ships Crew,
Not a Seaman that knew,
They then had a Woman so near 'em;
On the Ocean so deep,
She her Council did keep, ['em.
Ay, and therefore, and therefore she never did fear

She was valiant and bold,
And would not be controul'd,
By any that dare to offend her;
If a Quarrel arose,
She would give him dry Blows, [her.
And the Captain, the Captain did highly commend

For he took her to be,
Then of no mean Degree,
A Gentleman's Son or a 'Squire;
With a Hand white and fair,
There was none could compare,
Which the Captain, the Captain did often admire.

On the *Irish* Shore,
Where the Cannons did roar,
With many stout Lads she was landed;
There her Life to expose,
She lost two of her Toes,
And in Battle, in Battle was daily commended.

Under *Grafton* she fought,
Like a brave Hero stout,
And made the proud Tories retire;
She in Field did appear,
With a Heart void of Fear,
And she bravely, she bravely did charge and give fire.

While

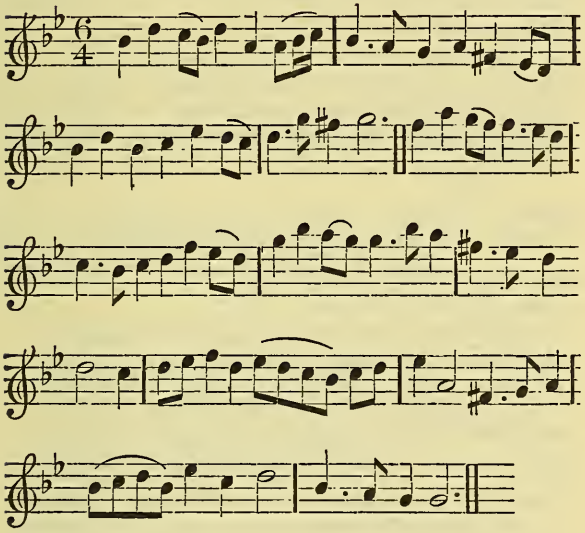
While the battering Balls,
Did assault the strong Walls,
Of *Cork* and the sweet Trumpets sounded ;
She did bravely advance,
Where by unhappy Chance,
This young Female, young Female alass she was wounded.

At the End of the Fray,
Still she languishing lay,
Then over the Ocean they brought her ;
To her own Native Shore,
Now they ne'er knew before,
That a Woman, a Woman had been in that Slaughter.

What she long had conceal'd,
Now at length she reveal'd,
That she was a Woman that ventur'd ;
Then to *London* with care,
She did straitways repair,
But she dy'd, oh she dy'd e'er the City she enter'd.

When her Parents beheld,
They with Sorrow was fill'd,
For why they did dearly adore her :
In her Grave now she lies,
'Tis not watery Eyes,
No nor Sighing, nor Sighing that e'er can restore her.

A Medly, Compos'd out of several SONGS.



STate and Ambition, all Joy to great *Cæsar*,
Sawney shall ne'er be my Colly my Cow;
All Hail to the Shades, all Joy to the Bridegroom,
And call upon *Dobbin* with Hi, Je, ho.
Remember ye Whigs, what was formerly done;
And *Jenny* come tye my bonny Cravat,
If I live to grow old for I find I go down,
For I cannot come every Day to Wooe.

Jove in his Throne was a Fumbler, *Tom Farthing*,
And *Jockey* and *Jenny* together did lie;
Oh Mother *Roger:* Boys, fill us a Bumper,
For why will ye die my poor *Cælia*, ah why?

Hark

Hark! how thundring Cannons do roar,
Ladies of *London* both wealthy and fair;
Charon make hast and Ferry me over,
Lilli burlero bullen a lah.

Chloris awake, Four-pence-half-penny-farthing,
Give me the Lass that is true Country bred;
Like *John* of *Gaunt* I walk in *Covent-Garden*,
I am a Maid and a very good Maid:
Twa bonny Lads was *Sawney* and *Jockey*,
The Delights of the Bottle and Charms of good Wine;
Wading the Water so deep my sweet *Moggy*,
Cold and Raw, let it run in the right Line.

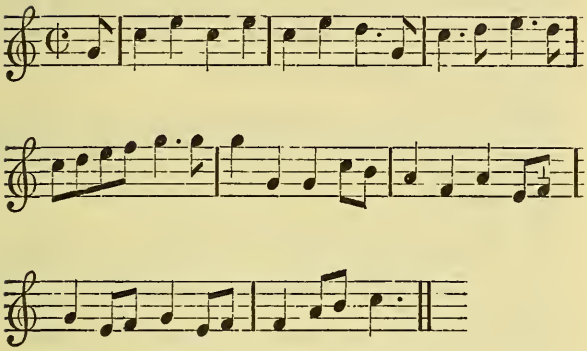
Old *Obadiah* sings *Ave-Maria*,
Sing Lulla-by-Baby with a Dildo;
The old Woman and her Cat sat by the Fire,
Now this is my Love d'y' like her ho?
Old *Charon* thus preached to his Pupil *Achilles*,
And under this Stone here lies *Gabriel John;*
Happy was I at the fight of Fair *Phillis*,
What should a Young Woman do with an old Man?

There's old Father *Peters* with his Romish Creatures,
There was an old Woman sold Pudding and Pies,
Cannons with Thunder shall fill them with Wonder,
I once lov'd a Lass that had bright rowling Eyes:
There's my Maid *Mary*, she does mind her Dairy,
I took to my Heels and away I did run;
And bids him prepare to be happy to Morrow,
Alass! I don't know the right end of a Gun.

My Life and Death does lye both in your Power,
And every Man to his Mind, *Shrewsbury* for me;
On the Bank of a Brook as I sat Fishing,
Shall I Die a Maid and never Married be:
Uds bobs let *Oliver* now be forgotten,
Joan is as good as my Lady in the Dark;
Cuckolds are Christians Boys all the World over,
And here's a full Bumper to *Robin John Clark.*

The

The TROOPER *Watering his* NAGG.



THere was an old Woman liv'd under a Hill,
Sing Trolly lolly, lolly, lolly, lo ;
She had good Beer and Ale for to sell,
Ho, ho, had she so, had she so, had she so ;
She had a Daughter her name was *Siss*,
Sing Trolly lolly, lolly, lolly, lo ;
She kept her at Home for to welcome her Guest,
Ho, ho, did she so, did she so, did she so.

There came a Trooper riding by,
Sing trolly, *&c.*
He call'd for Drink most plentifully,
Ho, ho, did he so, *&c.*
When one Pot was out he call'd for another,
Sing trolly, *&c.*
He kiss'd the Daughter before the Mother,
Ho, ho, did he so, *&c.*

And when Night came on to Bed they went,
Sing trolly, *&c.*
It was with the Mother's own Consent,
Ho, ho, was it so, *&c.*

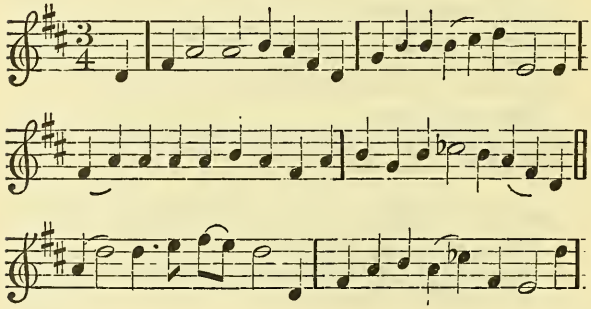
Quoth

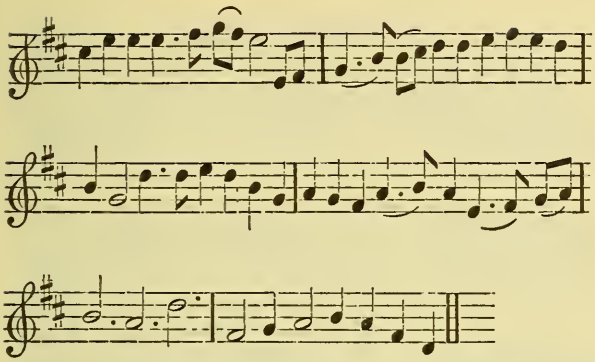
Quoth she what is this so stiff and warm,
Sing trolly *&c.*
'Tis Ball my Nag he will do you no harm,
Ho, ho, wont he so, *&c.*

But what is this hangs under his Chin,
Sing trolly, *&c.*
'Tis the Bag he puts his Provender in,
Ho, ho, is it so, *&c.*
Quoth he what is this? Quoth she 'tis a Well,
Sing trolly, *&c.*
Where Ball your Nag may drink his fill,
Ho, ho, may he so, *&c.*

But what if my Nag should chance to slip in,
Sing trolly, *&c.*
Then catch hold of the Grass that grows on the brim,
Ho, ho, must I so, *&c.*
But what if the Grass should chance to fail,
Sing trolly, *&c.*
Shove him in by the Head, pull him out by the Tail,
Ho, ho, must I so, *&c.*

A Trip to the Jubilee. *The Tune by Mr.* R. Loe.



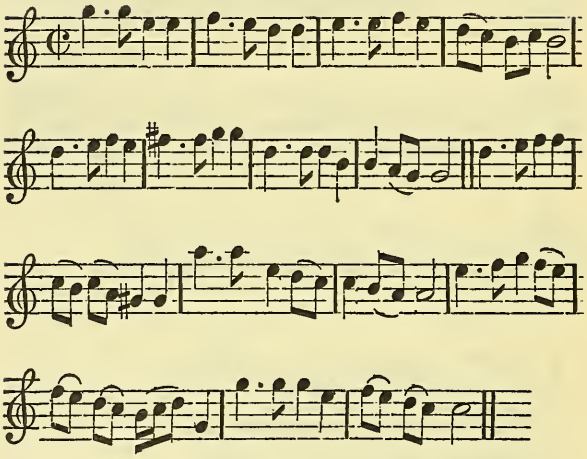


COme bring us Wine in plenty,
We've Money enough to spend;
I hate to see the Pots empty,
A Man cannot Drink to's Friend:
Then drawer bring up more Wine,
And merrily let it pass;
We'll drink till our Faces do shine,
He that wont may look like an Ass:
And we'll tell him so to his Face,
If he offers to baulk his Glass,
For we defy all such dull Society.

'Tis drinking makes us merry,
And Mirth diverts all Care;
A Song of hey down derry,
Is better than heavy Air:
Make ready quickly my Boys,
And fill up your Glasses higher;
For we'll present with Huzzas,
And merrily all give fire;
Since drinking's our desire,
And friendship we admire,
For here we'll stay, ne'er call Drawer what's to pay.

The

The GOOD FELLOW.

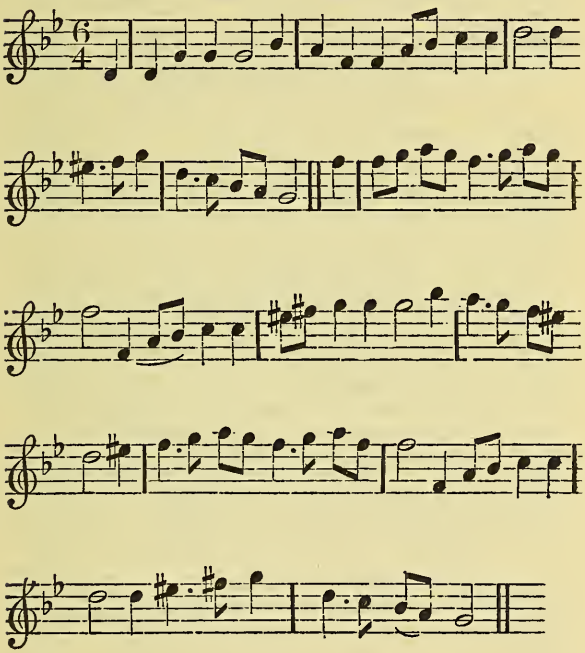


LEt's be jolly, fill our Glasses,
Madness 'tis for us to think,
How the World is rul'd by Asses,
That o'ersway the Wise with Chink:
Let not such vain Thoughts oppress us,
Riches prove to them a Snare;
We are all as rich as *Cræsus*,
Drink your Glasses, take no care.

Wine will make us fresh as Roses,
And our Sorrows all forgot;
Let us fuddle well our Noses,
Drink ourselves quite out of Debt:
When grim Death is looking for us,
Whilst we're singing o'er our Bowls;
Bacchus joyning in our Chorus,
Death depart, here's none but Souls.

Jo-

JOCKEY'S *Escape from* DUNDEE; *and the Parsons Daughter whom he had Mow'd.*



WHere gott'st thou the *Haver-mill bonack?*
Blind Booby can'st thou not see;
Ise got it out of the *Scotch-man's* Wallet,
As he lig lousing him under a Tree:
Come fill up my Cup, come fill up my Can,
Come Saddle my Horse, and call up my Man;
Come open the Gates, and let me go free,
And shew me the way to bonny Dundee.

For I have neither robbed nor stole,
Nor have I done any injury;
But I have gotten a Fair Maid with Child,
The Minister's Daughter of bonny *Dundee:*
Come fill up my Cup, come fill up my Can,
Come saddle my Horse and call up my Man,
Come open the Gates and let me go free,
And Ise gang no more to bonny Dundee.

Altho' Ise gotten her Maiden-head,
Geud feth Ise given her mine in lieu;
For when at her Daddy's Ise gang to Bed,
Ise mow'd her without any more to do?
Ise cuddle her close, and gave her a Kiss,
Pray tell now where is the harm of this,
Then open the Gates and let me go free,
And Ise gang no more to bonny Dundee.

All *Scotland* ne'er afforded a Lass,
So bonny and blith as *Jenny* my dear;
Ise gave her a Gown of Green on the Grass,
But now Ise no longer must tarry here:
Then saddle my Nag that's bonny and gay,
For now it is time to gang hence away,
Then open the Gates and let me go free,
She's ken me no more to bonny Dundee.

In Liberty still I reckon to Reign,
For why I have done no honest Man wrong;
The Parson may take his Daughter again,
For she'll be a Mammy before it is long:
And have a young Lad or Lass of my breed,
Ise think I have done her a generous deed;
Then open the Gates and let me go free,
For Ise gang no more to bonny Dundee.

Since *Jenny* the Fair was willing and kind,
And came to my Arms with a ready good will;
A token of love Ise left her behind,
Thus I have requited her kindness still:

Tho

Tho' *Jenny* the Fair I often had mow'd,
Another may reap the harvest I sow'd,
Then open the Gates and let me go free,
She's ken me no more to bonny Dundee.

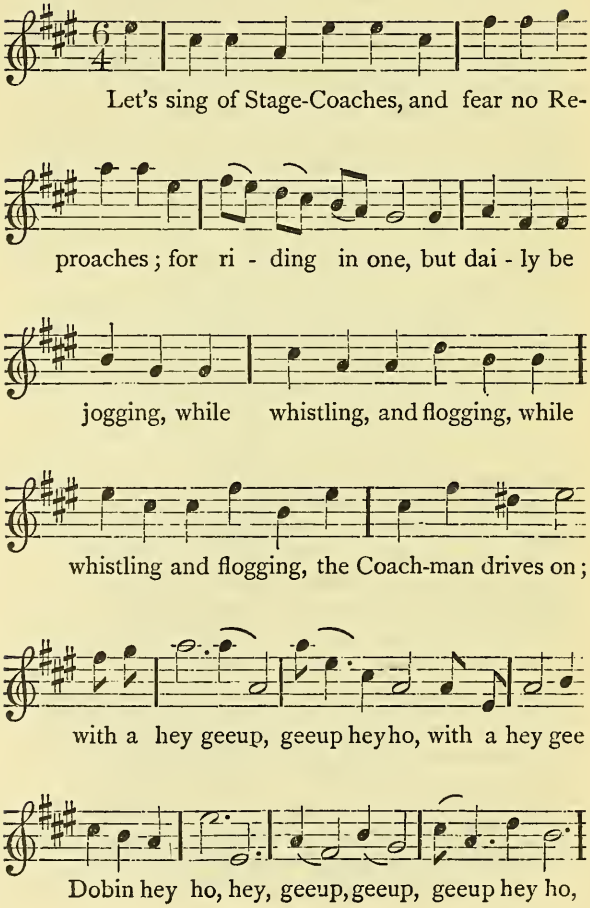
Her Daddy would have me to make her my Bride,
But have and to hold I ne'er could endure ;
From bonny *Dundee* this Day I will ride,
It being a place not safe and secure :
Then *Jenny* farewel my Joy and my dear,
With Sword in my Hand the passage I'se clear ;
Then open the Gates and let me go free,
For Ise gang no more to Bonny Dundee.

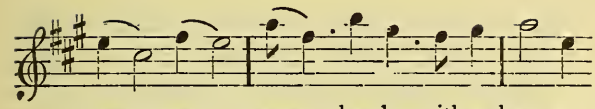
My Father he is a muckle good Leard,
My Mother a Lady bonny and gay ;
Then while I have strength to handle a Sweard,
The Parson's request Ise never obey :
Then *Sawny* my Man be thou of my Mind,
In bonny *Dundee* we'se ne'er be confin'd,
The Gates we will force to set ourselves free,
And never come more to bonny Dundee.

The *Sawny* reply'd Ise never refuse,
To fight for a Leard so valiant and bold ;
While I have a drop of Blood for to lose,
E'er any fickle Loon shall keep us in hold :
This Sweard in my Hand I'll valiantly weild,
And fight by your side to kill or be kill'd,
For forcing the Gates and set ourselves free,
And so bid adieu to bonny Dundee.

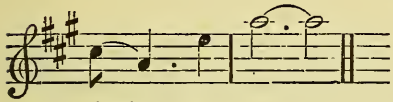
With Sweard ready drawn they rid to the Gate,
Where being denied an Entrance thro'
The Master and Man they fought at that rate,
That some ran away, and others they slew :
Thus *Jockey* the Leard and *Sawny* the Man,
They valiantly fought as Highlanders can,
In spight of the Loons they set themselves free,
And so bid adieu to bonny Dundee.

A SONG. *Sung by Mr.* Dogget.





geeup, geeup, geeup hey ho, with a hey, gee



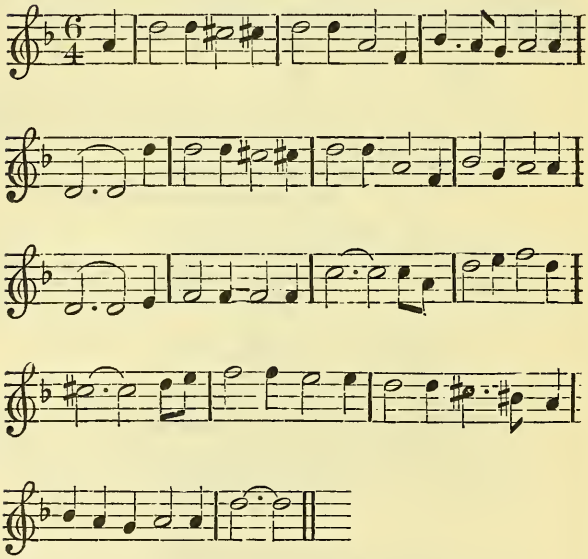
dobin hey ho.

In Coaches thus strowling,
Who wou'd not be rowling;
With Nymphs on each side,
Still Pratling and Playing;
Our Knees interlaying,
We merrily ride.
With a hey, &c.

Here chance kindly mixes,
All sorts and all Sexes,
More Females than Men,
We squeese 'em, we ease 'em,
The jolting does please 'em,
Drive jollily then,
With a hey, &c.

The harder you're driving,
The more 'tis reviving,
Nor fear we to tell,
For if the Coach tumble,
We'll have a rare Jumble,
And then uptails all,
With a hey, &c.

The Crafty Cracks of East-Smith-Field, *who pick't up a Master Colour upon* Tower-Hill, *whom they Plundred of a Purse of* Silver, *with above Threescore* Guineas.



YOU Master Colours pray draw near,
And listen to my Report;
My Grief is great, for lo of late,
Two Ladies I chanc'd to Court:
Who did meet me on *Tower-Hill*,
Their Beauties I did behold:
Those Crafty Jades have learnt their Trades,
And plunder'd me of my Gold.

I'll

I'll tell you how it came to pass,
This sorrowful Story is thus:
Of Guineas bright a glorious Sight,
I had in a Cat-skin Purse:
The Value of near Fourscore Pounds,
As good as e'er I had told,
Those Crafty Jades have learnt their Trades,
And plunder'd me of my Gold.

I saw two poor distressed Men,
VVho lay upon *Tower-Hill*,
To whom in brief I gave Relief,
According to my good VVill:
Two wanton Misses drawing near,
My Guineas they did behold;
They laid a Plot by which they Got,
My Silver and yellow Gold.

They both address'd themselves to me,
And thus they was pleas'd to say;
Kind Sir, indeed, we stand in need,
Altho' we are fine and gay:
Of some Relief which you may give,
I thought they were something bold;
The Plot was laid, I was betray'd,
And plunder'd of all my Gold.

Alas 'tis pity, then I cry'd,
Such Ladies of good Repute,
Should want Relief, therefore in brief,
I gave 'em a kind Salute:
Thought I of them I'll have my VVill,
Altho' I am something old;
They were I see too wise for me,
They plunder'd me of my Gold.

Then to *East-Smithfield* was I led,
And there I was entertain'd:
With Kisses fine and Brandy Wine,
In Merriment we remain'd:

Methought

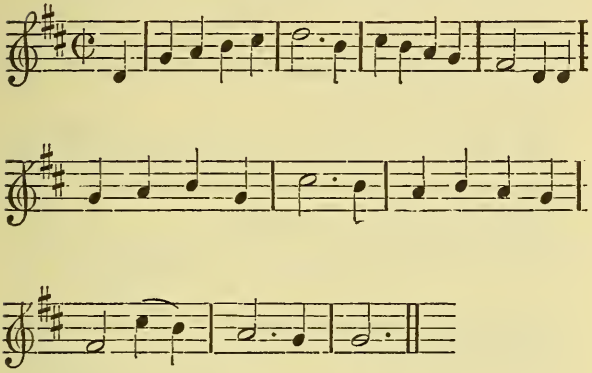
Methought it was the happiest Day,
That ever I did behold;
Sweet Meat alass! had sower Sauce,
They plunder'd me of my Gold.

Time after Time to pay their Shot,
My Guineas I would lug out;
Those Misses they wou'd make me stay,
And rally the other bout:
I took my Fill of Pleasures then
Altho' I was something old;
Those Joys are past, they would not last,
I'm plunder'd of all my Gold.

As I was at the wanton Game,
My Pocket they fairly pick'd;
And all my Wealth they took by stealth,
Thus was a poor Colour trick'd:
Let me therefore a Warning be,
To Merchants both young and old;
For now of late hard was my Fate,
I'm plunder'd of all my Gold.

They got three Pounds in Silver bright,
And Guineas above Threescore,
Such sharping Cracks breaks Merchants Backs,
I'll never come near them more:
Sure now I have enough of them,
My Sorrow cannot be told;
That crafty Crew makes me look Blew,
I'm plunder'd of all my Gold.

The Dance of the USURER *and the* Devil.



LAST *Christmas* 'twas my chance,
To be in *Paris* City;
Where I did see a Dance,
In my conceit was very pretty— By men of France.

First came the Lord of *Pool*,
And he begun his Measure;
The next came in a Fool,
And danc'd with him for pleasure— With his Tool.

The next a Knight came in,
Who look'd as he would swagger;
And after follow'd him
A merry needy Beggar——Dancing in.

The next a Gentleman,
On him a Servant tending,
And there the Dance began,
With nimble Bodies bending— Like two Friends.

Then

Then in a Lawyer came,
With him a Knave came leaping ;
And as they Danc'd in Frame,
So Hand in Hand went skipping—To the Term.

The next a Citizen,
And he a Cuckold leading ;
So round about the Room,
Their Masque they fell a Treading— And fain they would.

The next an Usurer,
Old fat Guts he came grunting ;
The Devil left all care,
For joy he fell a Jumping— To see him there.

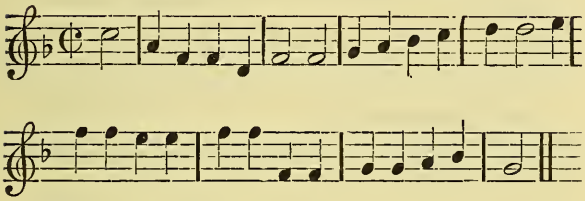
And ending then their Masque,
The Fool his Lord he carries
Upon his Back in hast,
No longer there he tarries—— But left the place.

The Beggar took the Knight,
Who took it in Derision ;
The Searjeant took in Spite,
The Gentleman to Prison—For all his might.

The Cuckold, silly Man,
Altho' he was abhorred :
He took the Citizen,
And led him by the Forehead— And out he ran.

The Devil lik'd it well,
His lot it was to carry ;
The Usurer to Hell,
And there with him to tarry.

The SUBURBS *is a fine place: To the* Tune *of* LONDON *is a fine Town.*



THE Suburbs is a fine Place belonging to the City,
It has no Government at all, alack the more the Pity;
A Wife, a silly Animal, esteemed in that same Place,
For there a Civil Woman's now asham'd to shew her Face:
The Misses there have each Man's Time, his Money, nay, his Heart, [Part.
Then all in all, both great and small, and all in ev'ry
Which Part it is a thorough-fair so open and so large,
One well might sail through ev'ry Tail even in a western Barge;
These Cracks that Coach it now, when first they came to Town, [Gown.
Did turn up Tail for a Pot of Ale in Linsey Wolsey
The Bullies first debauch'd 'em, in Baudy *Covent-Garden*,
That filthy place, where ne'er a Wench was ever worth a Farthing; [Lords,
And when their Maiden-heads are sold to sneaking
Which Lords are Clapt at least nine-fold for taking of their Words.
And then my Lord, that many tries, she looks so Innocent,
Believing he Infected her, he makes a Settlement;

These

These are your Cracks, who skill'd in all kind of Debauches,
Do daily piss, spue and whore in their own glass Coaches.

Now Miss turn Night-walker, till Lord-Mayor's Men she meets,
O'er Night she's Drunk, next Day she's finely flogged thro' *London* streets;
After their Rooms of State are chang'd to Bulks or Coblers Stalls,
'Till Poverty and Pox agree they dying in Hospitals.

This Suburbs gallant Fop that takes delight in Roaring,
He spends his time in Huffing, Swearing, Drinking, and in Whoring;
And if an honest Man and his Wife meet them in the Dark,
Makes nothing to run the Husband through to get the name of Spark.

But when the Constable appears, the Gallant, let me tell ye,
His Heart defiles his Breeches, and sinks into his Belly;
These are the silly Rogues that think it fine and witty,
To laugh and joak at Aldermen, the Rulers of the City.

They'd kiss our Wives, but hold, for all their plotting Pates, [Estates;
While they would get us Children, we are getting their
And still in vain they Court pretending in their Cares,
That their Estates may thus descend unto the Lawful Heirs.

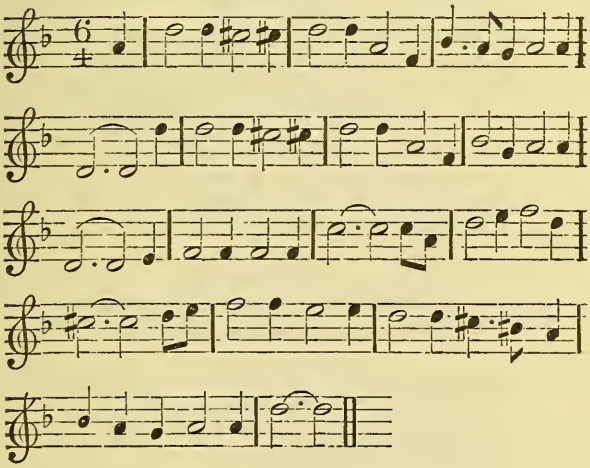
Their Play-houses I hate, are Shops to set off Wenches,
Where Fop and Miss, like Dog and Bitch, do couple under Benches;
That I might advise the chiefest Play-house monger,
I have a Sister of my own both Handsomer and Younger.

She

She lives not far off in the Parish of St. *Clements*,
She never liv'd in Cellar nor sold Oranges and Lemons :
Then why should Play-house Trulls with Paint and such Temptations, [Nation.
Be an Eye sore to me & more to the best part o'th'

Now you that all this while have listened to my Dity,
With streightened Hands pray drink a Health unto this noble City :
And let us pray to *Jove*, these Suburb folks to mend,
And having now no more to say, I think it fit to end.

The Old Woman's WISH.



AS I went by an Hospital,
I heard an Old Woman cry,
Kind Sir, quoth she, be kind to me,
Once more before I Die,

And

And grant to me those Joys,
That belong to Woman-kind,
And the Fates above reward your Love,
To an old Woman Poor and Blind.

I find an itching in my Blood,
Altho' it be something Cold,
Therefore Good Man do what you can,
To comfort me now I'm Old.
And Grant to me those Joys,
That belong to Woman-kind,
And the Fates above Reward your Love,
To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

Altho' I cannot see the Day,
Nor never a glance of light;
Kind Sir, I swear and do declare,
I honour the Joys of Night:
Then grant to me those Joys,
That belong to Woman-kind,
And the Fates above Reward you Love,
To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

When I was in my Blooming Youth,
My vigorous Love was Hot;
Now in my Age I dare Engage,
A fancy I still have got:
Then give to me those Joys,
That belong to Woman-kind,
And the Fates above Reward your Love,
To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

You shall miss of a Reward,
If Readily you comply;
Then do not Blush but touch my flesh,
This minute before I die:
O let me tast those Joys,
That belong to Woman-kind,
And the Fates above reward your Love,
To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

I Forty Shillings would freely give,
'Tis all the Mony I have;
Which I full long have begged for,
To carry me to my Grave:
This I would give to have the Bliss,
That belongs to Woman kind,
And the Fates above reward your Love,
To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

I had a Husband in my Youth,
As very well 'tis known,
The truth to tell he pleased me well,
But now I am left alone;
And long to tast the good Old Game,
That belongs to Woman-kind:
And the Fates above Reward your Love,
To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

If Forty Shillings will not do,
My Petticoat and my Gown;
Nay Smock also shall freely go,
To make up the other Crown:
Then Sir, pray Grant that kind Request,
That belongs to Woman-kind;
And the Fates above Reward your Love,
To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

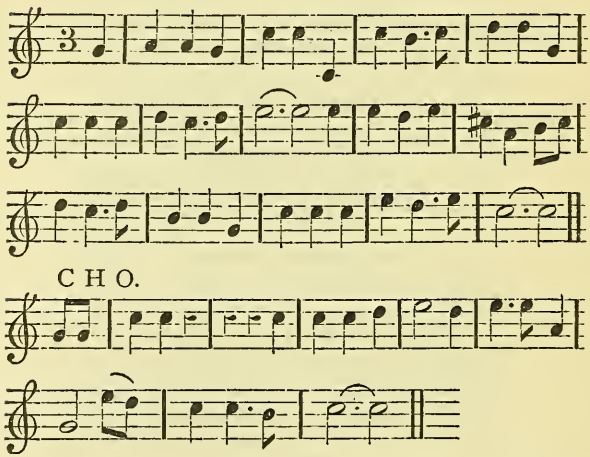
Tho' I am Fourscore Years of Age,
I love with a Right good Will;
And what in truth I want in Youth,
I have it in perfect Skill:
Then grant to me that Charming Bliss,
That belongs to Woman-kind;
And the Fates above Reward your Love,
To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

Now if you do not pleasure me,
And give me the thing I crave;
I do protest I shall not rest,
When I am laid in my Grave:

There-

Therefore kind Sir, grant me the Joys,
That belong to Woman-kind;
And the Fates above Reward your Love,
To an Old Woman Poor and Blind.

The Mad-Man's SONG.



THere can be no Glad-man compar'd to the Mad-man,
His Mind is still void of Care;
His Fits and his Fancies, are above all Mischances,
And Mirth is his ordinary Fare.
Then be thou Mad, Mad, Mad let's be,
Nor shall the foul Fiend be Madder than we.

The Wise and the Witty, in Court and in City,
Are subject to sorrow and Pain;
While he that is Mad, knows not why to be Sad,
Nor has any cause to complain:
Then be thou Mad, &c.

We

We laugh at you Wise Men, that thus do despise Men,
Whose Senses you think to Decline;
Mark well and you'll see, what you count but Frenzy,
Is indeed but Raptures Divine.
Then be thou Mad, &c.

Let the Grave and the Wise, pluck out their Eyes,
To set forth a Book worth a Groat;
We Mad-men are quicker, grow Learn'd with good Liquor,
And Chirp a Merry note.
Then be thou Mad, &c.

Hast thou lost thy Estate Man, why, care not for that Man,
What Wealth may'st not fancy thy own;
More than Queen *Dido*, or her Ass-Ear'd *Midas*,
That great Philosopher's stone.
Then be thou Mad, &c.

Pompey was a Mad-man, and so long a Glad-man;
But at length he was forc'd to flee;
For *Cæsar* from *Gallia* beat him in *Pharsalia*,
'Cause a madder Fellow then he.
Then be thou Mad, &c.

'Twas this Extasie brave, that the great Courage gave,
If your Eyes were but ope'd and would see;
To great *Alexander*, that mighty Commander,
As Mad a Fellow as could be.
Then be thou Mad, &c.

Then around goes a Health to the Lady o'th' House,
If any Man here does forsake it;
For a Fool let him go, we know better Manners,
And so we mean to take it.
Then be thou Mad, &c.

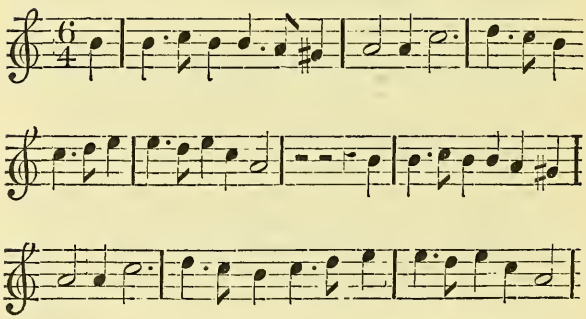
There's no Night Mirth's going, nor any Lad wooing,
But Mad-men are privy unto it;
For the Stars so peep, into every such thing,
And wink upon us as you do it.
Then be thou Mad, &c.

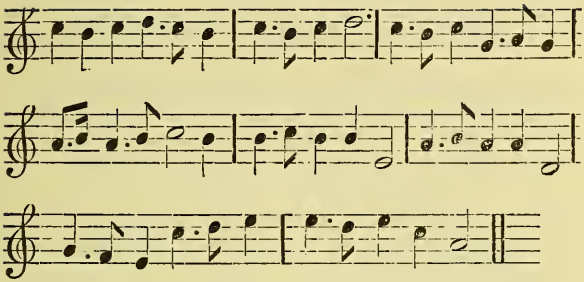
When the Frost, Ice and Snow, do benumb things below,
We Chirp as merry as Larks;
Our Sack and our Madness, consumes cold and sadness,
And we are the Jovial Sparks.
Then be thou Mad, &c.

Has thy Mistress frown'd on thee, or thy Rival outgone thee?
Let Sober and Wise Fellows pine;
Whilst bright *Miralind* and goodly *Dulcind*,
And the rest of the Fairies are thine.
Then be thou Mad, &c.

A Mad-man needs baulk no manner of talk,
His Tongues never guilty with Treason;
But a Wise Knave would suffer, if the same he should utter,
For a wise Man's Guilt is his Reason.
Then be thou Mad, &c.

A SONG.





A Shepherd kept Sheep on a Hill so high, *fa, la, la,* &c.
And there came a pretty Maid passing by, *fa, la,* &c.
Shepherd, quoth she, dost thou want e'er a Wife,
No by my troth I'm not weary of my Life, *fa, la, la,* &c.

Shepherd for thee I care not a Fly, *fa, la, la,*
For thou'st not the Face with a fair Maid to lie, *fa, la,*
How now my Damsel, say'st thou me so,
Thou shalt tast of my bottle before thou dost go, *fa, la.*

Then he took her and laid her upon the Ground, *fa, la,*
And made her believe that the World went round, *fa, la,*
Look yonder my Shepherd, look yonder I spy,
There are fine pretty Babies that dance in the Sky, *fa, la.*

And now they are vanisht, and now they appear, *fa la,*
Sure they will tell Stories of what we do here, *fa, la, la,*
Lie still my dear *Chloris*, enjoy thy Conceit,
For the Babes are too young and too little to prate, *fa, la, la.*

See how the Heavens fly swifter than Day, *fa, la, la,*
Rise quickly, or they will all run away, *fa, la, la,*
Rise quickly my Shepherd, quickly I tell ye,
For the Sun, Moon and Stars are got all in my Belly, *fa, la,*

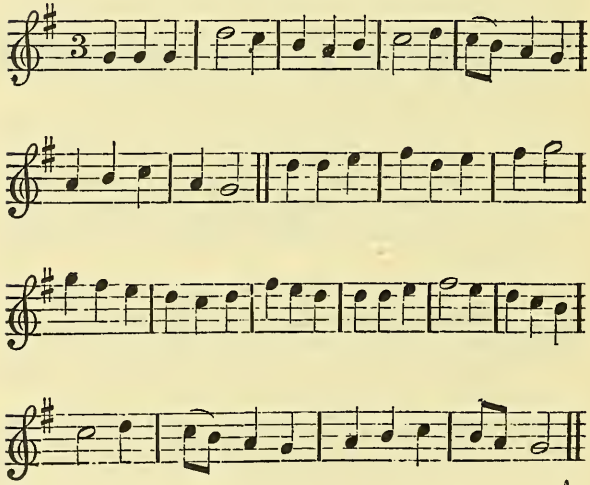
O dear, where am I ? pray shew me the way, *fa, la, la,*
Unto my Father's House hard by, *fa, la, la,*

If he chance to Chide me for staying so long,
I'll tell him the fumes of your Bottle were strong, *fa, la, la.*

And now thou hast brought my Body to shame, *fa, la,*
I prithee now tell me what is thy Name, *fa, la, la,*
Why *Robin* in the Rushes my Name is, quoth he,
But I think I told her quite contrary, *fa, la, la.*

Then for *Robin* in the Rushes, she did enquire, *fa, la, la,*
But he hung down his Head, and he would not come
nigh her, *fa, la, la,*
He wink'd with one Eye, as if he had been Blind,
And he drew one Leg after a great way behind, *fa, la, la.*

A SONG.



As

AS I was a walking under a Grove,
Within my self, as I suppos'd ;
My Mind did oftentimes remove,
And by no means could be disclosed :
At length by chance a Friend I met,
Which caused me long time to tarry ;
And thus of me she did intreat,
To tell her when I meant to Marry.

Sweet-heart, quoth I, if you would know,
Then hear the Words, and I'll reveal it ;
Since in your Mind you bear it so,
And in your Heart you will conceal it :
She promis'd me she'd make no Words,
But of such things she would be wary ;
And thus in brief I did begin,
To tell her when I meant to Marry.

When *Shrove-tide* falls in *Easter* week,
And *Christmas* in the midst of *July ;*
When Lawyers for no Fees will Plead,
And Taylors they prove Just and Truly :
When all Deceits are quite put down,
And Truth by all Men is preferred ;
And *Indigo* dies Red and Brown,
O then my Love and I'll be Married.

When Men and Beasts in the Ocean flow,
And Fishes in green Fields are feeding ;
When Muscle-shells in the Streets grow,
And Swans upon dry Rocks be breeding :
When Cockle-shells are Diamond Rings,
And Glass to Pearl may be compared ;
Gold is made of a Grey-goose Wings,
Oh then my Love and I'll be Married.

When hostesses do reckon true,
And *Dutchmen* leave off drinking Brandy ;
When Cats do bark, and Dogs do Mew,
And Brimstone is took for Sugar-candy :

Or

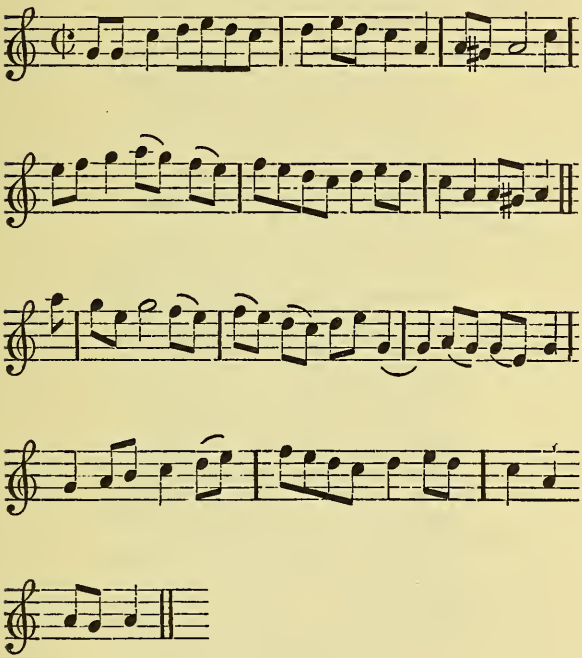
Or when that *Whitsontide* do fall,
Within the Month of *January;*
And a Cobler works without an Awl,
O then my, *&c.*

When Women know not how to Scold,
And Maids on Sweet-hearts ne'er are thinking;
When Men in the Fire complain of Cold,
And Ships on *Salisbury* Plain fear sinking:
Or when Horse-Coursers turn honest Men,
And *London* into *York* is carried;
And out of One you can take Ten,
Oh then, *&c.*

When Candlesticks do serve for Bells,
And Frying-pans they do use for Ladles;
When in the Sea they dig for Wells,
And Porridge-pots they use for Cradles:
When Maids forget to go a *Maying,*
And a Man on his Back an Ox can carry;
Or when the Mice with the Cat be playing,
Oh then, *&c.*

Good Sir, since you have told me when,
That you're resolv'd for to Marry;
I wish with all my Heart till then,
That for a Wife you still may tarry:
But if all young Men were of your mind,
And Maids no better were preferred;
I think it were when the D—l were blind,
That we and our Lovers should be Married.

Gilderoys *last Farewel. To a New Tune.*



G*ilderoy* was a bonny Boy,
Had Roses tull his shun,
His Stockings were made of the finest Silk,
His Garters hanging down :
It was a comely sight to see,
He was so trim a Boy ;
He was my Joy and Heart's Delight,
My Handsom Gilderoy.

Oh sike a charming Eye he had,
A Breath as sweet as a Rose,
He never wore a Hiland plad,
But costly silken Cloaths:
He gain'd the Love of Ladies gay,
There's none to him was Coy;
Ah, wa's me, Ise mourn this Day,
For my Dear Gilderoy.

My *Gilderoy* and I was born,
Both in one Town together;
Not past Seven years of Age,
Since one did Love each other:
Our Daddies and our Mammies both,
Were cloath'd with mickle Joy,
To think upon the Bridal Day,
Betwixt I and my Gilderoy.

For *Gilderoy*, that Love of mine,
Geud faith Ise freely bought:
A Wedding-sark of Holland fine,
With Silk in Flowers wrought:
And he gave me a Wedding Ring,
Which I receiv'd with Joy;
No Lads or Lasses e'er could Sing,
Like my sweet Gilderoy.

In mickle Joy we spent our time,
Till we was both Fifteen;
Then gently he did lay me down,
Amongst the leaves so green:
When he had done what he could do,
He rose and he gang'd his way;
But ever since I lov'd the Man,
My Handsome Gilderoy.

VVhile we did both together play,
He kiss'd me o'er and o'er;
Geud faith it was as blith a Day,
As e'er I saw before:

He

He fill'd my Heart in every Vein,
With Love and mickle Joy;
Who was my Love and Hearts delight,
Mine own sweet Gilderoy.

Oh never, never shall I see,
The cause of past Delight;
Or sike a lovely Lad as he,
Transport my Ravish'd sight:
The Law forbids what Love enjoyns,
And does prevent our Joy;
Though just and fair were the Designs,
Of me and Gilderoy.

'Cause *Gilderoy* had done amiss,
Must he be punish'd then;
What kind of Cruelty is this
To hang such Handsom Men?
The Flower of the *Scotish* land,
A sweet and lovely Boy;
He likewise had a Lady's Hand,
My Handsom Gilderoy.

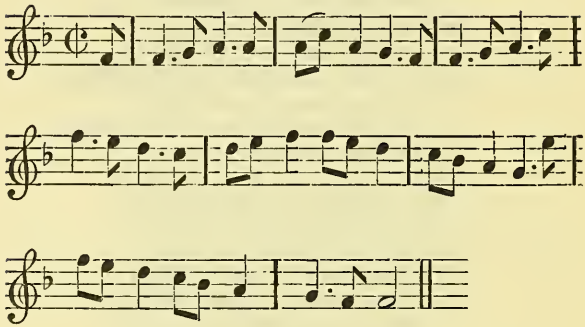
At *Leith* they took my *Gilderoy*,
And there God wot they bang'd him:
Carry'd him to fair *Edenburgh*,
And there God wot they hang'd him:
They hang'd him up above the rest,
He was so trim a Boy;
My only Love and Heart's Delight,
My Handsom Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his Breath,
In *Cypress* he was laid;
Then for my dearest, after Death,
A Funeral I made:
Over his Grave a Marble-stone,
I fixed for my Joy;
Now I am left to weep alone,
For my dear Gilderoy.

The

The SCOTCH *Wedding*

Between JOCKEY *and* JENNY.



THEN *Jockey* wou'd a Wooing away,
On our Feast-day when he was foo ;
Then *Jenny* put on her best Array,
VVhen she thought *Jockey* would come to VVoo.

If I thought *Jockey* were come to Town,
It wad be for the leve of me ;
Then wad I put on beth Hat and Goown,
Because I'd seem worstsome in his Eye.

Then *Jenny* prick'd up a brant breeght broow,
She was as breeght as onny clock ;
As *Moggy* always used to do,
For fear her Sweet-heart shou'd her mock.

Then *Jenny* shoo tripped up the Stairs,
And secretly to shift her Smock ;
But leard how loud her mother swears,
O hast away *Jenny*, and come to *Jock*.

Then

Then *Jenny* came tripping down the Stairs,
Oh Leard so nimbly tripped she;
But oh how *Jockey* began to stare,
VVhen he beheld hur fair Beauty!

Then *Jenny* made a Curtshy low,
Until the Stairs did touch her Dock;
But Leard how loud her Mother did lough,
VVhen shoo *Jenny* was come to *Jock*.

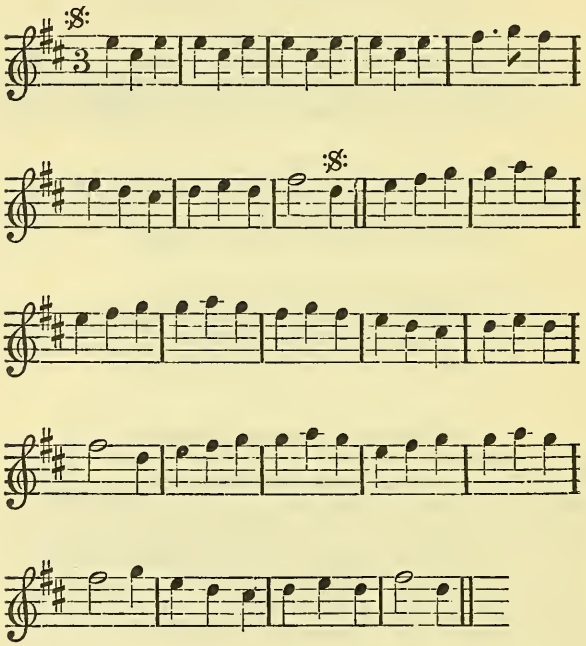
Then *Jockey* tuke *Jenny* by the Nease,
Saying my dear Lovey canst thou loof me?
My Father is Dead and has left me Land,
Some fair ould Houses twa or three.

Thou shalt be the Lady o'er them aw,
I doot, quod *Jenny* you do me mock;
Ad ta my saw, quoth *Jockey*, then,
I come to woo thee *Jenny*, quoth *Jock*.

This to be said after the SONG.

Sea then they gang'd to the Kirk to be wad; noow they den't use to wad in *Scotchland* as they wad in *England*, for they gang to the Kirk, and they take the Donkin by the Rocket, and say, good morn Sir Donkin, says Sir Donkin, ah *Jockey* sen ater me, wit ta ha *Jenny* to thy wadded VVife? ay by her Lady quoth *Jockey* and thanka twa, we aw my Heart; ah *Jenny* sen ater me, wit ta ha *Jockey* to thy wadded Loon, to have and to hold for aver and aver, forsaking aw other Loons, lubberloons, black Lips, blue Nases, an aw Swiggbell'd caves? ah, an these twa be'nt as weel wadded as e'er I wadded twa in *Scotchland*, the Deel and St. *Andrew* part ye.

A Scotch SONG *made to the* Irish JIGG, *and Sung to the King at* Whitehall.



LAtely as thorough the fair *Edinborough*,
To view the fair Meadows as I was ganging;
Jockey and *Moggy* were walking and talking,
Of Love and Religion, thus closely Haranguing;
Never says *Moggy*, come near me false *Jockey*,
For thou art a *Whig*, and I mean to abhor thee;
Ize be no Bride, nor will lig by thy side,
For no sneaking Rebel shall lift a Leg o'er me.

Jockey

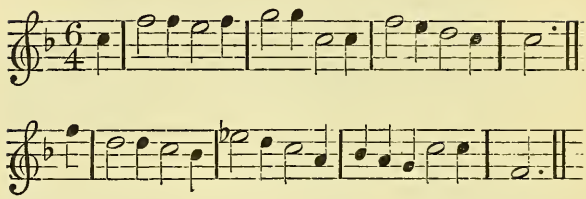
Jockey. Fairest and Dearest,
And to my Heart nearest,
To live with thy Frowns I no longer am able;
I am so loving,
And thou art so moving,
Each Hair of thy Head ties me fast as a Cable:
Thou hast that in thee,
Ise sure to win me,
To *Jew*, *Turk* or *Atheist*, so much I adore thee;
Nothing I'd shun,
That is under the Sun,
So I have the pleasure to lift a Leg o'er thee.

Moggy. Plotters and Traytors,
And Associators,
In every degree thou shalt swear to oppose 'em;
Swimmers and Trimmers,
The Nations Redeemers,
And for thy Reward thou shalt sleep in my Bosom;
I had a Dad,
VVas a Royal brave Lad,
And as true as the Sun to his Monarch before me;
Moggy he cry'd,
The same hour that he Dy'd,
Let no sneaking Rebel e'er lift a Leg o'er thee.

Jockey. Adieu then ye Crew then,
Of Protestant Blue Men,
No Faction his *Moggy* from *Jockey* shall sever;
Thou shalt at Court,
My Conversion Report,
I am not the first VVhig by his VVife brought in favour;
Ise never deal,
For the dull Common VVeal,
To fight for true Monarchy shall be my Glory;
Lull'd with thy Charms,
Then I die in your Arms,
VVhen I have the Pleasure to lift a Leg o'er thee.

The

The Fair Lass of ISLINGTON.



THere was a Lass of *Islington*,
As I have heard many tell;
And she would to Fair *London* go,
Fine Apples and Pears to sell:
And as along the Streets she flung,
With her basket on her Arm:
Her Pears to sell, you may know it right well,
This fair Maid meant no harm.

But as she tript along the Street,
Her pleasant Fruit to sell;
A Vintner did with her meet,
Who lik'd this Maid full well:
Quoth he, fair Maid, what have you there?
In Basket decked brave;
Fine Pears, quoth she, and if it please ye
A taste Sir you shall have.

The Vintner he took a Taste,
And lik'd it well, for why;
This Maid he thought of all the rest,
Most pleasing to his Eye:
Quoth he, fair Maid I have a Suit,
That you to me must grant;
Which if I find you be so kind,
Nothing that you shall want.

Thy

Thy Beauty doth so please my Eye,
And dazles so my sight;
That now of all my Liberty,
I am deprived quite:
Then prithee now consent to me,
And do not put me by;
It is but one small courtesie,
All Night with you to lie.

Sir, if you lie with me one Night,
As you propound to me;
I do expect that you should prove,
Both courteous, kind and free:
And for to tell you all in short,
It will cost you Five Pound,
A Match, a Match, the Vintner said,
And so let this go round.

When he had lain with her all Night,
Her Money she did crave,
O stay, quoth he, the other Night,
And thy Money thou shalt have:
I cannot stay, nor I will not stay,
I needs must now be gone,
Why then thou may'st thy Money go look,
For Money I'll pay thee none.

This Maid she made no more ado,
But to a Justice went;
And unto him she made her moan,
Who did her Case lament:
She said she had a Cellar Let out,
To a Vintner in the Town;
And how that he did then agree
Five Pound to pay her down.

But now, quoth she, the Case is thus,
No Rent that he will pay;
Therefore your Worship I beseech,
To send for him this Day:

Then

Then strait the Justice for him sent,
And asked the Reason why;
That he would pay this Maid no Rent?
To which he did Reply,

Although I hired a Cellar of her,
And the Possession was mine?
I ne'er put any thing into it,
But one poor Pipe of Wine:
Therefore my Bargain it was hard,
As you may plainly see;
I from my Freedom was Debarr'd,
Then good Sir favour me.

This Fair Maid being ripe of Wit,
She strait Reply'd again;
There were two Butts more at the Door,
VVhy did you not roul them in?
You had your Freedom and your VVill,
As is to you well known;
Therefore I do desire still,
For to receive my own.

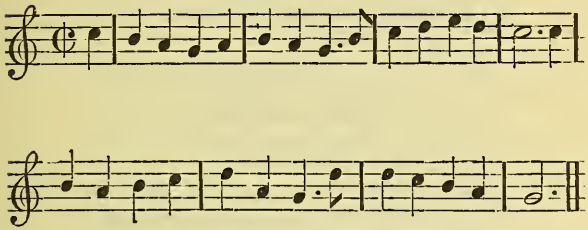
The Justice hearing of their Case,
Did then give Order strait;
That he the Money should pay down,
She should no longer wait:
VVithal he told the Vintner plain
If he a Tennant be;
He must expect to pay the same,
For he could not sit Rent-free.

But when the Money she had got,
She put it in her Purse:
And clapt her Hand on the Cellar Door,
And said it was never the worse:
VVhich caused the People all to Laugh,
To see this Vintner Fine:
Out-witted by a Country Girl,
About his Pipe of VVine.

The

The most Famous BALLAD

Of King HENRY *the* 5*th; his Victory over the* French *at* Agencourt.



A Councel grave our King did hold,
With many a Lord and Knight:
That he might truly understand,
That *France* did hold his Right.

Unto the King of *France* therefore,
Embassadors he sent;
That he might truly understand,
His Mind and whole Intent.

Desiring him in friendly sort,
His lawful Right to yield;
Or else he swore by dint of Sword,
To win it in the Field.

The King of *France* with all his Lords,
Did hear this Message plain;
And to our brave Embassador,
Did answer with Disdain.

And said our King was yet too young,
And of but tender Age;
Therefore they pass not for his Threats,
Nor fear not his Courage.

His Knowledge yet in Feats of Arms,
As yet is very small;
His tender Joints more fitter are,
To toss a Tennis-ball.

A Tun of Tennis-balls therefore,
In Pride and great Disdain;
He sent unto this Royal King,
To recompence his Pain.

Which Answer when our King did hear,
He waxed wroth in Heart;
And swore he would provide such Balls,
Should make all *France* to smart.

An Army then our King did hold,
Which was both good and strong;
And from *Southampton* is our King,
With all his Navy gone.

In *France* he landed safe and sound,
Both he and all his Train;
And to the Town of *Husle* then
He marched up amain.

Which when he had besieg'd the Town,
Against the fenced Walls;
To batter down the stately Towers,
He sent his *English* Balls.

When this was done our King did march,
Then up and down the Land;
And not a *Frenchman* for his Life,
Durst once his Force withstand.

Until

Until he came to *Agencourt*,
Whereas it was his chance;
To find the King in readiness,
With all the Power of *France.*

A mighty Host he had prepar'd,
Of Armed Soldiers then;
Which were no less by just Account,
Than Forty Thousand Men.

Which sight did much amaze our King,
For he and all his Host;
Not passing Fifteen Thousand had,
Accounted with the most.

The King of *France* who well did know,
The Number of our Men;
In vaunting Pride and great Disdain,
Did send an Herald then:

To understand what he would give,
For Ransom of his Life,
When they in Field had taken him,
Amongst the bloody strife.

And when our King with cheerful Heart,
This answer then did make;
Before that it does come to pass,
Some of your Hearts will ake.

And to your proud presumptuous King,
Declare this thing, quoth he;
My own Heart's-blood will pay the Price,
Nought else he gets of me.

Then spake the noble Duke of *York*,
O noble King, quoth he,
The Leading of this Battle brave,
It doth belong to me.

God-a-mercy Cousin *York*, he said,
I grant thee thy Request;
Then lead thou on couragiously,
And I will lead the rest.

Then came the bragging *Frenchmen* down,
With cruel Force and Might;
With whom our Noble King began,
A fierce and dreadful Fight.

The Archers they discharg'd their Shafts,
As thick as Hail from Skie;
And many a *Frenchman* in the Field,
That happy Day did die.

Their Horses tumbled on the Stakes,
And so their Lives they lost;
And many a *Frenchman* there was ta'en,
As Prisoners to their cost.

Ten Thousand Men that Day was slain,
As Enemies in the Field:
And eke as many Prisoners,
Were forc'd that Day to yield.

Thus had our King a happy Day,
And Victory over *France;*
And brought them quickly under foot
That late in Pride did prance.

God save our King, and bless this Land,
And grant to him likewise;
The upper-hand and Victory,
Of all his Enemies.

The Lady ISABELLA'S *Tragedy: Or, the Step-Mother's Cruelty. To the foregoing Tune.*

THere was a Lord of worthy Fame,
And a Hunting he would ride,
Attended by a noble Train,
Of Gentry on each side.

And whilst he did in Chace remain,
To see both Sport and Play;
His Lady went as she did feign,
Unto the Church to pray.

This Lord he had a Daughter Fair,
Whose Beauty shin'd so bright;
She was belov'd both far and near,
Of many a Lord and Knight.

Fair *Isabella* was she call'd,
A Creature Fair was she;
She was her Father's only Joy,
As you shall after see.

But yet her Cruel Step-Mother,
Did Envy her so much;
That Day by Day she sought her Life,
Her Malice it was such.

She bargain'd with the Master-Cook,
To take her Life away;
And taking of her Daughter's Book,
She thus to her did say.

Go home, sweet Daughter, I thee pray.
Go hasten presently;
And tell unto the Master-Cook,
These Words which I tell thee.

And bid him dress to Dinner straight,
That fair and milk-white Doe;
That in the Park doth shine so bright,
There's none so fair to show.

This Lady fearing of no harm,
Obey'd her Mother's Will;
And presently she hasted home,
Her Mind for to fulfil.

She straight into the Kitchin went,
Her Message for to tell,
And there the Master-Cook she spy'd,
Who did with Malice swell.

Now Master-Cook it must be so,
Do that which I thee tell;
You needs must dress the milk-white Doe,
Which you do know full well.

Then straight his cruel bloody Hands,
He on the Lady laid;
Who quivering and shaking stands,
While thus to her he said:

Thou art the Doe that I must dress,
See here, behold my Knife;
For it is Pointed presently,
To rid thee of thy Life.

O then cry'd out the Scullion Boy,
As loud as loud might be;
O save her Life, good Master-Cook,
And make your Pies of me?

For pity sake do not destroy
My Lady with your Knife;
You know she is her Father's Joy,
For Christ's sake save her Life.

I will not save her Life he said,
Nor make my Pies of thee;
Yet if thou dost this Deed betray,
Thy Butcher I will be;

Now when this Lord he did come home,
For to sit down to Meat;
He called for his Daughter dear,
To come and carve his Meat.

Now sit you down, his Lady said,
O sit you down to Meat;
Into some Nunnery she's gone,
Your Daughter dear forget.

Then solemnly he made a Vow,
Before the Company;
That he would neither eat nor drink,
Until he did her see.

O then bespoke the Scullion Boy,
With a loud Voice so high;
If that you will your Daughter see
My Lord cut up the Pye.

Wherein her Flesh is minced small,
And parched with the Fire;
All caused by her Step-Mother,
Who did her Death desire.

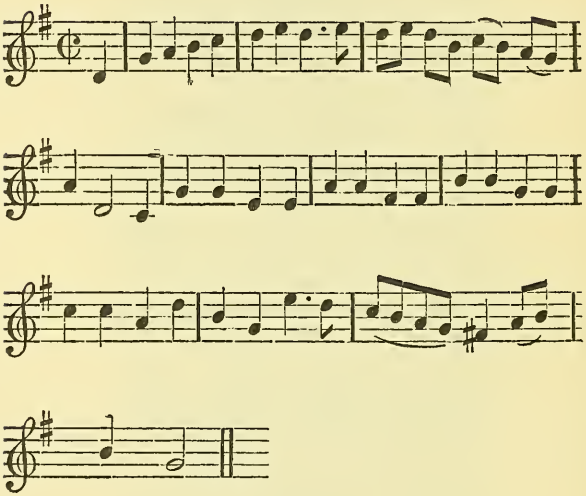
And cursed be the Master-Cook,
O cursed may he be!
I proffer'd him my own Heart's Blood,
From Death to set her free.

Then all in Black this Lord did Mourn,
And for his Daughter's sake;
He judged for her Step-Mother,
To be burnt at a Stake.

Likewise he judg'd the Master-Cook,
In boyling Lead to stand;
He made the simple Scullion Boy,
The Heir to all his Land.

A BALLAD

In Praise of a certain Commander in the City.



A Heroe of no small Renown,
But noted for a Man of Mettle;
Thro' all the Parts of *London* Town,
No Gentleman, nor yet a Clown,
No grave wise man, nor stupid Beetle.

By many Deeds of Prowess done,
He's gain'd a matchless Reputation;
Perform'd by neither Sword nor Gun,
But by what means you'll know anon,
And how he work'd his Preservation.

Well

Well mounted on a noble Steed,
With Sword and Pistol charg'd before him;
Altho' we must confess indeed,
Of either Arms there was no need,
His Conduct did alone secure him.

With's Wife upon a single Horse,
T'wards *Eppin* both rid out together;
But what than ill Luck can be worse,
A High-way-Man of equal Force,
Alass, obstructed both their Pleasure.

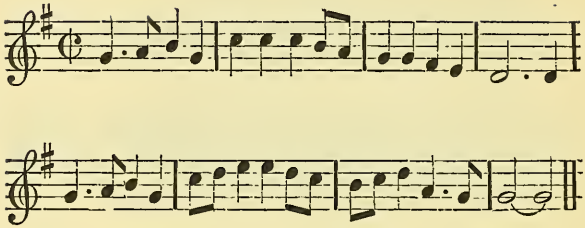
With Pistol cock'd he made demand,
And told them he must have their Money;
The Major wisely would not stand,
Nor on his Pistols clap a Hand,
He was not such a Fighting Tony.

But spur'd away as swift as Wind,
No Elk or Tyger could run faster;
Was ever Man so stout and kind,
To leave his frighted Wife behind,
Expos'd to such a sad Disaster.

Her Necklace, Cloaths and Diamond Ring,
The greedy Robber quickly fell to;
One Petticoat he let her bring
Away with Smock, and t'other Thing,
To let her noble Heroe smell to.

This Slight bred sad domestick Strife,
Altho' the Man's to be commended;
For what's a loving handsome Wife,
To a Man's Money or his Life,
For all is lost when that is ended.

A SONG.



AS the Fryer he went along, and a poring in his Book,
At last he spy'd a Jolly brown Wench a washing of her Buck,

Sing, *Stow the Fryer, stow the Fryer*
Some good Man, and let this fair Maid go.

The Fryer he pull'd out and a Jolly brown T——d as much as he could handle,
Fair Maid, quoth he, if thou carriest Fire in thy A—— come light me this same Candle.
Sing, *Stow the Fryer*, &c.

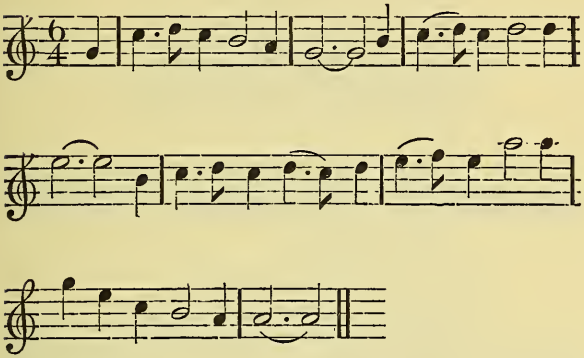
The Maid she sh—— and a Jolly brown T—— out of her Jolly brown Hole,
Good Sir, quoth she, if you will a Candle light come blow me this same Cole.
Sing, *Stow the Fryer*, &c.

Part of the Sparks flew into the *North*, and part into the *South*,
And part of this jolly brown T—— flew into the Fryer's Mouth.

Sing, *Stow the Fryer, stow the Fryer*
Some good Man, and let this fair Maid go.

The

The Lass of Lynn's *sorrowful Lamentation for the Loss of her Maiden-Head.*



I Am a young Lass of *Lynn*,
Who often said thank you too;
My Belly's now almost to my Chin,
I cannot tell what to do.

My being so free and kind,
Does make my Heart to rue;
The sad Effects of this I find,
And cannot tell what to do.

My Petticoats which I wore,
And likewise my Aprons too;
Alass, they are all too short before,
I cannot, &c.

Was ever young Maid so crost,
As I who thank'd him too:
For why, my Maiden-head is lost,
I cannot tell what to do.

In

In sorrowful sort I cry'd,
And may now for ever rue;
The Pain lies in my Back and Side,
I cannot tell what to do.

Alass I was kind and mild,
But now the same I rue;
Having no Father for my Child,
I cannot, &c.

I took but a Touch in jest,
Believe me this is true;
Yet I have proved, I protest,
And cannot, &c.

He crav'd my Virginity,
And gave me his own in lieu;
In this I find I was too kind,
And cannot, &c.

Each Damsel will me degrade,
And so will the young Men too;
I'm neither Widow, Wife, nor Maid,
I cannot, &c.

A Cradle I must provide,
A Chair and Posset too;
Nay, likewise twenty Things beside,
I cannot, &c.

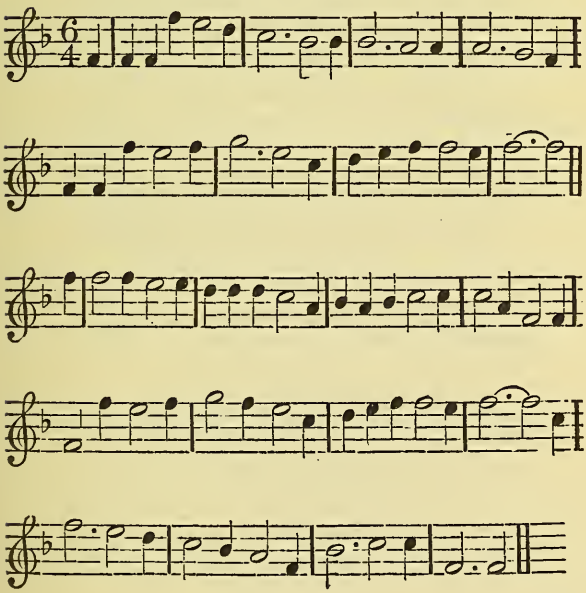
When I was a Maiden fair,
Such Sorrows I never knew;
But now my Heart is full of Care,
I cannot, &c.

Oh what will become of me,
My Belly's as big as two;
'Tis with a Two-legg'd Tympany,
I cannot tell what to do.

You Lasses that hear my Moan,
If you will your Joys renew;
Besure, while Married, lye alone,
Or else you at length may rue.

I came of as good a Race,
As most is in *Lynn*'s fair Town;
And cost a great deal bringing up,
But a little Thing laid me down.

The Jovial Tinker.



THERE was a Jovial Tinker,
Which was a good Ale drinker;
He never was a Shrinker,
Believe me this is true;
And he came from the wild of *Kent*,
When all his Money was gone and spent,
Which made him look like a *Jack-a-Lent*,
And Joan's Ale is new,
And Joan's Ale is new Boys,
And Joan's Ale is new.

The Tinker he did settle,
Most like a Man of Mettle,
And vow'd to pawn his Kettle,
Now mark what did ensue;
His Neighbours they flock'd in apace,
To see *Tom Tinker's* comely Face,
Where they drank soundly for a space,
Whilst Joan's *Ale*, &c.

The Cobler and the Broom Man,
Came next into the Room, Man,
And said they would drink for boon Man,
Let each one take his due;
But when good Liquor they had found,
They cast their Caps upon the Ground,
And so the Tinker he drank round,
Whilst Joan's *Ale*, &c.

The Rag-Man being weary,
With the Burden he did carry,
He swore he would be merry,
And spend a Shilling or two;
And he told his Hostess to her Face,
The Chimney-corner was his Place,
And he began to drink apace,
And Joan's *Ale*, &c.

The Pedlar he drew nigher,
For it was his desire,
To throw the Rags i'th' Fire,
And burn the bundle blue;

So

So whilst they drank whole Flashes,
And threw about the Glasses,
The Rags were burnt to Ashes,
And Joan's *Ale*, &c.

The Second PART.

AND then came in a Hatter,
To see what was the matter,
He scorn'd to drink cold Water,
Amongst that Jovial Crew;
And like a Man of Courage stout,
He took the Quart-Pot by the Snout,
And never left till all was out,
O Joan's *Ale*, &c.

The Taylor being nimble,
With Bodkin, Shears and Thimble,
He did no whit dissemble,
I think his name was *True;*
He said that he was like to choak,
And he call'd so fast for Lap and Smoak,
Until he had pawn'd the Vinegar Cloak,
For Joan's *Ale*, &c.

Then came a pitiful Porter,
Which often did resort there,
Quoth he, I'll shew some Sport here,
Amongst the Jovial Crew;
The Porter he had very bad luck,
Before that it was ten a Clock,
The Fool got Drunk, and lost his Frock,
For Joan's *Ale*, &c.

The bonny brave Shoe-maker,
A brave Tobacco taker,
He scorn'd to be a Quaker,
I think his Name was *Hugh;*
He call'd for Liquor in so fast,
Till he forgot his Awl and Last,
And up the Reckoning he did cast,
Whilst Joan's *Ale*, &c.

And

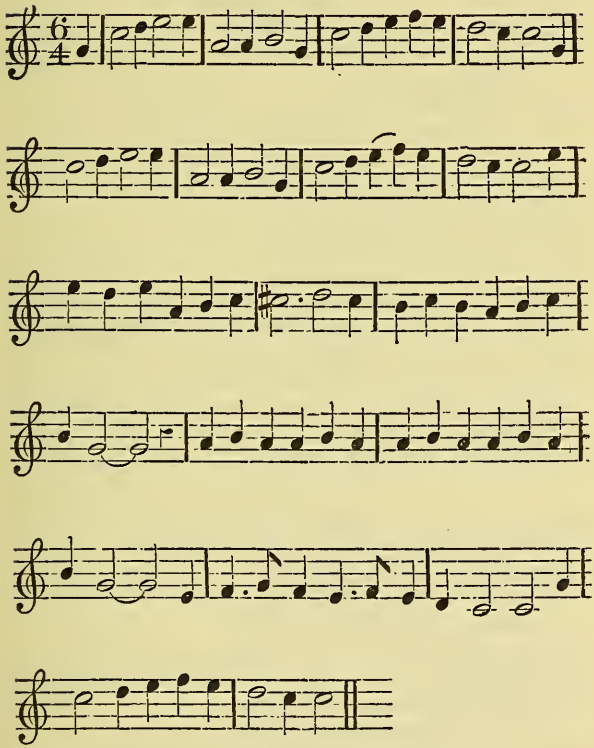
And then came in the Weaver,
You never saw a braver,
With a Silk Man and a Glover,
Tom Tinker for to view;
And so to welcom him to Town,
They every Man spent half a Crown,
And so the Drink went merrily down,
For Joan's *Ale*, &c.

Then came a Drunken *Dutchman*,
And he would have a touch, Man,
But he soon took too much, Man,
Which made them after rue;
He drank so long as I suppose,
'Till greasie Drops fell from his Nose,
And like a Beast befoul'd his Hose,
Whilst Joan's *Ale*, &c.

A *Welchman* he came next, Sir,
With Joy and Sorrow Mixt, Sir,
VVho being partly vex'd, Sir,
He out his Dagger drew;
Cuts-plutter-a-nails, quoth *Taffy* then,
A *Welchman* is a Shentleman,
Come Hostess fill's the other Cann,
For Joan's *Ale*, &c.

Thus like to Men of Courage stout,
Couragiously they drank about,
Till such time all the Ale was out,
As I may tell to you;
And when the Business was done,
They every man departed home,
And promis'd *Joan* again to come,
When she had Brew'd anew.

The Soldiers Fortune: Or, the taking Mardyke.



WHen first *Mardyke* was made a Prey,
'Twas Courage that carry'd the Fort away,
Then do not lose your Valours Prize,
By gazing on your Mistresses Eyes;

But put off your Petticoat-parley,
Potting and sotting, and laughing and quaffing Canary,
Will make a good Soldier miscarry :
And never Travel for true Renown :
Then turn to your Marshal Mistress,
Fair *Minerva* the Soldier's Sister is ;
Rallying and sallying, with gashing and slashing of Wounds Sir,
With turning and burning of Towns, Sir,
Is a high step to a great Man's Throne.

Let bold *Bellona's* Brewer frown,
And his Tunn shall overflow the Town ;
And give the Cobler Sword and Fate :
And a Tinker may trapan the State ;
Such Fortunate Foes as these be,
Turn'd the Crown to a Cross at *Naseby :*
Father and Mother, Sister and Brother confounded,
And many a good Family wounded ;
By a terrible turn of Fate,
He that can kill a Man, thunder and plunder the Town, Sir,
And pull his Enemies down, Sir,
In time may be an Officer great.

It is the Sword does order all,
Makes Peasants rise, and Princes fall ;
All Sylogisms in vain are spilt,
No Logick like a Basket-hilt :
It handles 'em joint by joint Sir,
Quilling and drilling, and spilling, and Killing profoundly,
Until the Disputers on Ground lie,
And have never a word to say ;
Unless it be Quarter, Quarter, Truth is confuted by a Carter,
By stripping and nipping, and ripping and quipping Evasions,
Doth Conquer a Power of Perswasions,
Aristotle hath lost the Day.

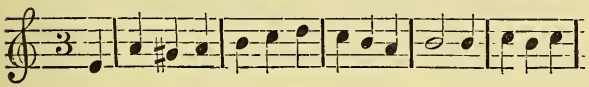
The

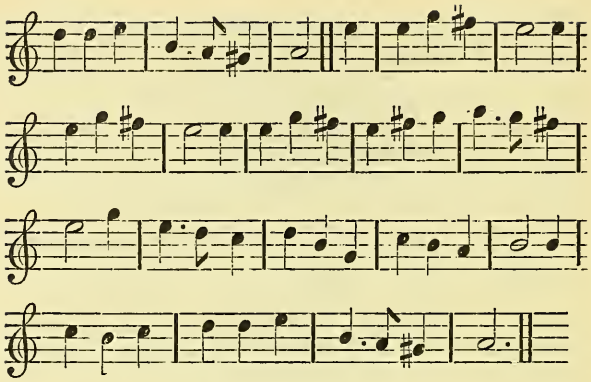
The Musket bears so great a force,
To Learning it has no Remorse;
The Priest, the Layman, the Lord,
Find no distinction from the Sword;
Tan tarra, Tan tarra the Trumpet,
  Now the Walls begin to crack,
The Councellors struck dumb too,
By the Parchment upon the Drum too;
Dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub, dub-a-dub an Alarum,
  Each Corporal now can out-dare 'em,
  Learned *Littleton* goes to rack.

Then since the Sword so bright doth shine,
We'll leave our Wenches and our Wine,
And follow *Mars* where-e'er he runs,
And turn our Pots and Pipes to Guns.
The Bottles shall be Grenadoes,
We'll bounce about the Bravado's
By huffing and puffing, and snuffing and cuffing the *French* Boys,
Whose Brows have been dy'd in a Trench Boys;
  Well got Fame is a Warriour's Wife,
The Drawer shall be the Drummer,
We'll be Colonels all next Summer
By hilting and tilting, and pointing and jointing like brave Boys,
We shall have Gold or a Grave, Boys,
  And there's an end of a Soldier's Life.

The MISSES *Complaint.*

Tune, Packington's Pound.





HOW now Sister *Betteris*, why look you so sad? *Gillian.* The times are so hard and our trading so bad,
That we in our Function no Money can gain,
Our Pride and our Bravery for to maintain.

Bett. True Sister, *Gillian*, I know it full well,
But what will you say if such News I do tell?
And how't will rejoyce you, I'll make it out plain,
Will make our Trade quick, and more Money will gain.

There's none of the pitiful Tribe we'll be for,
And Six-penny Customers we will abhor;
For all those that will our Dominions invade,
Must pay for their sauce, we must live by our Trade.

Gil. Good Sister if you can make this but appear,
My Spirit and Senses you greatly will chear,
But a Famine of Flesh will bring all things to pass,
Or else we are as bad still as ever we was.

Bett. Lately a Counsel of Bauds there did meet,
In *Cock* and *Pye* Alley, near *Do-little* Street:
And who was the Counsel, and what was there done;
I'll make it out to you as clear as the Sun.

From

From *Ratcliffe-highway*, and from *Nightingale-lane*,
Their Deputies come with a very fine Train:
Unto these two Couple come long sided *Sue*,
Is as good as e'er twang'd, if you give her her due.

Then *Tower-Ditch* and *Hatton-Wall* sent in their Prayers,
And drest as compleatly as Horses to Fairs;
With them Jumping *Jenny* appear'd, as 'tis said,
Who ne'er in her Life of a Man was afraid.

The two Metropolitans came from the Park,
As arch at the Game, as e'er plaid in the Dark;
Then *Lutener's*-lane a gay Couple did bring,
Two better, I think, was ne'er stretch'd in hemp-string.

There was many others from Places remote,
The which were too tedious for me here to note;
And what was their Business I here will declare,
How to keep our Trade in Repute they take care.

And first for those Ladies that walk in the Night,
Their Aprons and Handkerchiefs they should be white,
And that they do walk more in Town than in Fields,
For that is the Place most Variety yields.

And those that are over-much worn by their Trade,
Shall go in a Vessel, their Passage being paid;
The Venture of Cuckolds, 'tis called by Name,
And this is the way for to keep up our Fame.

And this is the Ship which the Cuckolds have brought,
It lies at their Haven, and is to be frought:
And thither Whores rampant, that please may repair,
With Master and Captain to truck for their Ware.

And for a Supply that our trade may increase,
For wanton Commodity it will grow less;
We'll visit the Carriers, and take them up there,
And then for their Tutering we will take care.

In this we shall ease all the Countries to do't,
And do our selves Pleasure and Profit to boot;
For one that is crack'd in the Country before,
In *London* will make a spick and span Whore.

There's

There's many more Precepts which they did advise,
But these which I'll give you here shall suffice :
And when you have heard them, I think you will say,
We ne'er were more likely to thrive in our way.

Some Orders agreed upon at a General Consultation of the Sisterhood *of* Nightingale-lane, Ratcliff-high-way, Tower-Ditch, Rose-mary-lane, Hatton-Wall, Safforn-hill, Wetstone's-Park, Lutener's-lane, *and other Places adjacent, for the general Encouragement and Advancement of their Occupation.*

I.

THat *no* Night-walker *presume to go without a White Apron and Handkerchief, the better to be seen.*

II.

To keep due Time and Hours, for fear of the Constable and his Watch.

III.

That those which are over-worn, cast off and cashier'd, do repair to the Ship called (the Cuckolds Venture) *now riding at* Cuckolds Haven, *thence to be transported over-Sea, to have their Breeches repaired.*

IV.

That a due care be taken to visit the Carriers for crack'd Maidenheads, for the use and increase of our Occupation.

V.

That all honest Women belonging to either Wittals *or* Cuckolds, *be admitted to the principal Places in this Ship.*

VI.

And lastly, for the better State and Magnificence of the honourable Corporation of W——es, *'tis order'd that a Chariot be made to be drawn by* Cuckolds, *the* Cuckold-makers *to drive, and the* Wittals *to ride.*

The

The well approved Doctor:

Or, an Infallible Cure for CUCKOLDS. *To the foregoing Tune.*

THERE is a fine Doctor now come to Town,
Whose practice in Physick hath gain'd him Renown,
In curing of Cuckolds he hath the best Skill,
By giving one Dose of his approved Pill.

His Skill is well known, and his Practice is great,
Then come to the Doctor before 'tis too late;
His Med'cines are safe, and the Doctor is sure,
He takes none in Hand but he perfects, the Cure.

The Doctor himself he doth freely unfold,
That he can Cure Cuckolds tho' never so old;
He helps this Distemper in all sorts of Men,
At Forty and Fifty, yea, Threescore and Ten.

There was an old Man lived near to the *Strand*,
Decripid and Feeble, scarce able to stand;
Who had been a Cuckold full Forty long Years,
But hearing of this how he prick'd up his Ears.

Away to the Doctor he went with all speed,
Where he struck a bargain, they soon were agreed;
He cured his Forehead that nothing was seen,
And now he's as brisk as a Youth of Fifteen.

Now this being known, how his Fame it did ring,
And unto the Doctor much trading did bring;
They came to the Doctor out of e'ery Shire,
From all Parts and Places, yea both far and near.

Both *Dutchmen* and *Scotchmen* to *London* did ride,
With *Shonny-ap-Morgan*, and Thousands beside;
Thus all sorts and sizes, both rich Men and poor,
They came in whole Cart-loads to this Doctor's door.

Some

Some whining, some weeping, some careful and sad,
And some was contented, and others born mad;
Some crooked, some straight Horns, and some over-
grown,
The like in all Ages I think was ne'er known.

Some rich and brave flourishing Cuckolds were there,
That came in whole Droves, Sir, as if to *Horn-Fair;*
For now there is hopes to be cur'd of their Grief,
The Doctor declares in the Fall of the Leaf.

Let none be so foolish as now to neglect,
This Doctor's great Kindness and civil Respect;
Tho' rich Men may pay, yet the Poor may go free,
So kind and so courteous a Doctor is he.

'Tis known he so worthy a Conscience doth make,
Poor Cuckolds he'll cure them for Charity sake;
Nay, farther than this still his Love does enlarge,
Providing for them at his own Cost and Charge.

But some are so wicked, that they will exclaim
Against their poor Wives, making 'em bare the Blame;
And will not look out in the least for a Cure,
But all their sad Pains and their Tortures endure.

But 'tis without reason, for he that is born
Under such a Planet, is Heir to the Horn:
Then come to the Doctor both rich Men and Poor,
He'll carefully cure you, what would you have more?

The Term of his Time here the Doctor does write,
From six in the Morning 'till seven at Night;
Where in his own Chamber he still will remain,
At the Sign of the *Woodcock* in *Vinegar-lane.*

The Doctor doth here likewise present you with the Receipt of his Infallible Medicine, that those which have no occasion for it themselves, may do good to their Neighbours and Acquaintances: And take it here as followeth.

TAKE five Pound of Brains of your *December* Flies,
And forty true Tears from a *Crocodile's* Eyes;
The Wit of a *Weasel*, the Wool of a *Frog*,
With an Ounce of Conserve of *Michaelmas* Fog.

And make him a Poultis when he goes to Bed,
To bind to his Temples behind of his Head;
As hot as the Patient he well can endure,
And this is for Cuckolds an absolute Cure.

A Song.

GOOD Neighbour why do you look awry,
you are a wond'rous Stranger;
You walk about, you huff and pout,
As if you'd burst with Anger:
Is it for that your Fortune's great,
Or you so Wealthy are?
Or live so high there's none a-nigh
That can with you compare?
But t'other Day I heard one say,
Your Husband durst not show his Ears,
But like a Lout does walk about,
So full of Sighs and Fears:
Good Mrs. *Tart*, I caren't a Fart,
For you nor all your Jears.

My Husband's known for to be one.
That is most Chast and pure;
And so would be continually,
But for such Jades as you are:

You

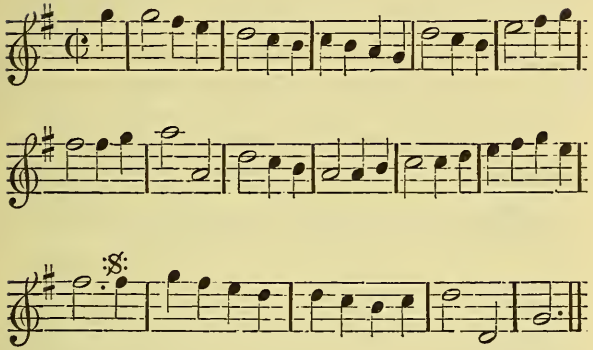
You wash, you lick, you smug, you trick,
You toss a twire a grin ;
You nod and wink, and in his Drink,
You strive to draw him in :
You Lie you Punck, you're always Drunk,
And now you Scold and make a Strife,
And like a Whore you run o' th' Score,
And lead him a weary Life ;
Tell me so again you dirty Quean,
And I'll pull you by the Quoif.

Go dress those Brats, those nasty Rats,
That have a Lear so drowzy ;
With Vermin spread they look like Dead,
Good Faith they're always Lousie :
Pray hold you there, and do not swear,
You are not half so sweet ;
You feed yours up with bit and sup,
And give them a dirty Teat :
My Girls, my Boys, my only Joys,
Are better fed and taught than yours ;
You lie you Flirt, you look like Dirt,
And I'll kick you out of Doors ;
A very good Jest, pray do your best,
And Faith I'll quit your Scores.

Go, go you are a nasty Bear,
Your Husband cannot bear it ;
A nasty Quean as e'er was seen,
Your Neighbours all can swear it :
A fulsome Trot and good for nought,
Unless it be to chat ;
You stole a Spoon out of the Room,
Last Christning you were at :
You lye you Bitch you've got the Itch,
Your Neighbours know you are not sound ;
Look how you Claw with your nasty Paw,
And I'll fell you to the Ground ;
You've tore my Hood, you shall make it good
If it cost me Forty Pound.

The

The Jovial Cobler *of St.* Hellens.



I Am a jovial Cobler bold and brave,
And as for Employment enough I have :
For to keep jogging my Hammer and Awl,
Whilst I sit Singing and Whistling in my Stall,
Stall, Stall, whilst I sit Singing and Whistling in
my Stall.

But there's *Dick* the Carman, and *Hodge* who drives
the Dray
For Sixteen, or Eighteen Pence a Day,
Slave in the Dirt, whilst I with my Awl,
Get more Money, sitting, sitting in my Stall, &c.

And there's *Tom* the Porter, Companion of the Pot,
Who stands in the Street with his Rope and Knot,
Waiting at a Corner to hear who will him call,
Whilst I am getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

And there's the jolly Broom-man, his Bread for to get,
Crys Brooms up and down in the open Street,
And one crys broken Glasses tho' ne'er so small,
Whilst I am getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

And

And there's another gang of poor smutty Souls,
Doth trudge up and down to cry Small-coals;
With a Sack on their Back, at a Door stand and call,
Whilst I am getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

And there's another sort of Notes,
Who crys up and down old Suits and Coats;
And perhaps some Days get nothing at all,
Whilst I sit getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

And there's the Jolly Cooper with his Hoops at his Back,
Who trudgeth up and down to see who lack
Their Casks to be made tite, with Hoops great and small,
Whilst I sit getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

And there's a Jolly Tinker that loves a bonny Lass,
Who trudges up and down to mend old Brass;
With his long smutty Punch to force holes withal,
Whilst I sit getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

And there is another old *Tom Terrah,*
Who up and down the City drives his Barrow;
To sell his Fruit both great and small,
Whilst I sit getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

And there is the Blind and Lame, with a Wooden Leg,
Who up and down the City they forced are to beg
Some Crumbs of Comfort, the which are but small,
Whilst I sit getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

And there's a gang of Wenches who Oysters sell,
And Powder *Moll* with her sweet smell;
She trudges up and down with Powder and Ball,
Whilst I sit getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

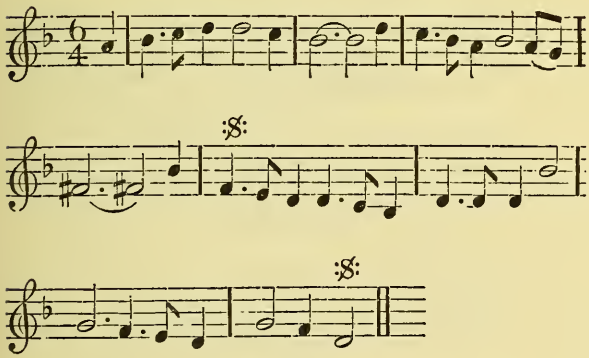
And there's the jovial Girls with their Milking-Pails,
Who trudge up and down with their Draggle Tails:
Flip flapping at their Heels for Custom they call,
Whilst I sit getting Money, Money in my Stall, &c.

'Tis

'Tis these are the Gang who take great Pain,
And it is those who do me maintain ;
But when it blows and rains I do pity them all,
To see them trudge about while I am in my Stall, &c.

And there's many more who slave and toil,
Their living to get, but it is not worth while,
To mention them, so I'll sing in my Stall,
I am the happiest Mortal, Mortal of them all,
All, all, I am the happiest Mortal, Mortal of them all.

The Merchant and the Fidler's WIFE.



IT was a Rich Merchant Man,
That had both Ship and all ;
And he would cross the salt Seas,
Tho' his cunning it was but small.

The Fidler and his Wife,
They being nigh at hand ;
Would needs go sail along with him,
From *Dover* unto *Scotland*.

The

The Fidler's Wife look'd brisk,
Which made the Merchant smile;
He made no doubt to bring it about,
The Fidler to beguile.

Is this thy Wife the Merchant said,
She looks like an honest Spouse;
Ay that she is, the Fidler said,
That ever trod on Shoes.

Thy Confidence is very great,
The Merchant then did say;
If thou a Wager darest to bet,
I'll tell thee what I will lay.

I'll lay my Ship against thy Fiddle,
And all my Venture too;
So *Peggy* may gang along with me,
My Cabin for to View.

If she continues one Hour with me,
Thy true and constant Wife;
Then shalt thou have my Ship and be,
A Merchant all thy Life.

The Fidler was content,
He Danc'd and Leap'd for joy;
And twang'd his Fiddle in merriment,
For *Peggy* he thought was Coy.

Then *Peggy* she went along,
His Cabin for to View;
And after her the Merchant-Man,
Did follow, we found it true.

When they were once together,
The Fidler was afraid;
For he crep'd near in pitious fear,
And thus to *Peggy* he said.

Hold out, sweet *Peggy* hold out,
For the space of two half Hours ;
If thou hold out, I make no doubt,
But the Ship and Goods are ours.

In troth, sweet *Robin*, I cannot,
He hath got me about the Middle ;
He's lusty and strong, and hath laid me along,
O *Robin* thou'st lost thy Fiddle.

If I have lost my Fiddle,
Then am I a Man undone ;
My Fiddle whereon I so often play'd,
Away I needs must run.

O stay the Merchant said,
And thou shalt keep thy place ;
And thou shalt have thy Fiddle again,
But *Peggy* shall carry the Case.

Poor *Robin* hearing that,
He look'd with a Merry-chear ;
His wife she was pleas'd, and the Merchant was eas'd,
And jolly and brisk they were.

The Fidler he was mad,
But valu'd it not a Fig ;
Then *Peggy* unto her Husband said,
Kind *Robin* play us a Jigg.

Then he took up his Fiddle,
And merrily he did play ;
The *Scottish Jigg* and the *Horn pipe*,
And eke the *Irish Hey*.

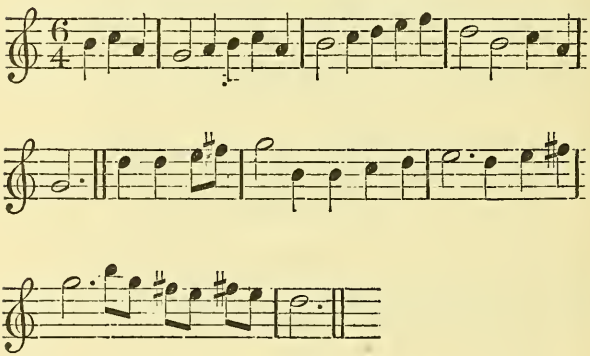
It was but in vain to grieve,
The Deed it was done and past ;
Poor *Robin* was born to carry the Horn,
For *Peggy* could not be Chast.

Then

Then Fidlers all beware,
Your Wives are kind you see;
And he that's made for the Fidling Trade,
Must never a Merchant be.

For *Peggy* she knew right well,
Although she was but a Woman;
That Gamesters Drink, and Fidlers Wives,
They are ever Free and Common.

The Unconstant WOMAN.



DID you not hear of a gallant Sailor,
Whose Pockets they were lin'd with Gold;
He fell in Love with a pretty Creature,
As I to you the Truth unfold:
With a kind Salute, and without Dispute,
He thought to gain her for his own,
Unconstant Woman proves true to no Man,
She has gone and left me all alone.

Don't

Don't you remember my pretty *Peggy*,
The Oaths and Vows which you made to me :
All in the Chamber we were together,
That you would ne'er unconstant be :
But you prove strange Love, and from me range,
And leave me here to Sigh and Moan ;
Unconstant Woman is true to no Man,
She's gone and left me all alone.

As I have Gold you shall have Treasure,
Or any dainty kind of thing ;
Thou may'st command all Delights and Pleasure,
And what you'd have, Love, I would you bring :
But you prove shy, and at last deny,
Him that admires you alone ;
Unconstant Woman proves true to no Man,
She's left me here to make my moan.

When first I saw your charming Beauty,
I stood like one all in amaze ;
I study'd only how to pay Duty,
And could not speak but only gaze,
At last said I, fair Maid comply,
And ease a wretched Lover's Moan ;
Unconstant Woman proves true to no Man,
She's gone and left me here alone.

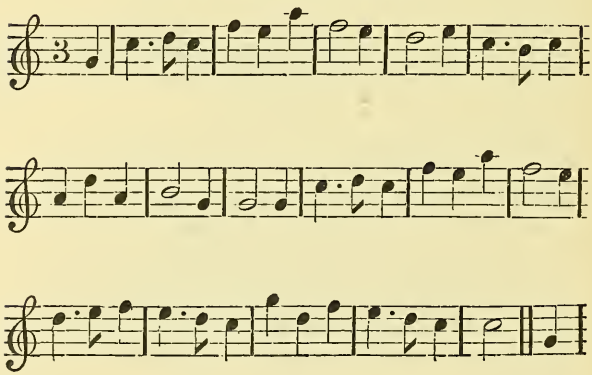
I made her Presents of Rings and Jewels,
With Diamond Stones I gave her too ;
She took them kindly, and call'd me Jewel,
And said her Love to me was true :
But in the end she prov'd unkind,
When I thought she had been my own ;
Unconstant Woman, &c.

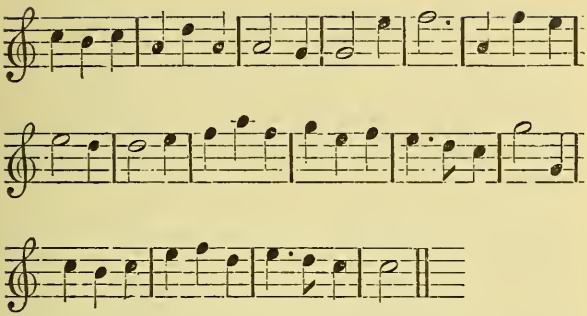
For three Months time we saw each other,
And she oft said she'd be my Wife ;
I had her Father's Consent and Mother,
I thought to have liv'd a happy Life :
She'd laugh and toy both Night and Day,
But at length she chang'd her Tone ;
Unconstant Woman, proves true to no Man,
She's left me now to make my Moan.

Many a time we have walk'd together,
Both Hand in Hand to an Arbour green ;
Where Tales of Love in Sun-shiny Weather,
We did discourse and were not seen :
With a kind Salute we did dispute,
While we together were alone :
Unconstant Woman she's true to no Man,
She's gone and left me here alone.

Since *Peggy* has my kindness slighted,
I'll never trust a VVoman more ;
'Twas in her alone I e'er delighted,
But since she's false I'll leave the Shoar :
In Ship I'll enter, on Seas I'll venture,
And sail the VVorld where I'm not known :
Unconstant Woman proves true to no Man,
She's gone and left me here alone.

Sorrow banish'd in a MUG. *The Words by Sir* Edward Morgan.





IF Sorrow the Tyrant invade thy Breast,
Haul out the foul Fiend by the Lug, the Lug,
Let nought of to morrow disturb thy Rest,
But dash out his Brains with a Mug, a Mug.
If Business unluckily goes not well,
Let the fond Fools their Affections hug,
To shew our Allegiance we'll go to the Bell,
And banish Despair in a Mug, a Mug.

If thy VVife proves not one of the Best, the Best,
But admits no time but to think, to think ;
Or the weight of thy Forehead bow down thy Crest,
Divert the dull *Damon* with Drink, with Drink,
If Miss prove peevish and will not gee,
Ne'er pine, ne'er pine at the wanton Pug,
But find out a fairer, a kinder than she,
And banish Dispair in a Mug, a Mug.

If dear Assignation be crost, be crost,
And Mistress go home in a rage, a rage ;
Let not thy poor Heart like a Ship be tost,
But with a brisk Brimmer engage, engage :
VVhat if the fine Fop and the Mask fall out,
And the one Hug, and t'other Tug,
VVhile they pish and fie, we will frolick in Stout,
And banish all Care in a Mug, a Mug.

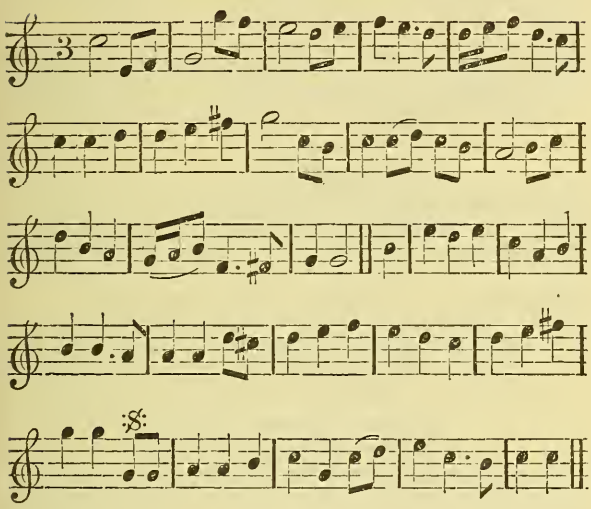
If toying young *Damon* by *Sylvia's* Charms,
At length should look pale and perplexed be;
To cure the Distemper and ease those harms,
Go straight to the *Globe* and ask Number three:
There beauties like *Venus* thou canst not lack,
Be kind to them, they will sweetly hug;
There's choice of the Fairest, the Brown or the Black.
Then banish Despair in a Mug, a Mug.

Let then no Misfortune e'er make thee dull,
But drink away care in a Jug, a Jug;
Then let not thy Tide steal away, but pull,
Carouse away though in a Mug, a Mug:
While others for Greatness and Fortune's doom,
While they for their Ambition tug;
We'll sit close and snug in a Sea-coal Room,
And banish Despair in a Mug, a Mug.

Let Zealots o'er Coffee new Plots devise,
And lace with fresh Treason the Pagan Drug;
Whilst our Loyal Blood flows our Veins shall shine,
Like our Faces inspir'd with a Mug, a Mug:
Let Sectaries dream of Alarms, Alarms,
And Fools still for new changes tug;
While fam'd for our Loyalty we'll stand to our Arms,
And drink the King's Health in a Mug, a Mug.

Come then to the Queen let the next Advance,
And all Loyal Lads of true *English* Race;
Who hate the stum Poison of *Spain* and *France*,
Or to *Bourdeux* or *Burgundy* do give place;
The Flask and the Bottle breeds Ach and Gout,
Whilst we, we all the Season lie snug;
Neither *Spaniard* nor *Flemming*, can vie with our Stout,
And shall submit to the Mug, the Mug.

The Good Fellow. Words by Mr. Alex. Brome.



STay, stay, shut the Gates,
T'other Quart, faith, it is not so late
As you're thinking,
Those Stars which you see,
In this Hemisphere be,
But the Studs in your Cheeks by your Drinking:
The Sun is gone to Tiple all Night in the Sea Boys,
To Morrow he'll blush that he's paler than we Boys,
Drink Wine, give him VVater, 'tis Sack makes us jee Boys.

Fill, fill up the Glass,
To the next merry Lad let it pass,
Come away with't:

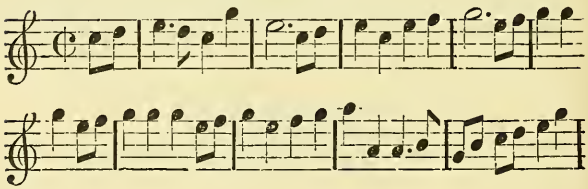
Come

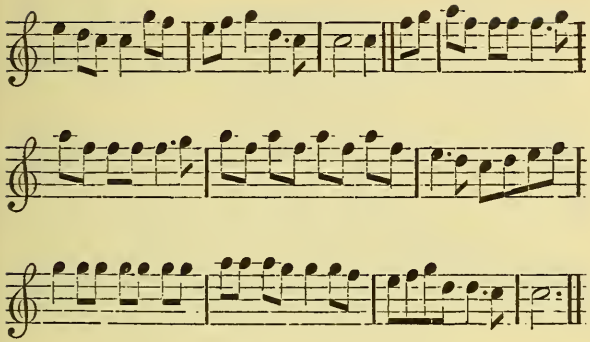
Come Set Foot to Foot,
And but give our Minds to't,
'Tis Heretical Six that doth slay Wit,
No Helicon like to the Juice of the Vine is,
For *Phœbus* had never had Wit, nor Diviness,
Had his Face been bow dy'd as thine, his, and mine is.

Drink, drink off your Bowls,
We'll enrich both our Heads and our Souls
With Canary;
A Carbuncled Face,
Saves a tedious Race,
For the *Indies* about us we carry:
Then hang up good Faces, we'll drink till our Noses
Give freedom to speak what our Fancy disposes,
Beneath whose protection is under the Roses.

This, this must go round,
Off your Hats, till that the Pavement be Crown'd
With your Beavers;
A Red-coated Face,
Frights a Searjeant at Mace,
And the Constable trembles to shivers:
In state march our Faces like those of the *Quorum*,
When the Wenches fall down and the Vulgar adore'em,
And our Noses, like Link-boys, run shining before'em.

The Nymphs Holiday. The Tune of the Nightingale.



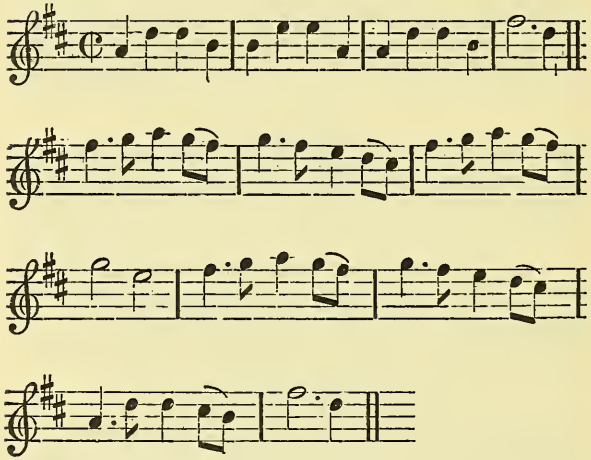


UPon a Holiday, when Nymphs had leave to play,
I walk'd unseen, on a pleasant Green,
Where I heard a Maid in an angry Spleen,
Complaining to a Swain, to leave his drudging Pain,
And sport with her upon the Plain;
But he the silly Clown,
Regardless of her Moan, did leave her all alone,
Still she cry'd, come away, come away bonny Lad
come away,
I cannot come, I will not come, I cannot come, my
Work's not done,
Was all the Words this Clown did say.

She vex'd in her Mind to hear this Lad's reply,
To *Venus* she went, in great Discontent,
To desire her Boy with his Bow ready bent,
To take a nimble Dart, and strike him to the Heart,
For disobeying her Commandment:
Cupid then gave the Swain such a Bang,
As made him to gang with this bonny Lass along,
Still she cry'd, come away, come away bonny Lad,
come hither,
I come, I come, I come, I come, I come, I come,
So they gang'd along together.

Good

Good Honest Trooper take warning by DONALD COOPER. *To the Tune of* Daniel Cooper.



A Bonny Lad came to the Court,
His Name was *Donald Cooper*,
And he Petition'd to the King,
That he might be a Trooper:
He said that he,
By Land and Sea,
Had fought to Admiration,
And with *Montross*
Had many blows,
Both for his King and Nation,

The King did his Petition grant,
And said he lik'd him dearly,
Which gave to *Donald* more content,
Than Twenty Shillings yearly:

This

This wily Leard
Rode in the Guard,
And lov'd a strong Beer Barrel;
Yet stout enough,
To Fight and Cuff,
But was not given to Quarrel.

Till on a *Saturday* at Night,
He walked in the Park, Sir;
And there he kenn'd a well fair Lass,
When it was almost dark, Sir;
Poor *Donald* he
Drew near to see,
And kist her bonny Mow, Sir;
He laid her flat
Upon her back,
And bang'd her side Weam too, Sir.

He took her by the Lilly white Hand,
And kiss'd his bonny *Mary*,
Then they did to the Tavern go,
Where they did drink Canary;
When he was Drunk,
In came a Punck,
And ask'd gan he would Mow her;
Then he again,
With Might and Main,
Did bravely lay her o'er, Sir,

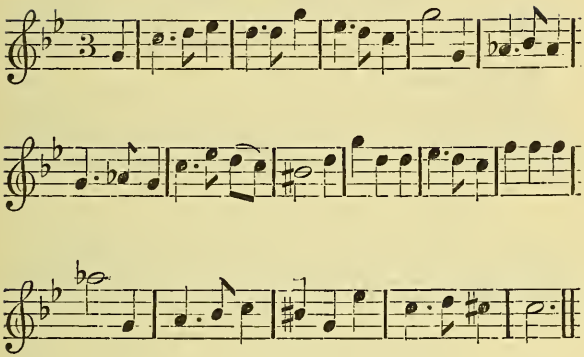
Poor *Donald* he rose up again,
As nothing did him ail, Sir;
But little kenn'd this bonny Lass,
Had Fire about her Tail, Sir:
When Night was spent
Then Home he went,
And told it with a Hark, Sir;
How he did Kiss
A dainty Miss,
And lifted up the Sark, Sir.

But e'er a Month had gone about,
Poor *Donald* walked sadly :
And every yean enquir'd of him,
What gar d him leuk so badly :
A Wench, quoth he,
Gave Snuff to me,
Out of her Placket box, Sir ;
And I am sure,
She prov'd a Whore,
And. given to me the Pox, Sir.

Poor *Donald* he being almost Dead,
Was turn'd out of the Guard, Sir ;
And never could get in again,
Although he was a Leard, Sir :
When *Mars* doth meet,
VVith *Venus* sweet,
And struggles to surrender ;
The Triumph's lost,
Then never trust
A Feminine Commander.

Poor *Donald* he went home again,
Because he lost his Place, Sir ;
For playing of a Game at VVhisk,
And turning up an Ace, Sir ;
Ye Soldiers all,
Both great and small,
A Foot-man or a Trooper ;
VVhen you behold,
A VVench tnat's bold
Remember *Donald Cooper*.

The Jovial Drinker.



A Pox on those Fools, who exclaim against Wine,
And fly the dear sweets that the Bottle doth bring;
It heightens the Fancy, the Wit does refine,
And he that was first Drunk was made the first King.

By the help of good Claret old Age becomes Youth,
And sick Men still find this the only Physitian;
Drink largely, you'll know by experience, the Truth,
That he that drinks most is the best Politician.

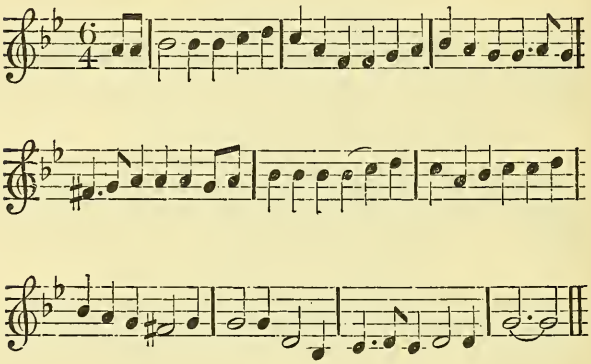
To Victory this leads on the brave Cavalier,
And makes all the Terrors of War, but Delight;
This flushes his Courage, and beats off base Fear,
'Twas that taught *Cæsar* and *Pompey* to fight.

This supports all our Friends, and knocks down our Foes,
This makes us all Loyal Men from Courtier to Clown;
Like *Dutchmen* from Brandy, from this our Strength grows
So 'tis Wine, noble Wine, that's a Friend to the Crown.

The

The Sexton's SONG.

Sung by BEN. JOHNSON, *in the Play of* Hamlet *Prince of* Denmark, *acting the Grave maker.*



ONce more to these Arms my lov'd Pick-ax and Spade,
With the rest of the Tools that belong to my Trade;
I that Buried others am rose from the Dead,
With a Ring, a Ring, Ring, a Ring, and Dig a Dig, Dig.

My Thoughts are grown easie, my Mind is at rest,
Since Things at the worst are now grown to the best,
And I and the Worms that long fasted shall Feast,
With a Ring, &c.

How I long to be Measuring and cleaving the Ground,
And commending the Soil for the Sculls shall be found,
Whose thickness alone, not the Soil makes them sound,
With a Ring, &c.

Look

Look you Masters, I'll cry, may the Saints ne'er me save,
If this ben't as well contriv'd sort of a Grave,
As a Man could wish on such occasion to have,
With a Ring, &c.

Observe but the make of't, I'll by you be try'd,
And the Coffin so fresh there that lies on that side,
It's Fifty Years since he that owns it has dy'd.
With a Ring, &c.

I hope to remember your Friend in a Bowl,
An honest good Gentleman, God rest his Soul,
He has that for a Ducket is worth a Pistole,
With a Ring, &c.

At Marriages next I'll affirm it and swear,
If the Bride would be private so great was my Care,
That not a Soul knew that the Priest joyn'd the Pair,
With a Ring, &c.

When I myself whisper'd and told it about
What Door they'd go in at, what Door they'd go out,
To receive the Salutes of the Rabble and Rout,
With a Ring, &c.

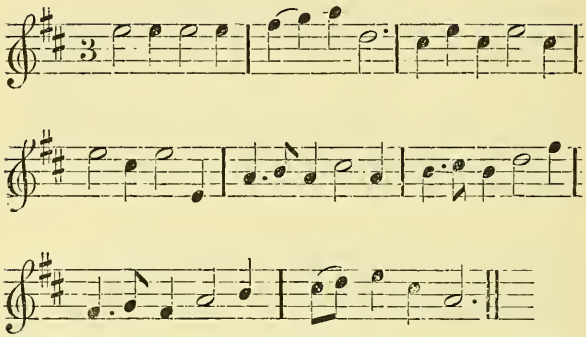
At Chris'nings I'll sit with abundance of Joy,
And Drink to the Health of the Girl or the Boy,
At the same I wish that Fate both would destroy,
That I may Ring, &c.

What e'er's my Religion, my Meaning's to Thrive,
So the Child that is born, to the Font but survive,
No matter how short it's continuance alive,
That I may Ring, &c.

Hear then my good Neighbours attend to my cry,
And bravely get Children, and decently die,
No Sexton now breathing shall use you as I,
With a Ring a Ring, Ring a Ring, Dig a Dig, Dig.

The

The Great BOOBEE.



MY Friend if you would understand,
My Fortunes what they are ;
I once had Cattle House and Land,
But now I am never the near :
My Father left a good Estate,
As I may tell to thee ;
I couzened was of all I had,
Like a great Boobee.

I went to School with a good intent,
And for to learn my Book ;
And all the Day I went to play,
In it I never did look ·
Full seven Years, or very nigh,
As I may tell to thee ;
I could hardly say my Criss-Cross-Row,
Like a great Boobee.

My Father then in all the hast,
Did set me to the Plow ;
And for to lash the Horse about,
Indeed I knew not how :

My

My Father took his Whip in Hand,
And soundly lashed me;
He called me Fool and Country Clown,
And a great Boobee.

But I did from my Father run,
For I would Plow no more;
Because he had so lashed me,
And made my sides so sore:
But I will go to *London* Town,
Some Fashions for to see;
When I came there they call'd me Clown,
And a great Boobee.

But as I went along the Street,
I carried my Hat in my Hand,
And to every one that I did meet,
I bravely Buss'd my Hand:
Some did laugh, and some did scoff,
And some did mock at me;
And some did say I was a Woodcock,
And a great Boobee.

Then I did walk in hast to *Paul's*
The Steeple for to view;
Because I heard some People say,
It should be builded new;
Then I got up unto the Top,
The City for to see;
It was so high it made me cry,
Like a great Boobee.

From thence I went to *Westminster*,
And for to see the Tombs:
Oh, said I, what a House is here,
With an infinite sight of Rooms:
Sweetly the Abby Bells did Ring,
It was a fine sight to see;
Methought I was going to Heav'n in a String.
Like a great Boobee.

But

But as I went along the Street,
The most part of the Day;
Many Gallants I did meet,
Methought they were very gay:
I blew my Nose and pist my Hose,
Some People did me see:
They said I was a Beastly Fool:
And a great Boobee.

Next Day I thro' *Pye-corner* past,
The Roast-meat on the Stall;
Invited me to take a Taste,
My Money was but small:
The Meat I pickt, the Cook me kickt,
As I may tell to thee;
He beat me sore and made me roar,
Like a great Boobee.

As I thro' *Smithfield* lately walkt,
A gallant Lass I met:
Familiarly with me she talk't,
Which I cannot forget:
She proferr'd me a Pint of Wine,
Methought she was wondrous free,
To the Tavern then I went with her,
Like a great Boobee.

She told me we were near of Kin,
And call'd for Wine good store;
Before the Reckoning was brought in,
My Cousin prov'd a Whore:
My Purse she pickt, and went away,
My Cousin couzened me,
The Vintner kickt me out of Door;
Like a great Boobee.

At the *Exchange* when I came there,
I saw most gallant things;
I thought the Pictures living were,
Of all our English Kings:

I doft my Hat and made a Leg,
And kneeled on my Knee;
The People laugh'd and call'd me Fool,
And a great Boobee.

To *Paris-Garden* then I went,
Where there is great resort;
My Pleasure was my Punishment,
I did not like the Sport:
The Garden-Bull with his stout Horns,
On high then tossed me;
I did bewray my self with fear,
Like a great Boobee.

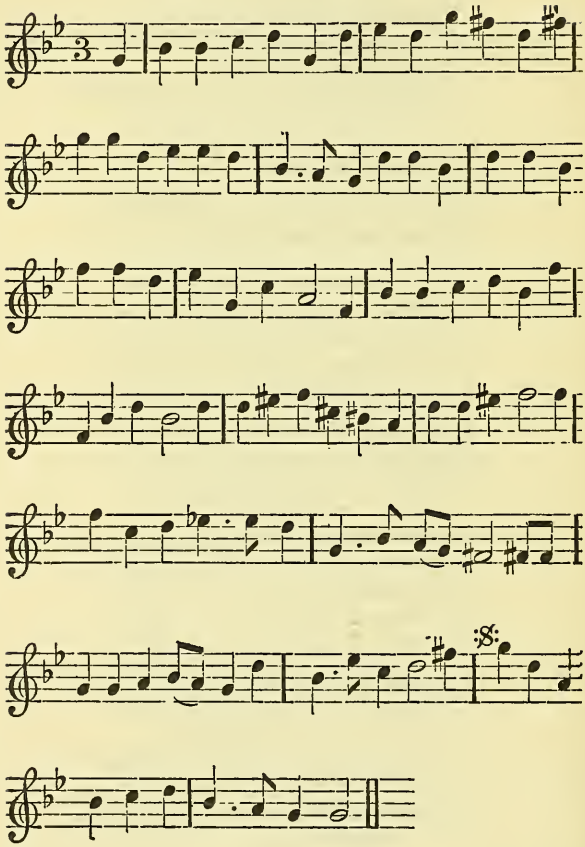
The Bearward went to save me then,
The People flock'd about;
I told the Bear-Garden-Men,
My Guts they were almost out:
They said I stunk most grievously,
No Man would pity me;
They call'd me witless Fool and Ass,
And a great Boobee.

Then o'er the water I did pass,
As you shall understand;
I dropt into the Thames, alass,
Before I came to Land:
The Waterman did help me out,
And thus did say to me;
'Tis not thy fortune to be drown'd,
Like a great Boobee.

But I have learned so much Wit,
Shall shorten all my Cares;
If I can but a Licence get,
To play before the Bears:
'Twould be a gallant Place indeed,
As I may tell to thee:
Then who dares call me Fool or Ass,
Or great Boobee.

Set by Mr. Jeremiah Clark,

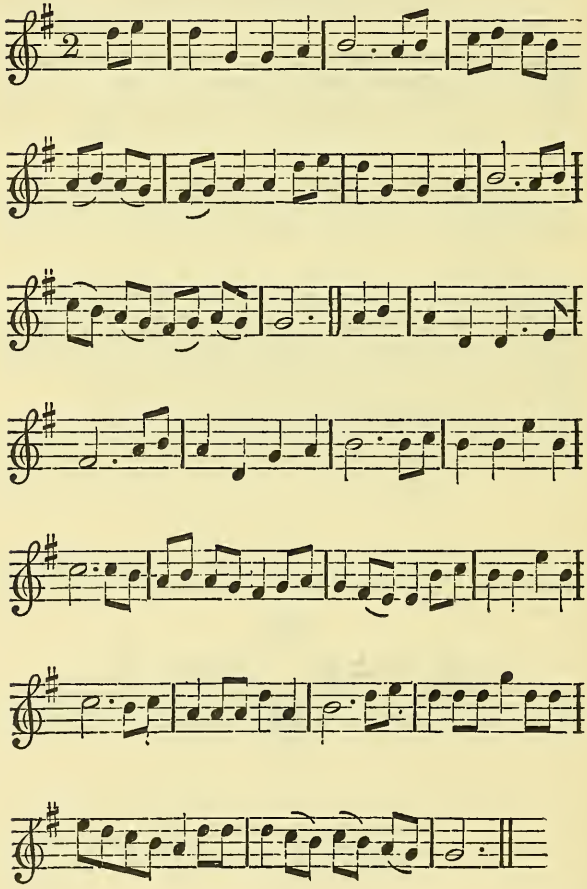
Sung by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



WHen Maids live to Thirty, yet never repented,
When *Europe's* at Peace and all *England* contented,
When Gamesters won't Swear, and no bribery thrives,
Young Wives love old Husbands, young Husbands old Wives;
When Landlords love Taxes, and Soldiers love Peace:
And Lawyers forget a rich Client to Fleece:
When an old Face shall please as well as a new,
Wives, Husbands, and Lovers will ever be true.

When Bullies leave huffing and Cowards their Trembling,
And Courtiers and Women and Priests their Dissembling,
When these shall do nothing against what they teach,
Pluralities hate, and we mind what they Preach:
When Vintners leave Brewing to draw the Wine pure,
And Quacks by their Medicines kill less than they Cure,
When an old Face shall please as well as a new,
Wives, Husbands and Lovers will ever be true.

Words to a Tune of Mr. BARRET'S, *call'd the* CATHERINE.

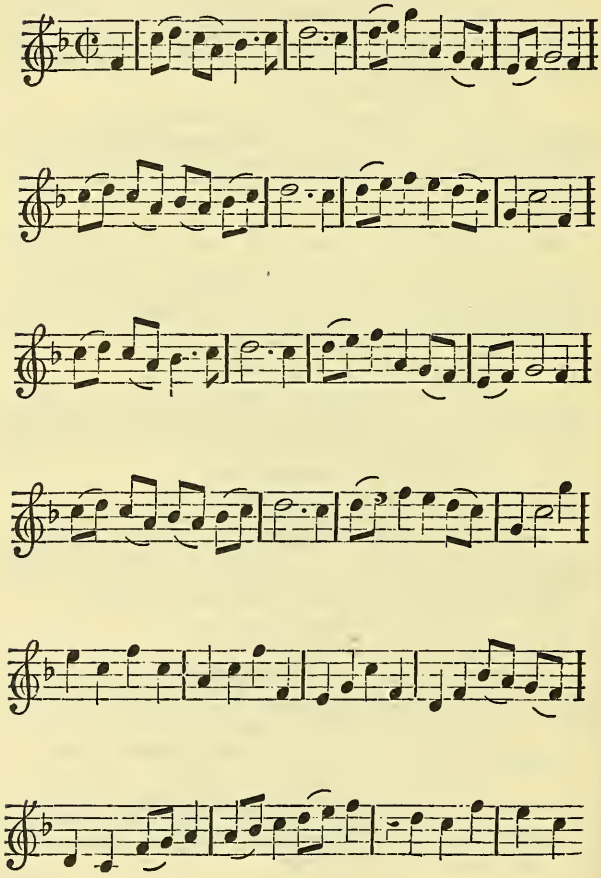


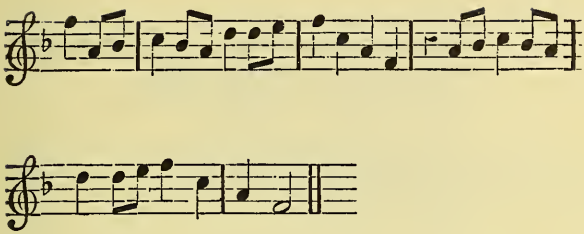
IN the pleasant Month of *May*,
When the merry, merry Birds began to sing;
And the Blossoms fresh and gay;
Usher'd in the welcome Spring,
When the long cold Winter's gone,
And the bright enticing Moon,
In the Evening sweetly shon:
When the bonny Men and Maids tript it on the Grass;
At a jolly Country Fair,
When the Nymphs in the best appear;
We resolv'd to be free, with a Fiddle and a She,
E'ery Shepherd and his Lass.

In the middle of the Sport,
When the Fiddle went brisk and the Glass went round,
And the Pretty gay Nymphs for Court,
With their Merry Feet beat the Ground;
Little *Cupid* arm'd unseen,
With a Bow and Dart stole in,
With a conquering Air and Mien,
And empty'd his Bow thro' the Nymphs and the Swains;
E'ery Shepherd and his Mate,
Soon felt their pleasing Fate,
And longing to try in Enjoyment to die,
Love reign'd o'er all the Plains.

Now the sighing Swain gave o'er,
And the wearied Nymphs could dance no more,
There were other Thoughts that mov'd,
E'ery pretty kind Pair that Lov'd:
In the Woods the Shepherds lay,
And mourn'd the time away,
And the Nymphs as well as they,
Long'd to taste what it is that their Senses cloys,
Till at last by consent of Eyes,
E'ery Swain with his pretty Nymph flies,
E'ery Buxom She retires with her He,
To act Love's solid Joys.

A Scotch SONG. *Sung by Mrs.* LUCAS *at the Old* THEATRE.





BY Moon-light on the Green,
Our bonny Lasses Cooing;
And dancing there I've seen,
Who seem'd alone worth Wooing:
Her Skin like driven Snow,
Her Hair brown as a Berry:
Her Eyes black as a Slow,
Her Lips red as a Cherry.

Oh how she tript it, skipt it,
Leapt it, stept it, whiskt it,
Friskt it, whirld it, twirl'd it,
Swimming, springing, starting:
So quick, the tune to nick,
With a heave and a toss:
And a jerk at parting,
With a heave, and a toss, and a jerk at parting.

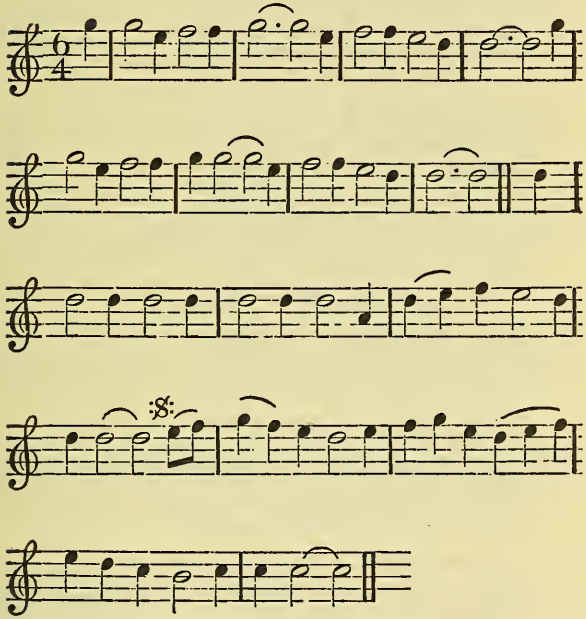
As she sat down I bowed,
And veil'd my bonnet to her;
Then took her from the Crowd,
With Honey words to woo her;
Sweet blithest Lass, quoth I,
It being bleaky VVeather:
I prithee let us try,
Another Dance together;
Oh how she, &c.

VVhilst

VVhilst suing thus I stood,
Quoth she, pray leave your fooling;
Some Dancing heats the Blood,
But yours I fear lacks cooling:
Still for a Dance I pray'd,
And we at last had Seven;
And whilst the Fiddle play'd,
She thought her self in Heaven,
Oh how she, &c.

At last she with a Smile,
To Dance again desir'd me;
Quoth I, pray stay a while,
For now good faith ye've tir'd me:
VVith that she look'd on me,
And sigh'd with muckle sorrow;
Than gang ye'ar gate, quoth she,
But Dance again to morrow.

The QUAKER'S SONG. *Sung by Mrs.* Willis *at the New Play-House.*



AMongst the pure ones all,
VVhich Conscience doth profess;
And yet that sort of Conscience,
Doth practice nothing less:
I mean the Sect of those Elect,
That loath to live by Merit;
That leads their Lives with other Mens VVives,
According unto the Spirit.

One

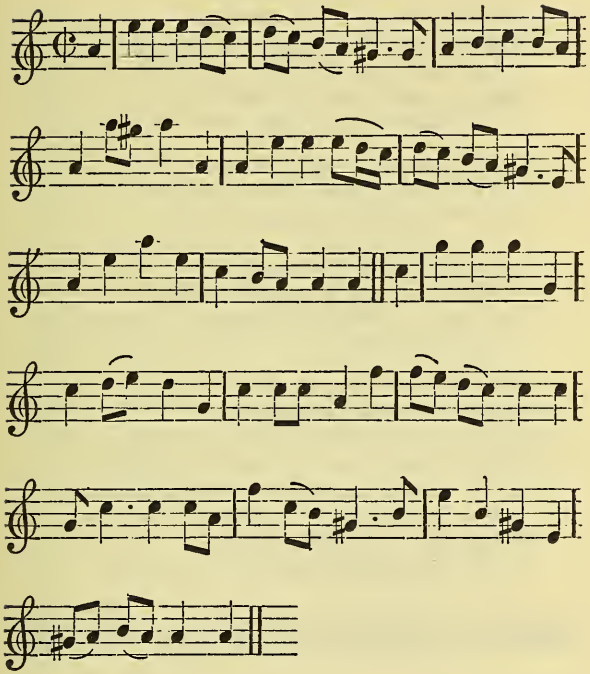
One met with a Holy Sister of ours,
A Saint who dearly lov'd him:
And fain he would have kiss'd her,
Because the Spirit mov'd him:
But she deny'd, and he reply'd,
You're damn'd unless you do it;
Therefore consent, do not repent,
For the Spirit doth move me to it.

She not willing to offend, poor Soul,
Yielded unto his Motion;
And what these two did intend,
VVas out of pure Devotion:
To lye with a Friend and a Brother,
She thought she shou'd die no Sinner,
But e'er five Months were past,
The Spirit was quick within her.

But what will the VVicked say,
VVhen they shall here of this Rumour;
They'd laugh at us every Day,
And Scoff us in every Corner:
Let 'em do so still if that they will,
VVe mean not to follow their Fashion,
They're none of our Sect, nor of our Elect,
Nor none of our Congregation.

But when the time was come,
That she was to be laid;
It was no very great Crime,
Committed by her they said:
'Cause they did know, and she did show,
'Twas done by a Friend and a Brother,
But a very great Sin they said it had been,
If it had been done by another.

A Song.



AS Oyster *Nan* stood by her Tub,
To shew her vicious Inclination;
She gave her noblest Parts a Scrub,
And sigh'd for want of Copulation:
A Vintner of no little Fame,
Who excellent Red and White can sell ye,
Beheld the little dirty Dame,
As she stood scratching of her Belly.

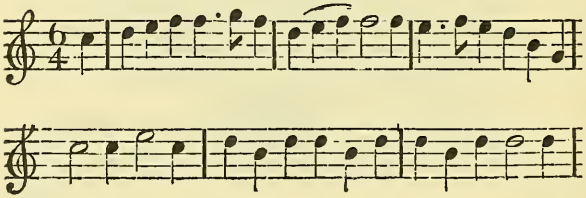
Come

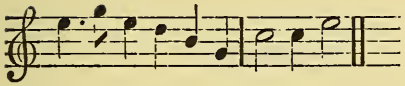
Come in, says he, you silly Slut,
'Tis now a rare convenient Minute;
I'll lay the Itching of your Scut,
Except some greedy Devil be in it:
With that the Flat-capt Fusby smil'd,
And would have blush'd, but that she cou'd not;
Alass! says she, we're soon beguil'd,
By Men to do those things we shou'd not.

From Door they went behind the Bar,
As it's by common Fame reported;
And there upon a Turkey Chair,
Unseen the loving Couple sported:
But being call'd by Company,
As he was taking pains to please her;
I'm coming, coming Sir, says he,
My Dear, and so am I, says she, Sir.

Her Mole-hill Belly swell'd about,
Into a Mountain quickly after;
And when the pretty Mouse crept out,
The Creature caus'd a mighty Laughter:
And now she has learnt the pleasing Game,
Altho' much Pain and Shame it cost her;
She daily ventures at the same,
And shuts and opens like an Oyster.

The IRISH *Jigg: Or, the Night Ramble.*





ONE Night in my Ramble I chanc'd to see,
A thing like a Spirit, it frightened me;
I cock'd up my Hat and resolv'd to look big,
And streight fell a Tuning the *Irish Figg.*

The Devil drew nearer and nearer in short,
I found it was one of the Petticoat sort;
My Fears being over, I car'd not a Fig,
But still I kept tuning the *Irish Figg.*

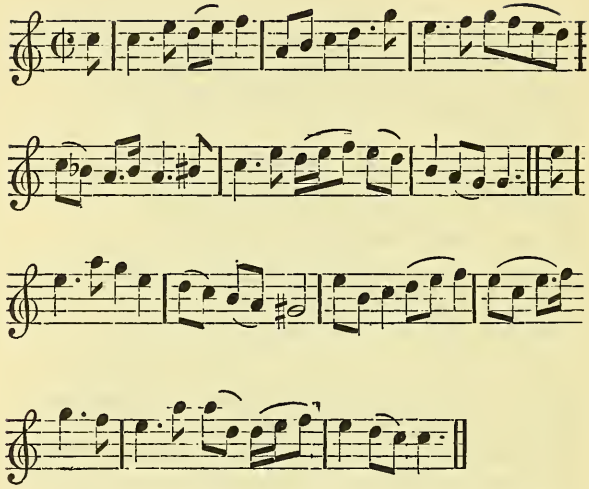
And then I went to her, resolving to try her;
I put her agog of a longing desire;
I told her I'd give her a Whip for her Gig,
And a Scourge to the Tune of the *Irish Figg.*

Then nothing but Dancing our Fancy could please,
We lay on the Grass and Danc'd at our ease;
I down'd with my Breeches and off with my Whigg,
And we fell a Dancing the *Irish Figg.*

I thank you, kind Sir, for your kindness, said she,
The Scholar's as Wise as the Master can be;
For if you should chance to get me with Kid,
I'll lay the poor Brat to the *Irish Figg.*

The Dance being ended as you may see,
We rose by Consent and we both went away;
I put on my Cloaths and left her to grow big,
And so I went Roaring the *Irish Figg.*

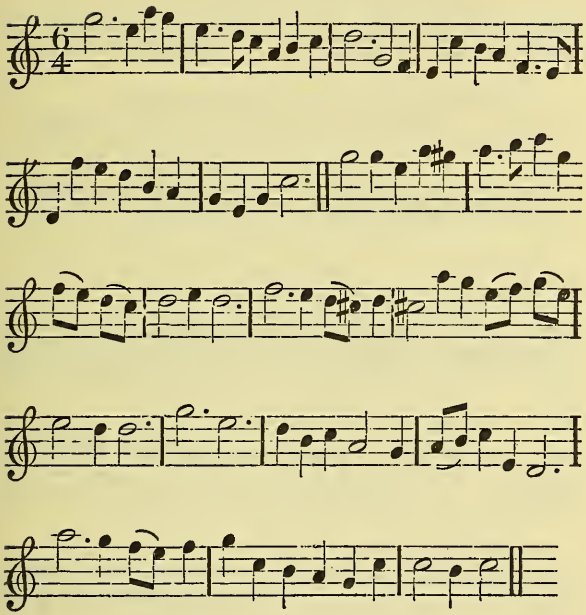
A SONG.



IT was a happy Golden Day,
When fair *Althea* Kind and Gay,
Put all but Love and me away ;
I arm'd with soft Words did Address,
Sweet and kind Kisses far express,
A greater Joy and Happiness.

Nature the best Instructeress cry'd,
Her Ivory Pillows to divide,
That Love might Sail with Wind and Tide ;
She rais'd the Mast and sail'd by it,
That Day two Tides together met,
Drove him on Shore soon dropping wet.

A SONG.

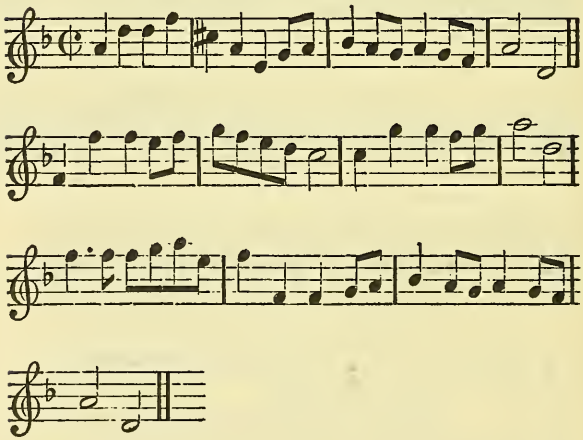


AH! *Cælia* how can you be Cruel and Fair?
Since removing,
The Charms that are loving,
'Twould make a poor Lover Despair;
'Tis true, I have lov'd you these seven long Years & more,
Too long for a Man that ne'er was in Love before:
And if longer you my Caresses deny,
I then am resolv'd to give over my Flames and die.

Love

Love fires the Heart of him that is Brave,
Charms the Spirit
Of him that is merit,
And makes the poor Lover a Slave;
Dull sordid Souls that never knew how to Love,
Where Nature is plung'd, 'tis a shame to the best above:
And if any longer you my Caresses deny,
I then am resolv'd to give over my Flames and die.

A SONG.



THERE was a Knight and he was Youn,
A riding along the way, Sir;
And there he met a Lady fair,
Among the Cocks of Hay, Sir:

Quoth

Quoth he, shall you and I Lady,
Among the Grass lye down a;
And I will have a special Care,
Of rumpling of your Gown a.

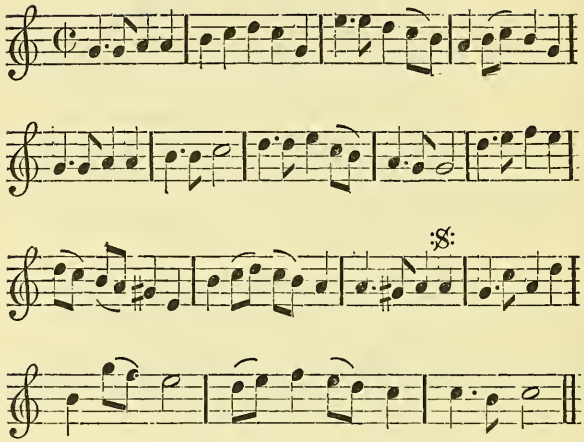
If you will go along with me,
Unto my Father's Hall, Sir;
You shall enjoy my Maiden-head,
And my Estate and all, Sir:
So he mounted her on a milk-white Steed,
Himself upon another;
And then they rid upon the Road,
Like Sister and like Brother.

And when she came to her Father's House,
Which was moated round about, Sir;
She stepped streight within the Gate,
And shut this Young Knight out, Sir,
Here is a Purse of Gold, she said,
Take it for your Pains, Sir;
And I will send my Father's Man,
To go home with you again, Sir.

And if you meet a Lady fair,
As you go thro' the next Town, Sir;
You must not fear the Dew of the Grass,
Nor the rumpling of her Gown, Sir:
And if you meet a Lady Gay,
As you go by the Hill, Sir;
If you will not when you may,
You shall not when you will, Sir.

There is a Dew upon the Grass,
Will spoil your Damask Gown a;
Which has cost your Father dear,
Many Shilling and a Crown a:
There is a Wind blows from the *West*,
Soon will dry the Ground a;
And I will have a special Care,
Of the rumpling of my Gown a.

A SONG.



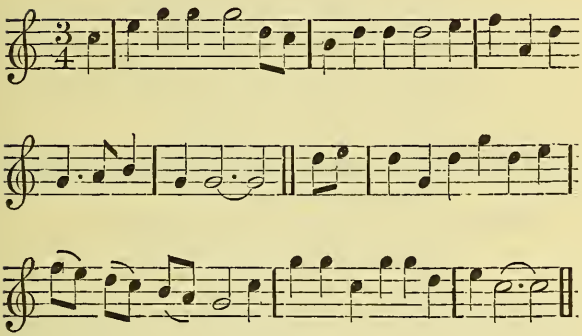
SLaves to *London* I'll deceive you,
For the Country now I leave you:
Who can bear, and not be Mad,
Wine so dear, and yet so bad:
Such a Noise and Air so smoaky,
That to stun, this to choak ye;
Men so selfish, false and rude,
Nymphs so young and yet so lew'd.

Quiet harmless Country Pleasure,
Shall at home engross my Leisure;
Farewel *London*, I'll repair,
To my Native Country Air:
I leave all thy Pleasures behind me,
But at home my Wife will find me;
Oh the Gods! 'tis ten times worse,
London is a milder Curse.

The

The Duke of ORMOND'S *March.*

Set by Mr. CHURCH.



YE brave Boys and Tars,
That design for the Wars,
Remember the Action at *Vigo;*
And where ORMOND Commands,
Let us all joyn our Hands,
And where he goes, may you go, and I go.

Let Conquest and Fame,
The Honour proclaim,
Great ORMOND has gotten at *Vigo;*
Let the Trumpets now sound,
And the Ecchoes around,
Where he goes, may you go, and I go,

Let the Glories be Sung,
Which the ORMONDS have won,
Long before this great Action at *Vigo;*

They're so Loyal and Just,
And so true to their Trust,
That where he goes, may you go, and I go.

Old Records of Fame,
Of the ORMONDS great Name,
Their Actions, like these were of *Vigo;*
And since this Prince exceeds,
In his Fore-Father's Deeds,
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

'Tis the Praise of our Crown,
That such Men of Renown,
Shou'd lead on the Van, as at *Vigo;*
Where such Lives and Estates
Are expos'd for our sakes,
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

'Twas the whole Nation's Voice,
And we all did rejoyce,
When we heard he Commanded for *Vigo;*
To ANNA so True,
All her Foes to pursue,
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

'Tis the Voice of the Town,
And our Zeal for the Crown,
To serve ORMOND to *France, Spain,* or *Vigo;*
So Noble and brave,
Both to Conquer and save,
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

To the Soldiers so kind,
And so humbly inclin'd,
To wave his Applause gain'd at *Vigo;*
Yet so kind and so true,
He gave all Men their due,
Then where he goes, may you go, and I go.

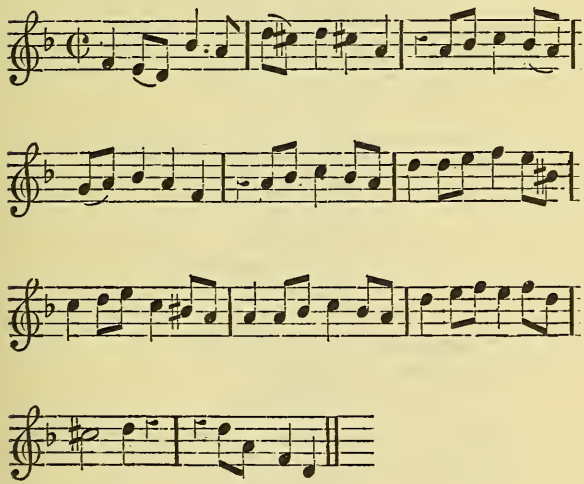
We justly do own,
All the Honour that's won,
In *Flanders,* as well as at *Vigo;*

But

But our Subject and Theme,
Is of ORMOND's great Name,
And where he goes, may you go, and I go.

Then take off the Bowl,
To that Generous Soul,
That Commanded so bravely at *Vigo;*
And may ANNA approve,
Of our Duty and Love,
And where he goes, may you go, and I go.

A Cure for Melancholy.



Are

ARE you grown so Melancholy,
That you think on nought but Folly;
Are you sad,
Are you Mad,
Are you worse;
Do you think,
Want of Chink
Is a Curse:
Do you wish for to have,
Longer Life, or a Grave,
Thus would I Cure ye.

First I would have a Bag of Gold,
That should ten Thousand Pieces hold,
And all that,
In thy Hat,
Would I pour;
For to spend,
On thy Friend,
Or thy Whore:
For to cast away at Dice,
Or to shift you of your Lice,
Thus would I Cure ye.

Next I would have a soft Bed made,
Wherein a Virgin should be laid;
That would Play,
Any way
You'll devise;
That would stick
Like a Tick,
To your Thighs,
That would bill like a Dove,
Lye beneath or above,
Thus would I Cure ye.

Next that same Bowl, where *Jove* Divine,
Drank *Nectar* in, I'd fill with Wine;
That whereas,
You should pause,

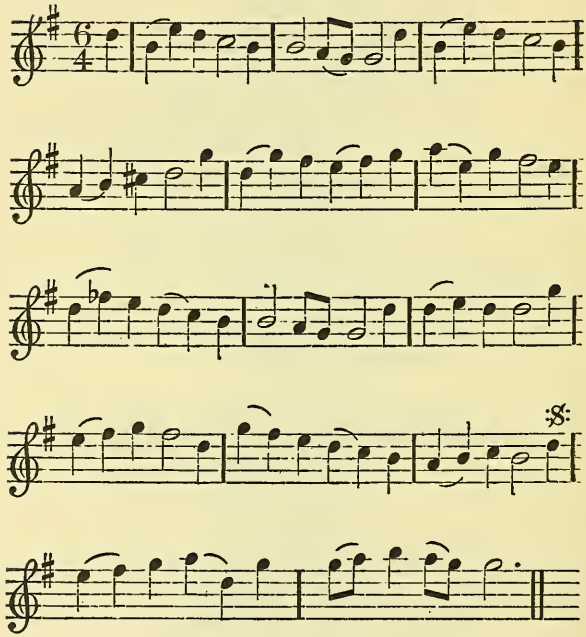
You

You should quaff;
Like a *Greek*,
Till your Cheek,
To *Ceres* and to *Venus*,
To *Bacchus* and *Silenus*,
Thus would I Cure ye.

Last of all there should appear,
Seven Eunuchs sphere-like Singing here,
In the Praise,
Of those Ways,
Of delights;
Venus can,
Use with Man,
In the Night;
When he strives to adorn,
Vulcan's Head with a HORN,
Thus would I Cure ye.

But if not Gold, nor Woman can,
Nor Wine, nor Songs, make merry then;
Let the Batt,
Be thy Mate,
And the Owl;
Let a Pain,
In thy Brain,
Make thee Howl;
Let the Pox be thy Friend,
And the Plague work thy end,
Thus I would Cure you.

To his fairest VALENTINE *Mrs.* A. L.



COME pretty Birds present your Lays,
And learn to chaunt a Goddess Praise;
Ye Wood-Nymphs let your Voices be,
Employ'd to serve her Deity:
And warble forth, ye Virgins Nine,
Some Musick to my Valentine.

Her Bosom is Loves Paradise,
There is no Heav'n but in her Eyes;

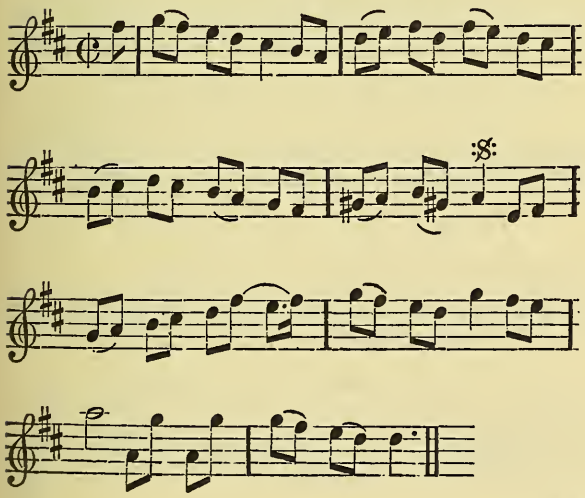
She's

She's chaster than the Turtle-Dove,
And fairer than the Queen of Love;
Yea, all Perfections do combine,
To beautifie my Valentine.

She's Nature's choicest Cabinet,
Where Honour, Beauty, Worth and Wit,
Are all united in her Breast,
The Graces claim an Interest:
All Vertues that are most Divine,
Shine clearest in my Valentine.

A Ballad,

Or, Collin's *Adventure.*



As

AS *Collin* went from his Sheep to unfold,
In a Morning of *April*, as grey as 'twas cold,
In a Thicket he heard a Voice it self spread;
Which was, O, O, *I am almost dead.*

He peep'd in the Bushes, and spy'd where there lay
His Mistress, whose Countenance made *April May;*
But in her looks some sadness was read,
Crying O, O, *I am almost dead.*

He rush'd in to her, and cry'd what's the matter,
Ah! *Collin*, quoth she, why will you come at her,
Who by the false Swain, hath often been misled,
For which O, O, *I am almost dead.*

He turn'd her Milk-pail, and there down he sat,
His Hands stroak'd his Beard, on his Knee lay his Coat,
But, O, still *Mopsa* cry'd, before ought was said,
Collin, O, O, *I am almost dead.*

No more, quoth stout *Collin!* I ever was true,
Thou gav'st me a Handkerchief all hemm'd with Blue:
A Pin-box I gave thee, and a Girdle so Red,
Yet still she cry'd, O, O, *I am almost dead.*

Delaying, quoth she, hath made me thus Ill,
For I never fear'd *Sarah* that dwelt at the Mill,
Since in the Ev'ning late her Hogs thou hast fed,
For which, O, O, *I am almost dead.*

Collin then chuck'd her under the Chin,
Cheer up for to love thee I never will lin,
Says she, I'll believe it when the Parson has read,
'Till then, O, O, *I am almost dead.*

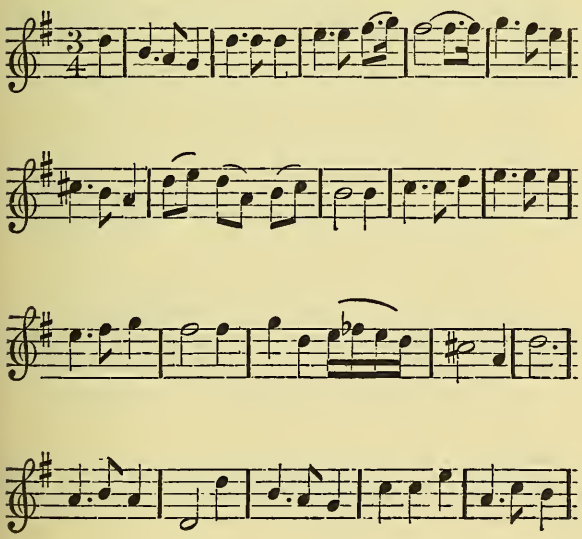
Uds boars, quoth *Collin*, I'll new my shon,
And e'er the Week pass, by the Mass it shall be done:
You might have done this before, then she said,
But now, O, O, *I am almost dead.*

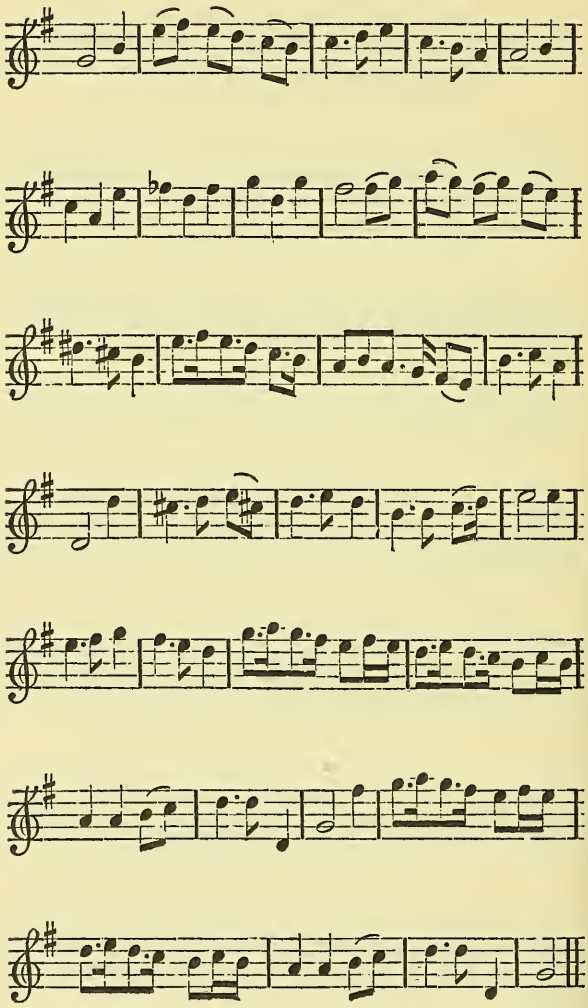
He

He gave her a twitch that quite turn'd her round,
And said, I'm the truest that e'er trod on Ground,
Come settle thy Milk-Pail fast on thy Head,
No more O, O, *I am almost dead.*

Why then I perceive thoul't not leave me in the Lurch,
I'll don my best Cloths and streight to the Church :
Jog on, merry *Collin*, jog on before,
For I Faith, I Faith, *I'll dye no more.*

The Town-Rakes, *A* Song : *Set by Mr.* Daniel Purcell : *Sung by Mr.* Edwards.



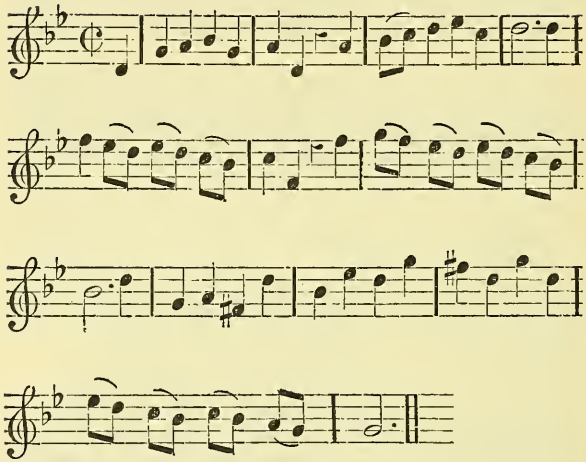


WHat Life can compare with the jolly Town Rakes,
When in his full swing of all Pleasure he takes?
At Noon he gets up for a wet and to Dine,
And Wings the swift Hours with Mirth, Musick, and Wine,
Then jogs to the Play-house and chats with the Masques,
And thence to the *Rose* where he takes his three Flasks,
There great as a *Cæsar* he revels when drunk,
And scours all he meets as he reels, as he reels to his Punk,
And finds the dear Girl in his Arms when he wakes,
What Life can compare to the jolly Town-Rakes, the Jolly Town-Rakes.

He like the Great Turk has his favourite She,
But the Town's his *Seraglio*, and still he lives free;
Sometimes she's a Lady, but as he must range,
Black *Betty*, or Oyster *Moll* serve for a Change:
As he varies his Sports his whole Life is a Feast,
He thinks him that is soberest is most like a Beast:
All Houses of Pleasure, breaks Windows and Doors,
Kicks Bullies and Cullies, then lies with their Whores:
Rare work for the Surgeon and Midwife he makes,
What Life can Compare with the jolly Town-Rakes.

Thus in *Covent-Garden* he makes his Campaigns,
And no Coffee-House haunts but to settle his Brains;
He laughs at dry Mortals, and never does think,
Unless 'tis to get the best VVenches and Drink:
He dwells in a Tavern, and lives ev'ry where,
And improving his Hour, lives an age in a Year:
For as Life is uncertain, he loves to make haste,
And thus he lives longest because he lives fast:
Then leaps in the Dark, and his *Exit* he makes,
VVhat Death can compare with the jolly Town-Rakes.

A SONG: *Set by Mr.* CLARKE.



YOung *Coridon* and *Phillis*
Sate in a lovely Grove;
Contriving Crowns of Lillies,
Repeating Tales of Love:
And something else, but what I dare not, &c.

But as they were a Playing,
She oagled so the Swain;
It sav'd her plainly saying.
Let's kiss to ease our Pain:
And something else, &c.

A thousand times he kiss'd her,
Laying her on the Green;
But as he farther press'd her,
Her pretty Leg was seen:
And something else, &c.

So

So many Beauties removing,
His Ardour still increas'd;
And greater Joys pursuing,
He wander'd o'er her Breast:
And something else, &c.

A last Effort she trying,
His Passion to withstand;
Cry'd, but it was faintly crying,
Pray take away your Hand:
And something else, &c.

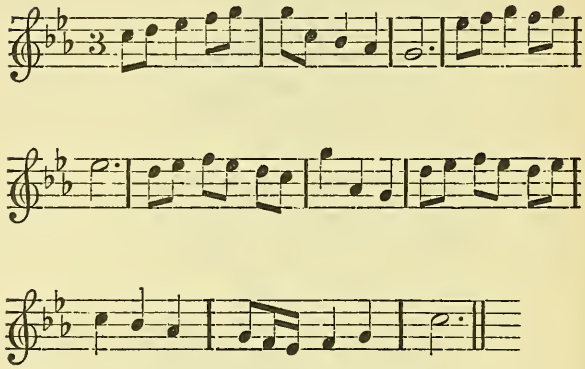
Young *Coridon* grown bolder,
The Minute would improve;
This is the Time he told her,
To shew you how I love;
And something else, &c.

The Nymph seem'd almost dying,
Dissolv'd in amorous Heat;
She kiss'd, and told him sighing,
My Dear your Love is great:
And something else, &c.

But *Phillis* did recover
Much sooner than the Swain;
She blushing ask'd her Lover,
Shall we not Kiss again:
And something else, &c.

Thus Love his Revels keeping,
'Till Nature at a stand;
From talk they fell to Sleeping,
Holding each others Hand;
And something else, &c.

The Amorous BARBER'S *Passion of Love for his Dear* BRIDGET.



WIth my Strings of small Wire lo I come,
And a Cittern made of Wood;
And a Song altho' you are Deaf and Dumb,
May be heard and understood.
Dumb, dumb,——

Oh! take Pity on me, my Dear,
Me thy Slave, and me thy Vassal,
And be not Cruel, as it were,
Like to some strong and well built old Castle.
Dumb, dumb——

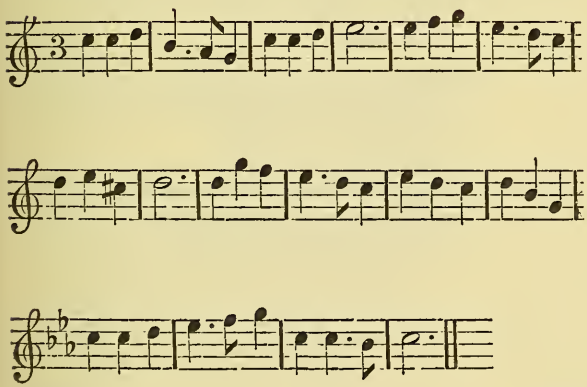
Lest as thou passest along the Street,
Braver every Day and braver;
Every one that does thee meet,
Will say there goes a Woman-shaver.
Dumb, dumb——

And

And again will think fit,
And to say they will determine ;
There goes she that with Tongue killed Clip-Chops,
As a Man with his Thumbs kill Vermine.
Dumb, dumb ——

For if thou dost then, farewel Pelf,
Farewel *Bridget*, for I vow I'll :
Either in my Bason hang my self,
Or drown me in my Towel,
Dumb, dumb ——

A BALLAD, *made by a Gentleman in* Ireland, *who could not have Access to a Lady whom he went to visit, because the Maid the Night before had over-laid her pretty Bitch. To the Tune of,* O Hone, O Hone.



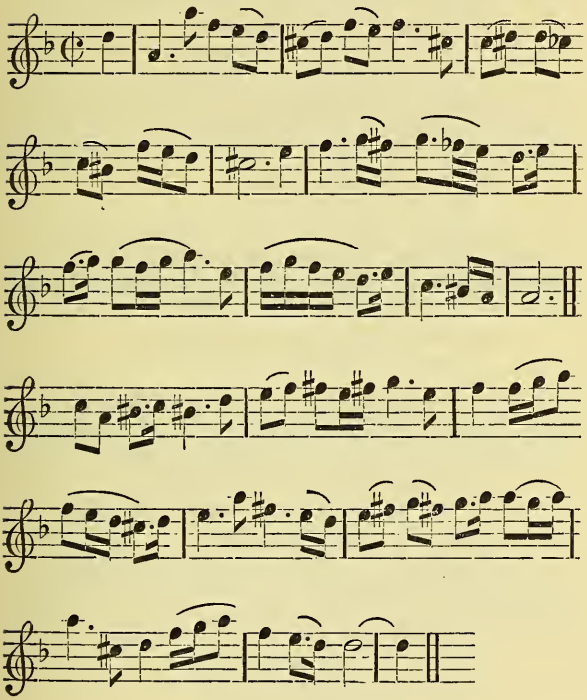
OH! let no Eyes be dry,
Oh Hone, Oh Hone,
But let's lament and cry,
Oh Hone, O Hone,
We're quite undone almost,
For *Daphne* on this Coast,
Has yielded up the Ghost,
Oh Hone, O Hone.

Daphne my dearest Bitch,
Oh Hone, O Hone,
Who did all Dogs bewitch,
Oh Hone, &c.
Was by a careless Maid,
Pox take her for a Jade,
In the Night over-laid,
Oh Hone, &c.

Oh may she never more
Oh Hone, &c.
Sleep quietly, but snore,
Oh Hone, &c.
May never Irish Lad,
Sue for her Maiden-head,
Until it stinks I Gad,
Oh Hone, &c.

Oh may she never keep
Oh Hone, Oh Hone;
Her Water in her Sleep,
Oh Hone, Oh Hone:
May never Pence nor Pounds,
Come more within the Bounds,
Of her Pocket Ad-sounds,
Oh Hone, Oh Hone.

DAMON *forsaken. Set by Mr.* WROTH.



WHEN that young *Damon* bless'd my Heart,
And in soft Words did move;
How did I hug the pleasing Dart,
And thank'd the God of Love:
Cupid, said I, my best lov'd Lamb,
That in my Bosom lives:
To thee, for kindling this dear Flame,
To thee, kind God, I'll give.

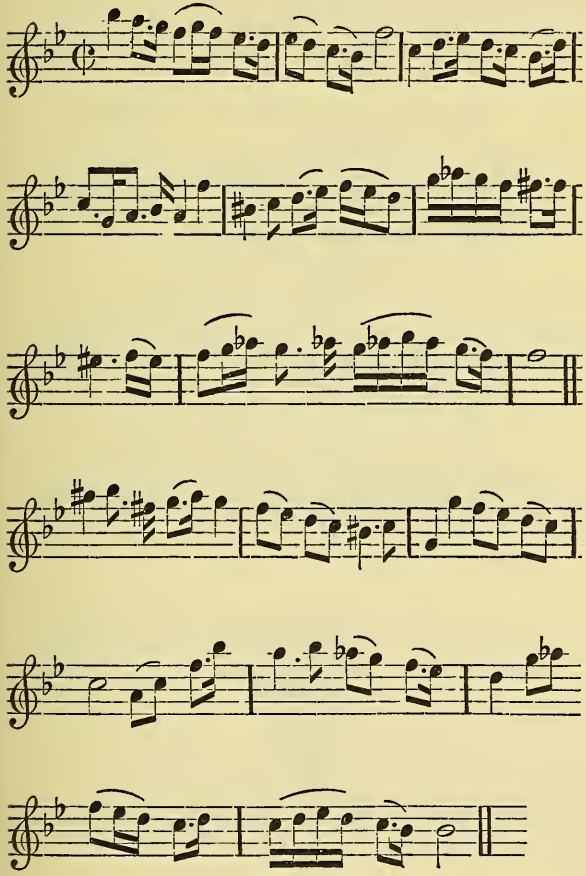
But prying Friends o'er-heard my Vow,
And murmur'd in my Ear;
Damon hath neither Flocks nor Plough,
Girl what thou dost beware:
They us'd so long their cursed Art,
And damn'd deluding sham;
That I agreed with them to part,
Nor offer'd up my Lamb.

Cupid ask'd for his Offering,
'Cause I refus'd to pay;
He took my *Damon* on his Wing,
And carry'd him quite away:
Pitch'd him before *Olinda's* Charms,
Those Wonders of the Plain;
Commanding her into her Arms,
To take the dearest Swain.

The envy'd Nymph, soon, soon obey'd,
And bore away the Prize;
'Tis well she did, for had she stay'd,
I'd snatch'd him from her Eyes:
My Lamb was with gay Garlands dress'd,
The Pile prepar'd to burn;
Hoping that if the God appeas'd,
My *Damon* might return.

But oh! in vain he's gone, he's gone,
Phillis he can't be thine;
I by Obedience am undone,
Was ever Fate like mine:
Olinda do, try all thy Charms,
Yet I will have a part;
For whilst you have him in your Arms,
I'll have him in my Heart.

The Apparition to the Jilted Lover. Set by Mr. WROTH.

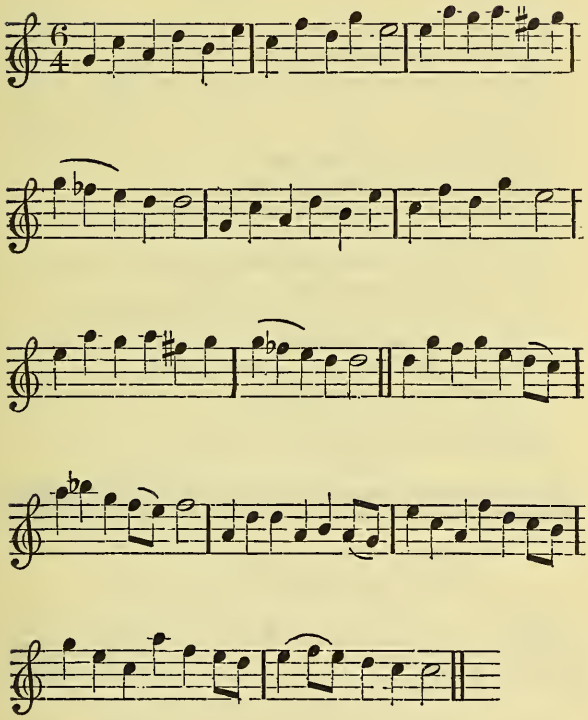


THINK wretched Mortal, think no more,
How to prolong thy Breath:
For thee there are no Joys in store,
But in a welcome Death:
Then seek to lay thee under Ground,
The Grave cures all Despair;
And healeth every bitter Wound,
Giv'n by th' ungrateful Fair.

How cou'dst thou Faith in Woman think,
Women are *Syrens* all;
And when Men in Loves Ocean sink,
Take Pride to see 'em fall:
Women were never real yet,
But always truth despise:
Constant to nothing but Deceit,
False Oaths and flattering Lies.

Ah! *Coridon* bid Life adieu,
The Gods will thee prefer;
Their Gates are open'd wide for you,
But bolted against her:
Do thou be true, you vow'd to Love,
Phillis or Death you'll have;
Now since the Nymph doth perjured prove,
Be just unto the Grave.

A SONG.



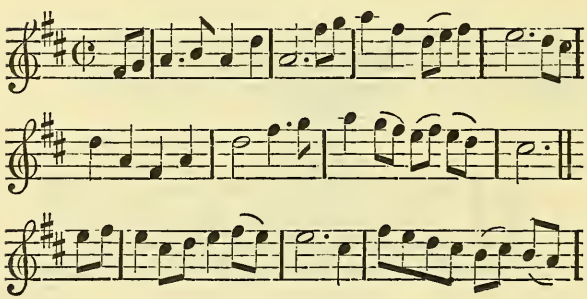
HEaven first created Woman to be Kind,
Both to be belov'd, and for to Love;
If you contradict what Heav'n has design'd,
You'll be contemn'd by all the Pow'rs above:
Then

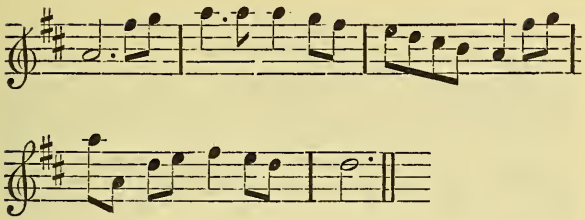
Then no more dispute me, for I am rashly bent,
To subject your Beauty
To kind Nature's Duty,
Let me than salute you by Consent.

Arguments and fair Intreats did I use,
But with her Consent could not prevail;
She the Blessing modestly would still refuse,
Seeming for to slight my amorous Tale:
Sometimes she would cry Sir, prithee Dear be good,
Oh Sir, pray Sir, why Sir?
Pray now, nay now, fye Sir,
I would sooner die Sir, than be rude.

I began to treat her then another way,
Modestly I melted with a Kiss;
She then blushing look'd like the rising Day,
Fitting for me to attempt the Bliss:
I gave her a fall Sir, she began to tear,
Crying she would call Sir,
As loud as she could baul Sir,
But is prov'd as false, Sir, as she's Fair.

RALPH'S *going to the Wars.*





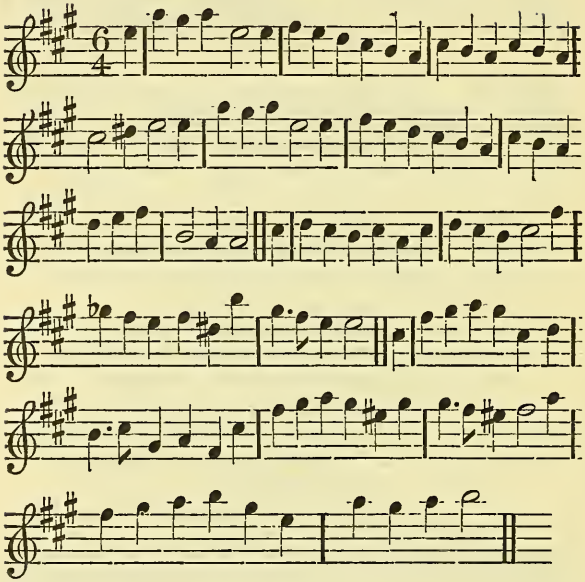
TO the Wars I must alass,
Though I do not like the Game,
For I hold him to be an Ass,
That will lose his Life for Fame:
For these Guns are such pestilent things,
To pat a Pellet in ones Brow;
Four vurlongs off ch've heard zome zay,
Ch'ill kill a Man he knows not how.

When the Bow, Bill, Zword and Dagger,
Were us'd all in vighting;
Ch've heard my Father swear and swagger,
That it was but a Flea-biting:
But these Guns, &c.

Ise would vight with the best of our Parish,
And play at Whisters with *Mary;*
Cou'd thump the Vootball, yerk the Morrie,
And box at Visticuffs with any:
But these Guns, &c.

Varewel *Dick*, *Tom*, *Ralph* and *Hugh*,
My Maypoles make all heretofore;
Varewel *Doll*, *Kate*, *Zis* and *Zue*,
For I shall never zee you more:
For these Guns are such pestilent things,
To pat a Pellet in ones Brow;
Four vurlongs off ch've heard zome zay,
Ch'ill kill a Man he knows not how.

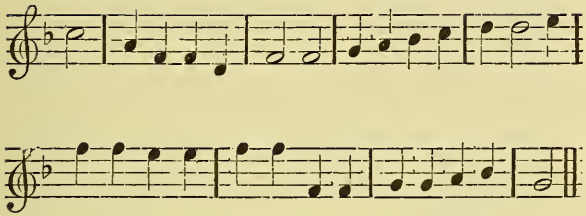
A SONG *in Praise of Punch.*



COME fill up the Bowl with the Liquor that fine is,
And much more Divine is,
Than now a-days Wine is, with all their Art,
None here can controul:
The Vintner despising, tho' Brandy be rising,
'Tis Punch that must chear the Heart:
The Lovers complaining, 'twill cure in a trice,
And *Cælia* disdaining, shall cease to be nice,
Come fill up the Bowl, &c.

Thus soon you'll discover, the cheat of each Lover,
When free from all Care you'll quickly find,
As Nature intended 'em willing and kind:
Come fill up the Bowl, &c.

A SONG.



BONNY *Peggy Ramsey* that any Man may see,
And bonny was her Face, with a fair freckel'd Eye,
Neat is her Body made, and she hath good Skill,
And square is her Wethergig made like a Mill:
With a hey trolodel, hey trolodel, hey trolodel lill,
Bonny Peggy Ramsey *she gives weel her Mill.*

Peggy to the Mill is gone to grind a Bowl of Mault,
The Mill it wanted Water, and was not that a fault;
Up she pull'd her Petticoats and piss'd into the Dam,
For six Days and seven Nights she made the Mill to gang;
With a hey, &c.

Some call her *Peggy*, and some call her *Jean*,
But some calls her Midsummer, but they all are mista'en;
For *Peggy* is a bonny Lass, and grinds well her Mill,
For she will be Occupied when others they lay still:
With a hey, &c.

Peg, thee and Ise grin a poke, and we to War will leanes,
Ise lay thee flat upon thy Back and then lay to the steanes;
Ise make hopper titter totter, haud the Mouth as still,
When twa sit, and eane stand, merrily grind the Mill:
With a hey, &c.

Up

Up goes the Clap, and in goes the Corn,
Betwixt twa rough steans *Peggy* not to learn ;
With a Dam full of Water that she holdeth still,
To pour upon the Clap for burning of the Mill :
With a hey, &c.

Up she pull'd the Dam sure and let the Water in,
The Wheel went about, and the Mill began to grind :
The spindle it was hardy, and the steanes were they well pickt,
And the Meal fell in the Mill Trough, and ye may all come lick :
With a hey trolodel, hey trolodel, hey trolodel lill,
Bonny Peggy Ramsey *she gives weel her Mill.*

A SONG.

Writ by the Famous Mr. NAT. LEE.

PHilander and *Sylvia*, a gentle soft Pair,
Whose business was loving, and kissing their Care ;
In a sweet smelling Grove went smiling along,
'Till the Youth gave a vent to his Heart with his Tongue :
Ah *Sylvia !* said he, (and sigh'd when he spoke)
Your cruel resolves will you never revoke ?
No never, she said, how never, he cry'd,
'Tis the Damn'd that shall only that Sentence abide.

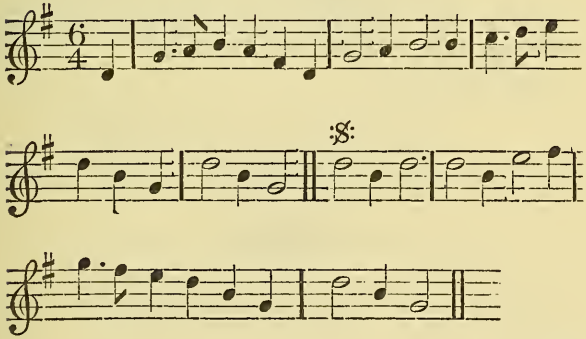
She turn'd her about to look all around,
Then blush'd, and her pretty Eyes cast on the Ground ;
She kiss'd his warm Cheeks, then play'd with his Neck,
And urg'd that his Reason his Passion would check :
Ah *Philander !* she said, 'tis a dangerous Bliss,
Ah ! never ask more and I'll give thee a Kiss ;
How never ? he cry'd, then shiver'd all o'er,
No never, she said, then tripp'd to a Bower.

She

She stopp'd at the Wicket, he cry'd let me in,
She answer'd, I wou'd if it were not a sin ;
Heav'n sees, and the Gods will chastise the poor Head
Of *Philander* for this ; straight Trembling he said,
Heav'n sees, I confess, but no Tell-tales are there,
She kiss'd him and cry'd, you're an Atheist my Dear ;
And shou'd you prove false I should never endure :
How never? he cry'd, and straight down he threw her.

Her delicate Body he clasp d in his Arms,
He kiss'd her, he press'd her, heap'd charms upon charms;
He cry'd shall I now? no never, she said,
Your Will you shall never enjoy till I'm dead :
Then as if she were dead, she slept and lay still,
Yet even in Death bequeath'd him a smile :
Which embolden'd the Youth his Charms to apply,
Which he bore still about him to cure those that die.

A SONG.



Your

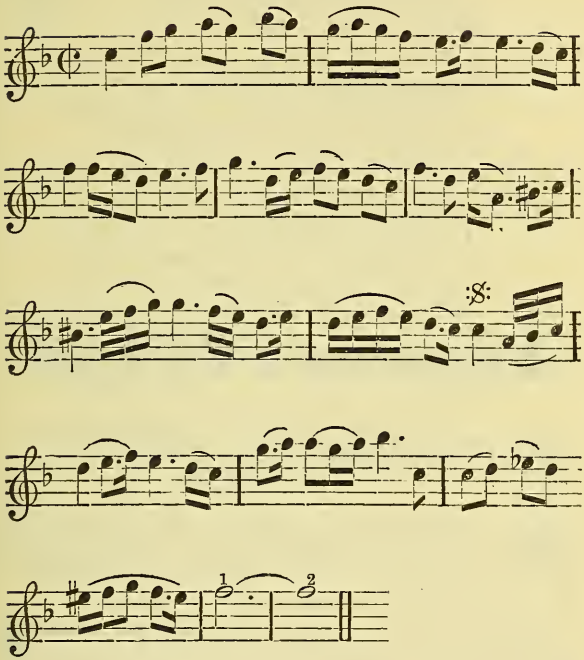
YOur Hay it is mow'd, and your Corn is reap'd,
Your Barns will be full, and your Hovels heap'd;
Come, my Boys come,
Come, my Boys come,
And merrily roar our Harvest home:
Harvest home,
Harvest home,
And merrily roar our Harvest home.
Come, my Boys come, &c.

We ha' cheated the Parson, we'll cheat him agen,
For why should a Blockhead ha' One in Ten:
One in Ten,
One in Ten,
For why should a Blockhead ha' One in Ten,
One in Ten, &c.

For prating too long, like a Book learnt Sot,
'Till Pudding and Dumpling are burnt to Pot:
Burnt to Pot,
Burnt to Pot,
Till Pudding and Dumpling are burnt to Pot.
Burnt to Pot, &c.

We'll toss off our Ale till we cannot stand,
And hey for the Honour of old *England;*
Old *England,*
Old *England,*
And hey for the Honour of old *England,*
Old England, *&c.*

A SONG.



I Prithee send me back my Heart,
Since I cannot have thine :
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then should you have mine.

Yet now I think on't, let it be,
To send it me is vain ;
Thou hast a Thief in either Eye,
Will steal it back again.

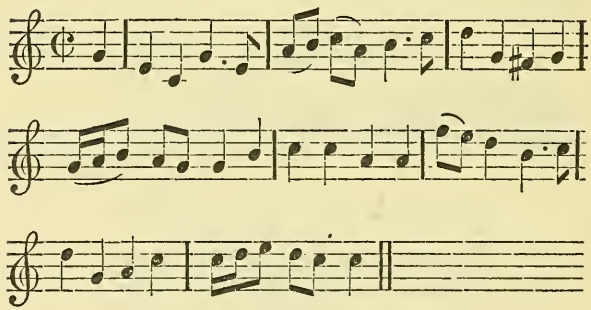
Why

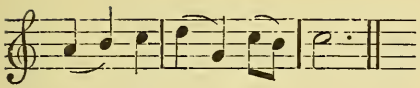
Why should two Hearts in one Breast be,
And yet not be together;
Or Love, where is thy Sympathy,
If thou our Hearts do sever?

But Love is such a Mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I am best resolv'd,
Then I am most in Doubt.

Then farewel Care, then farewel Woe,
I will no longer pine;
But I'll believe I have her Heart,
As well as she hath mine.

BACCHUS *turn'd Doctor. The Words by* BEN. JOHNSON.





LET Soldiers fight for Pay and Praise,
And Money be Misers wish;
Poor Scholars study all their Days,
And Gluttons glory in their Dish:
'Tis Wine, pure Wine, revives sad Souls,
Therefore give us chearing Bowls.

Let Minions marshal in their Hair,
And in a Lover's lock delight;
And artificial Colours wear,
We have the Native Red and White.
'Tis Wine, &c.

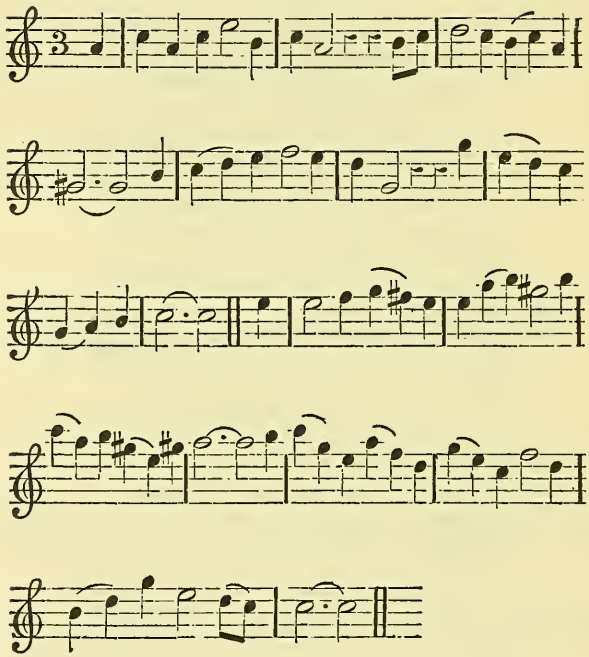
Your Pheasant, Pout, and Culver Salmon,
And how to please your Palates think:
Give us a salt *Westphalia-Gammon*,
Not Meat to eat, but Meat to drink.
'Tis Wine, &c.

It makes the backward Spirits brave,
That lively, that before was dull;
Those grow good Fellows that are grave,
And kindness flows from Cups brim full,
'Tis Wine, &c.

Some have the Ptysick, some the Rhume,
Some have the Palsie, some the Gout;
Some swell with Fat, and some consume,
But they are sound that drink all out.
'Tis Wine, &c.

Some Men want Youth, and some want Health,
Some want a Wife, and some a Punk;
Some Men want Wit, and some want Wealth,
But he wants nothing that is drunk.
'Tis Wine, pure Wine, revives sad Souls,
Therefore give us chearing Bowls.

JENNY *making Hay.*



POOR *Jenny* and I we toiled,
In a long Summer's Day;
Till we were almost foiled,
With making of the Hay;
Her Kerchief was of Holland clear,
Bound low upon her Brow;
Ise whisper'd something in her Ear,
But what's that to you?

Her

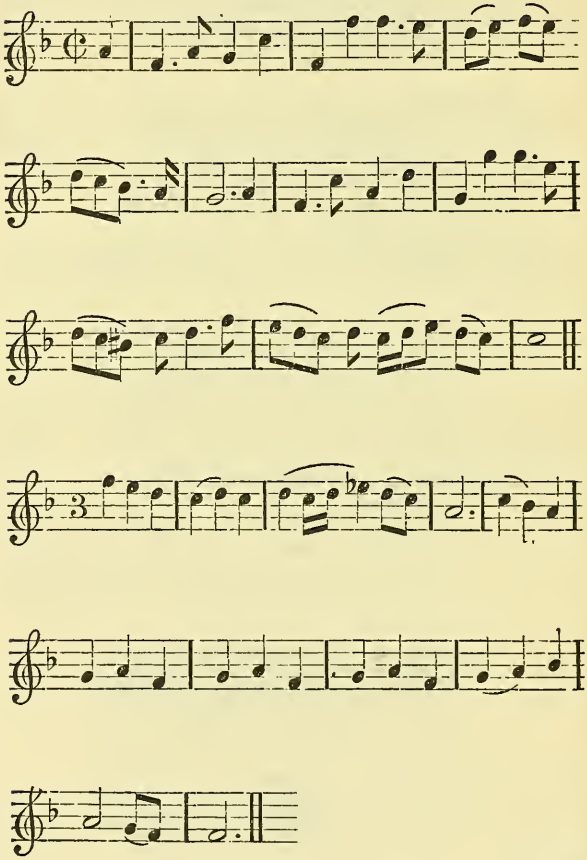
Her Stockings were of Kersey green,
Well stitcht with yellow Silk;
Oh! sike a Leg was never seen,
Her Skin as white as Milk:
Her Hair as black as any Crow,
And sweet her Mouth was too;
Oh *Jenny* daintily can mow,
But, &c.

Her Petticoats were not so low,
As Ladies they do wear them;
She needed not a Page I trow,
For I was by to bear them:
Ise took them up all in my Hand,
And I think her Linnen too;
Which made me for to make a stand;
But, &c.

King *Solomon* had Wives enough,
And Concubines a Number;
Yet Ise possess more happiness,
And he had more of Cumber;
My Joys surmount a wedded Life,
With fear she lets me mow her;
A Wench is better than a Wife,
But, &c.

The Lilly and the Rose combine,
To make my *Jenny* fair;
There's no Contentment sike as mine;
I'm almost void of Care:
But yet I fear my *Jenny's* Face,
VVill cause more Men to woe;
VVhich if she should, as I do fear,
Still, what is that to you?

The Knotting SONG. *The Words by Sir* CHARLES SYDNEY.



Hears

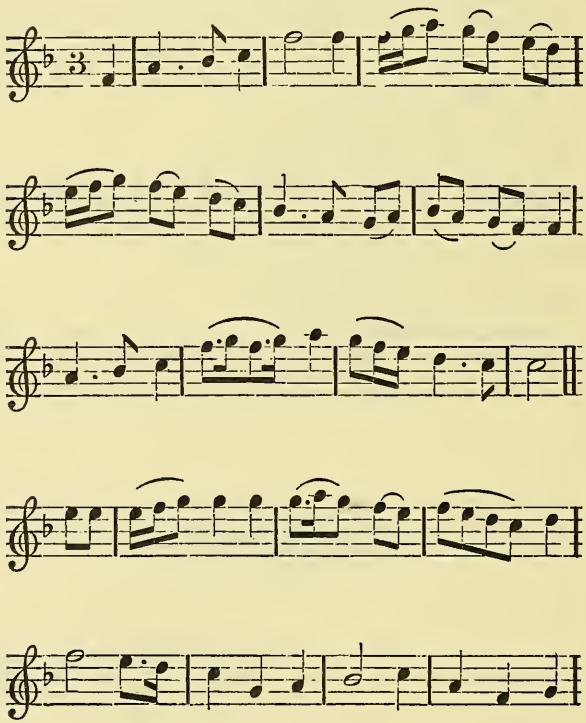
HEars not my *Phillis* how the Birds,
Their feather'd Mates salute :
They tell their Passion in their VVords,
Must I alone, must I alone be mute :
Phillis *without a frown or smile,*
Sat & knotted, & knotted, & knotted, and knotted all the while.

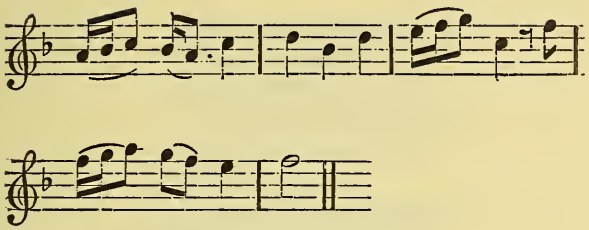
The God of Love in thy bright Eyes,
Does like a Tyrant Reign ;
But in thy Heart a Child he lies,
VVithout a Dart or Flame.
Phillis, &c.

So many Months in silence past,
And yet in raging Love ;
Might well deserve one word at last,
My Passion should approve.
Phillis, &c.

Must then your faithful Swain expire,
And not one look obtain ;
VVhich to sooth his fond desire,
Might pleasingly explain.
Phillis, &c.

The FRENCH KING *in a foaming Passion for the loss of his Potent Army in the* NETHERLANDS, *which were Routed by his Grace the Duke of* MALBOROUGH.





OLD *Lewis le Grand*,
He raves like a Fury,
And calls for *Mercury;*
Quoth he, if I can,
I'll finish my Days;
For why should I live?
Since the Fates will not give
One affable smile:
Great *Marlborough* Conquers,
Great *Marlborough* Conquers,
I'm ruin'd the while.

The Flower of *France*,
And Troops of my Palace
Which march'd from *Versales*
Who vow'd to Advance,
With Conquering Sword,
Are cut, hack'd and hew'd,
I well may conclude,
They're most of them Slain:
Oh! what will become of,
Oh! what will become of,
My Grand-Son in *Spain.*

My fortify'd Throne,
Propt up by Oppression,
Must yield at Discretion,
For needs must I own,
My Glory decays:

Bold

Bold *Marlborough* comes
With ratling Drums,
And thundering Shot,
He drives all before him,
He drives all before him,
Oh! Where am I got?

He pushes for Crowns,
And slays my Commanders,
And Forces in *Flanders;*
Great Capital Towns,
For *CHARLES* has declar'd:
These things like a Dart,
Has pierced my Heart,
And threatens my Death;
Here do I lye sighing,
Here do I lye sighing,
And Panting for Breath.

This passionate Grief,
Draws on my Diseases,
Which fatally ceases
My Spirits in chief,
A fit of the Gout,
The Gravel and Stone,
I have 'tis well known,
At this horrid News,
Of *Marlborough's* Triumph,
Of *Marlborough's* Triumph,
All Battles I lose.

Wherever he comes,
He is bold and Victorious,
Successful and glorious,
My two Royal Thumbs
With anguish I bite:
To hear his Success;
Yet nevertheless,

My

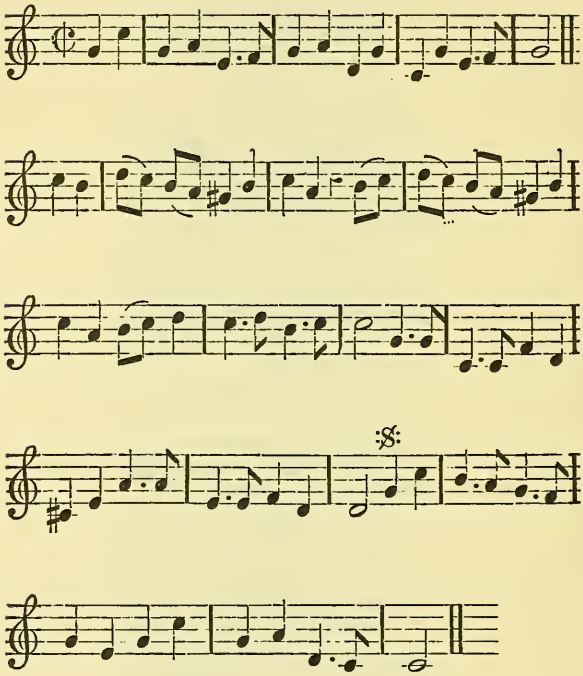
My passion's in vain:
I pity my Darling,
I pity my Darling,
Young *Philip* in *Spain.*

I am out of my Wits,
If e'er I had any;
My Foes they are many,
Which plagues me by fits,
In *Flanders* and *Spain:*
I'm sick at my Heart,
To think we must part,
With what we enjoy'd,
Towns, Castles, are taken,
Towns, Castles, are taken,
My Troops are destroy'd.

I am I declare,
In a weak Condition,
Go call my Physician,
And let him prepare
Some comfort with speed,
Without all delay,
Assist me I pray,
And hear my Complaint,
A Dram of the Bottle,
A Dram of the Bottle,
Or else I shall faint.

Should I slip my Breath,
At this dreadful Season,
I think it but Reason,
I should lay my Death,
To the daring Foes,
Whose Fire and Smoak,
Has certainly broke,
The Heart in my Breast:
Oh! bring me a Cordial,
Oh! bring me a Cordial,
And lay me to Rest.

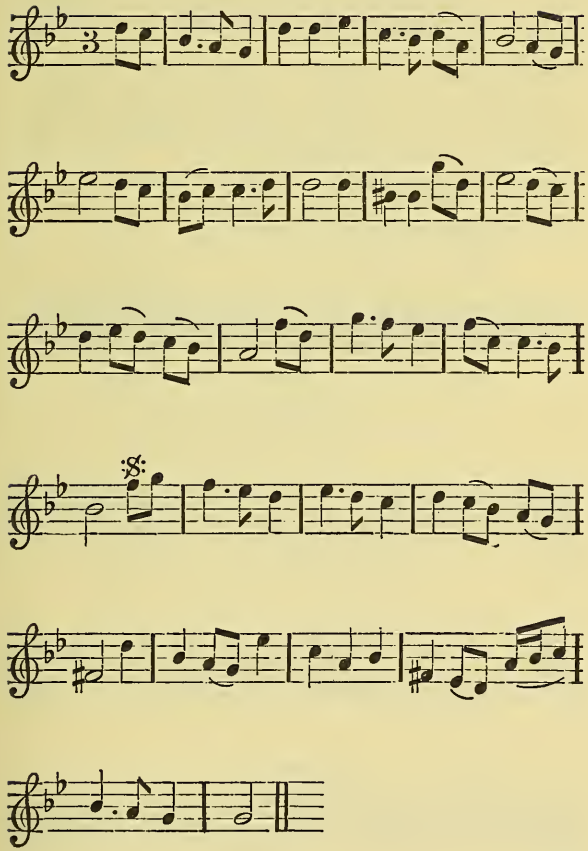
A SONG. *Set by Captain* PACK.



WOuld you be a Man in Fashion?
Would you lead a Life Divine?
Take a little Dram of Passion, (a little dram of Passion)
In a lusty Dose of Wine
If the Nymph has no Compassion,
Vain it is to sigh and groan:
Love was but put in for Fashion,
Wine will do the Work alone.

A SONG.

Set by Mr. THO. FARMER.

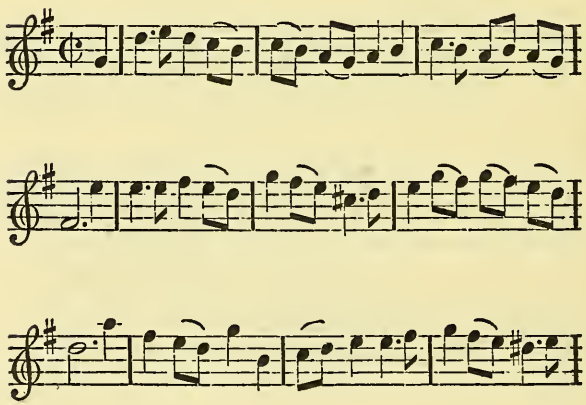


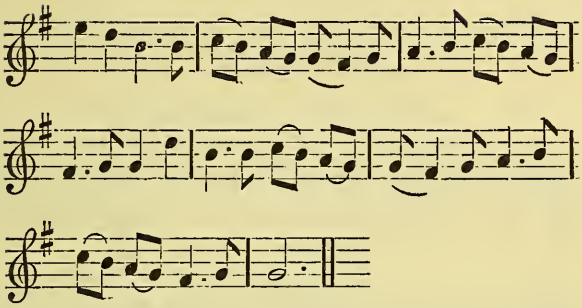
Tho'

THough the Pride of my Passion fair *Sylvia* betrays,
And frowns at the Love I impart;
Though kindly her Eyes twist amorous Rays,
To tye a more fortunate Heart:
Yet her Charms are so great, I'll be bold in my Pain,
His Heart is too tender,
Too tender, that's struck with Disdain.

Still my Heart is so just to my Passionate Eyes,
It dissolves with Delight while I gaze:
And he that loves on, though *Sylvia* denies,
His Love but his Duty obeys:
I no more can refrain her neglects to pursue,
Than the force, the force
Of her Beauty can cease to subdue.

A SONG.



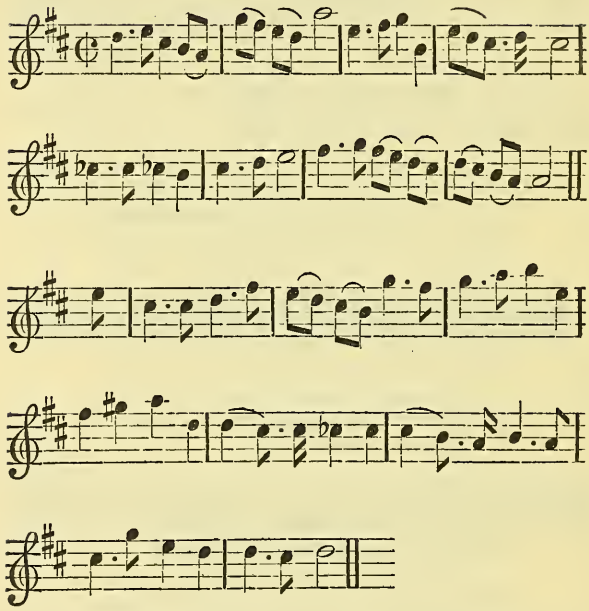


WHEN first I fair *Celinda* knew,
Her Kindness then was great:
Her Eyes I cou'd with Pleasure view,
And friendly Rays did meet:
In all Delights we past the time,
That could Diversion move;
She oft would kindly hear me Rhime
Upon some others Love:
She oft would kindly hear me Rhime,
Upon some others Love.

But ah! at last I grew too bold,
Prest by my growing Flame;
For when my Passion I had told,
She hated ev'n my Name:
Thus I that cou'd her Friendship boast,
And did her Love pursue;
And taught Contentment at the cost,
Of Love and Friendship too.

A SONG.

Set by Mr. FISHBURNE.



LONG had *Damon* been admir'd,
By the Beauties of the Plain;
Ev'ry Breast warm Love inspir'd,
For the proper handsome Swain:
The choicest Nymph *Sicilia* bred,
Was won by his resistless Charms:
Soft Looks, and Verse as smooth, had led
And left the Captive in his Arms.

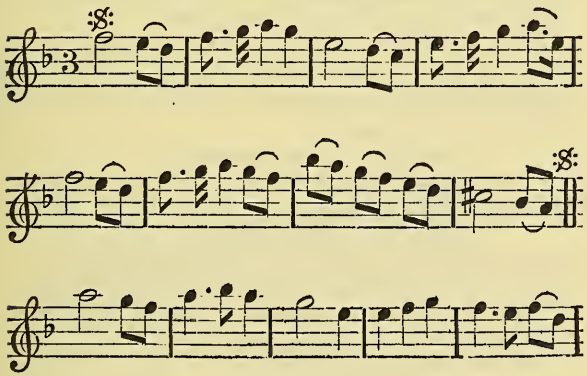
But

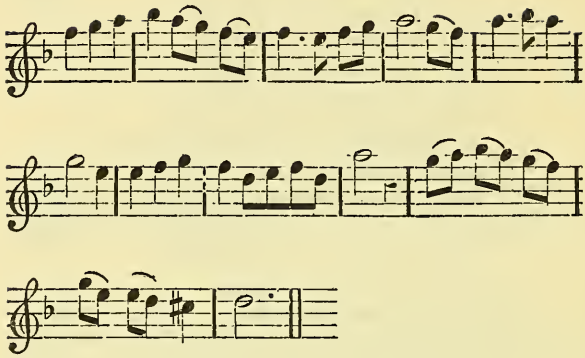
But our *Damon's* Soul aspires,
To a Goddess of his Race ;
Though he sues with chaster Fires,
This his Glories does deface :
The fatal News no sooner blown
In Whispers up the Chesnut Row ;
The God *Sylvanus* with a Frown,
Blasts all the Lawrels on his Brow.

Swains be wise, and check desire
In it's soaring, when you'll woe :
Damon may in Love require
Thestyles and *Laura* too :
When Shepherds too ambitious are,
And Court *Astrea* on a Throne ;
Like to the shooting of a Star,
They fall, and thus their shining's gone.

A Song.

Set by Mr. Fishburn.

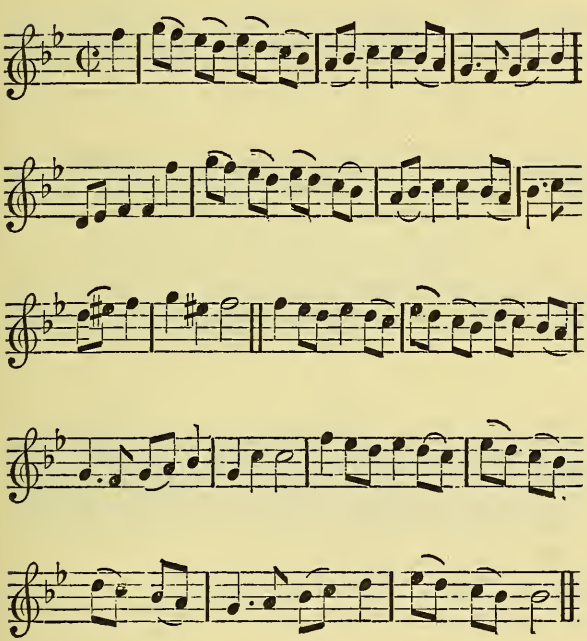




PRetty *Floramel*, no Tongue can ever tell,
The Charms that in thee dwell;
Those Soul-melting Pleasures,
Shou'd the mighty *Jove* once view, he'd be in Love,
And plunder all above,
To rain down his Treasure:
Ah! said the Nymph in the Shepherd's Arms,
Had you half so much Love as you say I have Charms;
There's not a Soul, created for Man and Love,
More true than *Floramel* wou'd prove,
I'd o'er the World with thee rove.

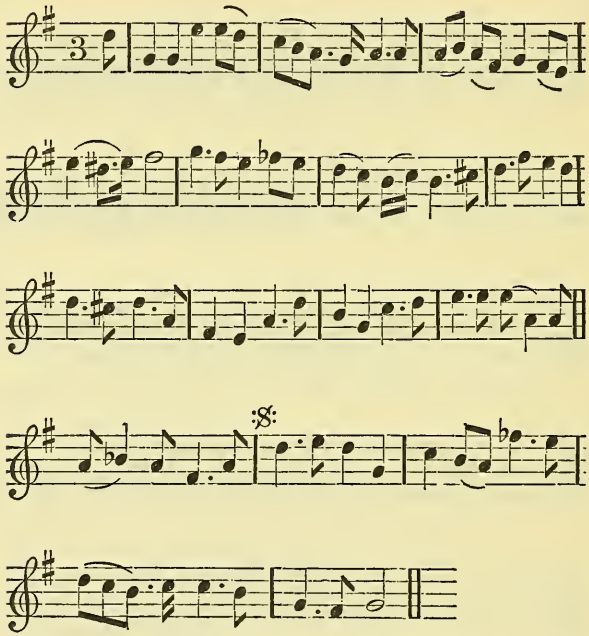
Love that's truly free, had never Jealousie,
But artful Love may be
Both doubtful and wooing;
Ah! dear Shepherdess, ne'er doubt, for you may guess,
My Heart will prove no less,
Than ever endless loving:
Then cries the Nymph, like the Sun thou shalt be,
And I, like kind Earth, will produce all to thee;
Of ev'ry Flower in Love's Garden I'll Off'rings pay
To my Saint. Nay then pray
Take not those dear Eyes away.

A Song. *Set by Mr.* Robert King.



BY shady Woods and purling Streams,
I spend my Life in pleasing Dreams;
And would not for the World be thought
To change my false delightful Thought:
For who, alas! can happy be,
That does the Truth of all things see?
For who, alas! can happy be,
That does the Truth of all things see.

A SONG. *Sett by Mr.* HENRY PURCELL.



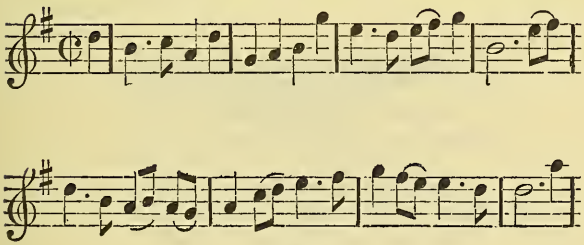
IN *Chloris* all soft Charms agree,
Enchanting Humour pow'rful Wit;
Beauty from Affectation free,
And for Eternal Empire fit:
Where-e'er she goes, Love waits her Eyes,
The Women Envy, Men adore;
Tho' did she less the Triumph Prize,
She wou'd deserve the Conquest more.

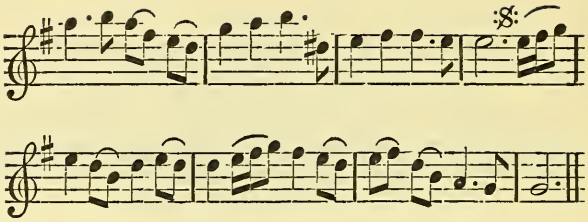
But

But Vanity so much prevails,
She begs what else none can deny her ;
And with inviting treach'rous Smiles
Gives hopes which ev'n prevent desire :
Reaches at every trifling Heart,
Grows warm with ev'ry glimm'ring Flame :
And common Prey so deads her Dart,
It scarce can wound a noble Game.

I could lye Ages at her Feet,
Adore her careless of my Pain ;
With tender Vows her Rigour meet,
Despair, love on, and not complain :
My Passion from all change secur'd,
Favours may rise, no Frown controuls ;
I any Torment can endure,
But hoping with a crowd of Fools,

A Song. *Set by Mr.* Tho. Farmer.

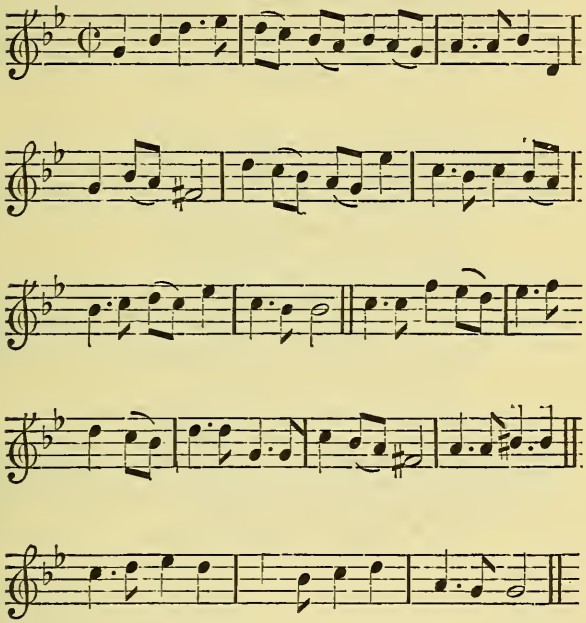




WHEN busie Fame o'er all the Plain,
Velinda's Praises rung;
And on their Oaten Pipes each Swain
Her matchless Beauty sung:
The Envious Nymphs were forc'd to yield
She had the sweetest Face;
No emulous disputes were held,
But for the second place.

Young *Coridon*, whose stubborn Heart
No Beauty e'er could move;
But smil'd at *Cupid's* Bow and Dart,
And brav'd the God of Love:
Would view this Nymph, and pleas'd at first,
Such silent Charms to see:
With Wonder gaz'd, then sigh'd, and curs'd
His Curiosity.

A Song. *Set by Mr.* Fishburne.



WHy am I the only Creature,
Must a ruin'd Love pursue ;
Other Passions yield to Nature,
Mine there's nothing can subdue :
Not the Glory of Possessing,
Monarch wishes gave me ease,
More and more the mighty Blessings
Did my raging Pains encrease.

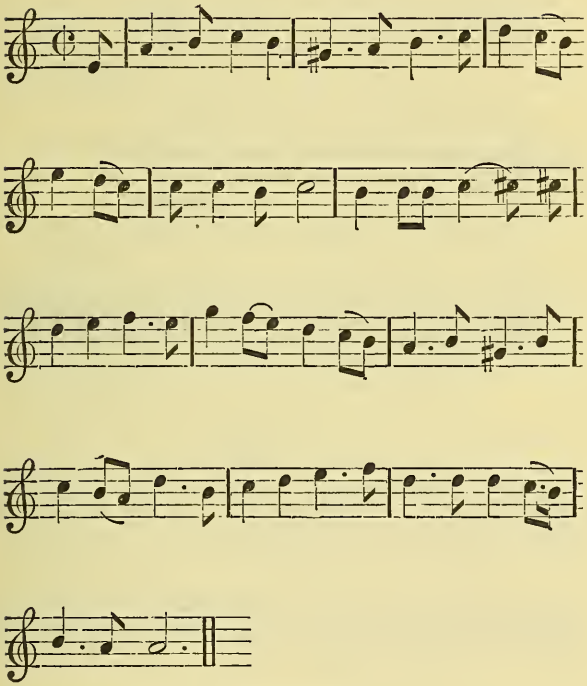
Nor

Nor could Jealousie relieve me,
Tho' it ever waited near;
Cloath'd in gawdy Pow'r to grieve me,
Still the Monster would appear:
That, nor Time, nor Absence neither,
Nor Despair removes my Pain;
I endure them all together,
Yet my Torments still remain.

Had alone her matchless beauty,
Set my amorous Heart on Fire,
Age at last would do its Duty,
Fuel ceasing, Flames expire.
But her Mind immortal grows,
Makes my Love immortal too;
Nature ne'er created Faces,
Can the Charms of Souls undoe.

And to make my Loss the greater,
She laments it as her own;
Could she scorn me, I might hate her,
But alas! she shews me none:
Then since Fortune is my Ruin,
In Retirement I'll Complain;
And in rage for my undoing,
Ne'er come in its Power again.

A SONG.



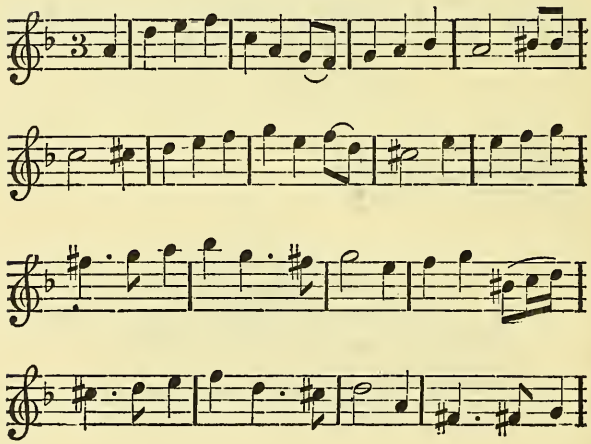
Laurinda, who did love Disdain,
For whom had languish'd many a Swain:
Leading her bleating Flocks to drink,
She 'spy'd upon a River's brink
A Youth, whose Eyes did well declare,
How much he lov'd, but lov'd not her.

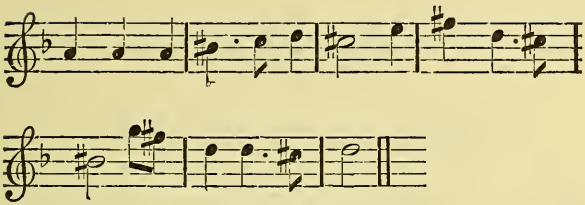
At

At first she laugh'd, but gaz'd a while,
Which soon it lessen'd to a smile ;
Thence to Surprize and Wonder came,
Her Breast to heave, her Heart to flame :
Then cry'd she out, Ah ! now I prove
Thou art a God most mighty *Jove*.

She would have spoke, but shame deny'd,
And bid her first consult her Pride ;
But soon she found that aid was gone,
For *Jove*, alass ! had left her none :
Ah ! now she burns ! but 'tis too late,
For in his Eyes she reads her Fate.

A SONG.





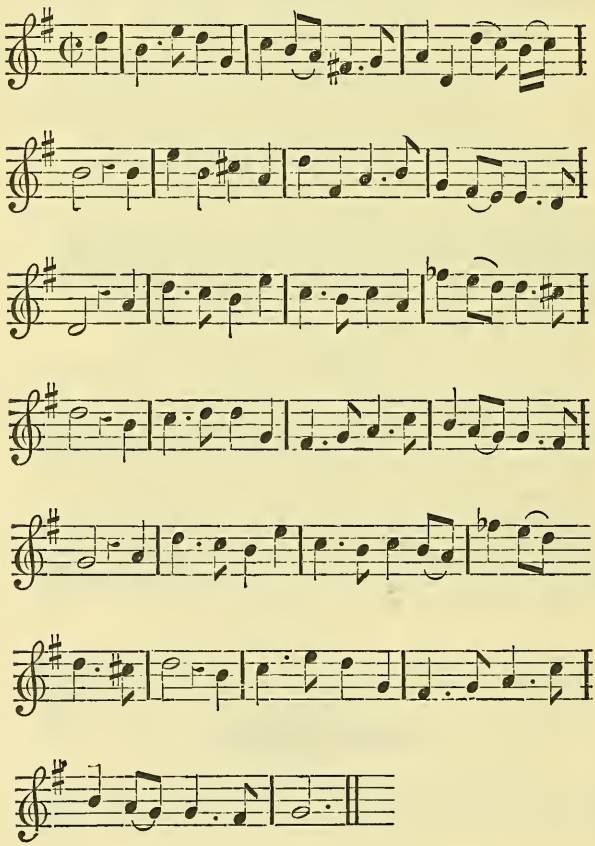
FAIR *Cælia* too fondly contemns those Delights,
Wherewith gentle Nature hath soften'd the Nights;
If she be so kind to present us with Pow'r,
The Fault is our own to neglect the good Hour:
Who gave thee this Beauty, ordain'd thou should'st be,
As kind to thy Slaves, as the Gods were to thee.

Then *Cælia* no longer reserve the vain Pride,
Of wronging thy self, to see others deny'd;
If Love be a Pleasure, alass! you will find,
We both are not happy, when both are most kind:
But Women, like Priests, do in others reprove,
And call that thing Lust, which in them is but Love.

What they thro'. their Madness and Folly create,
We poor silly Slaves still impute to our Fate;
But in such Distempers where Love is the Grief,
'Tis *Cælia*, not Heaven, must give us Relief:
Then away with those Titles of Honour and Cause,
Which first made us sin, by giving us Laws.

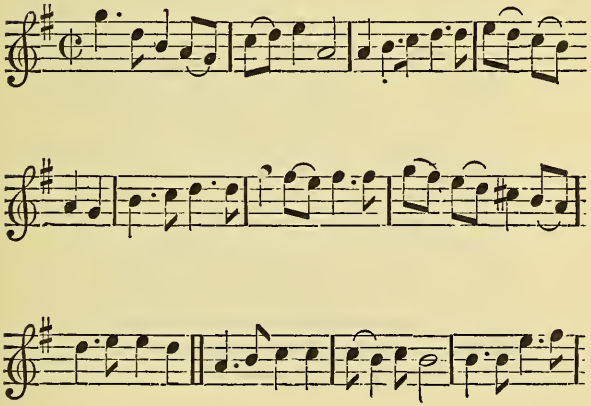
A SONG.

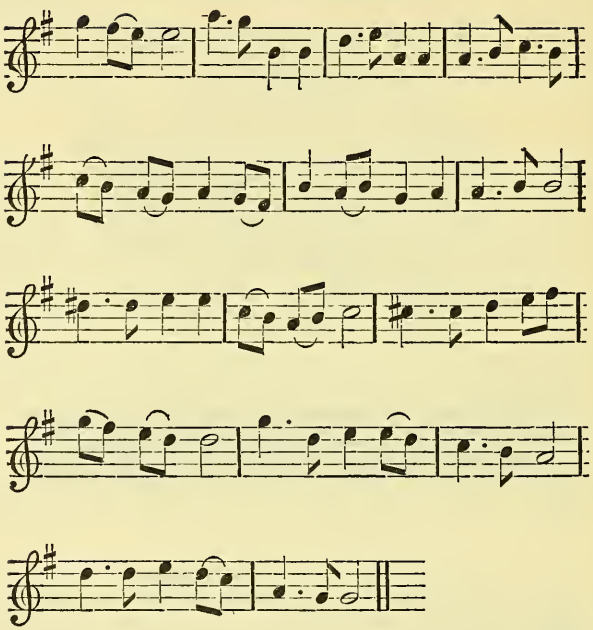
Set by Mr. WILLIAM TURNER.



I Lik'd, but never Lov'd before
I saw that charming Face ;
Now every Feature I adore,
And doat on ev'ry Grace :
She ne'er shall know that kind desire,
Which her cold Looks denies,
Unless my Heart that's all on Fire,
Should sparkle through my Eyes :
Then if no gentle Glance return,
A silent Leave to speak ;
My Heart which would for ever burn,
Alass ! must sigh and break.

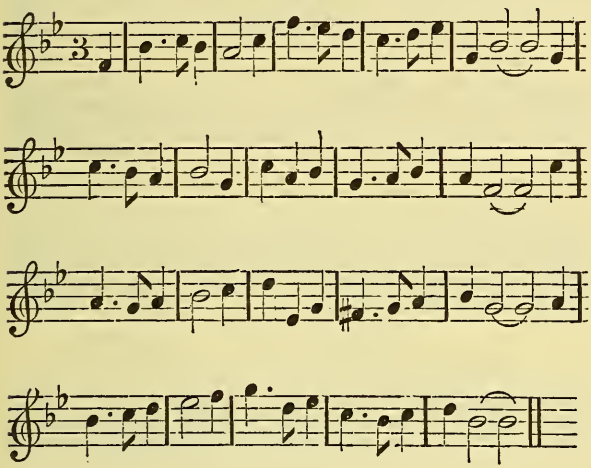
A SONG *in* Valentinian.





WHERE would coy *Amyntas* run,
From a despairing Lover's Story?
When her Eyes have Conquest won,
Why should her Ear refuse the Glory:
Shall a Slave, whose Racks constrain,
Be forbidden to complain;
Let her scorn me, let her Fly me,
Let her Looks, her Love deny me:
Ne'er shall my Heart yield to despair,
Or my Tongue cease to tell my Care,
Or my Tongue cease to tell my Care:
Much to love, and much to pray,
Is to Heav'n the only way.

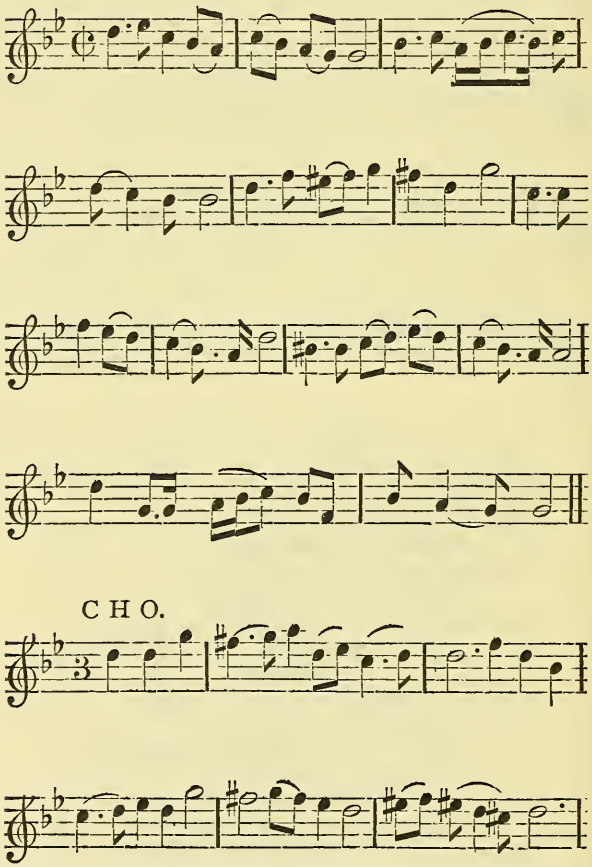
A Song. *Set by Mr.* Pelham Humphreys.

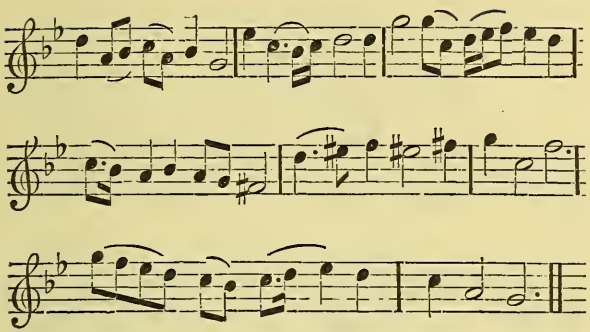


A Wife I do hate,
For either she's False, or she's Jealous;
But give me a Mate,
Who nothing will ask us or tell us:
She stands at no Terms,
Nor Chaffers by way of Indenture:
Or Loves for the Farms,
But takes the kind Man at a Venture.

If all prove not right,
Without an Act, Process or Warning,
From Wife for a Night,
You may be divorc'd the next Morning,
Where Parents are Slaves,
Their Brats can't be any other;
Great Wits and great Braves,
Have always a Punk to their Mother.

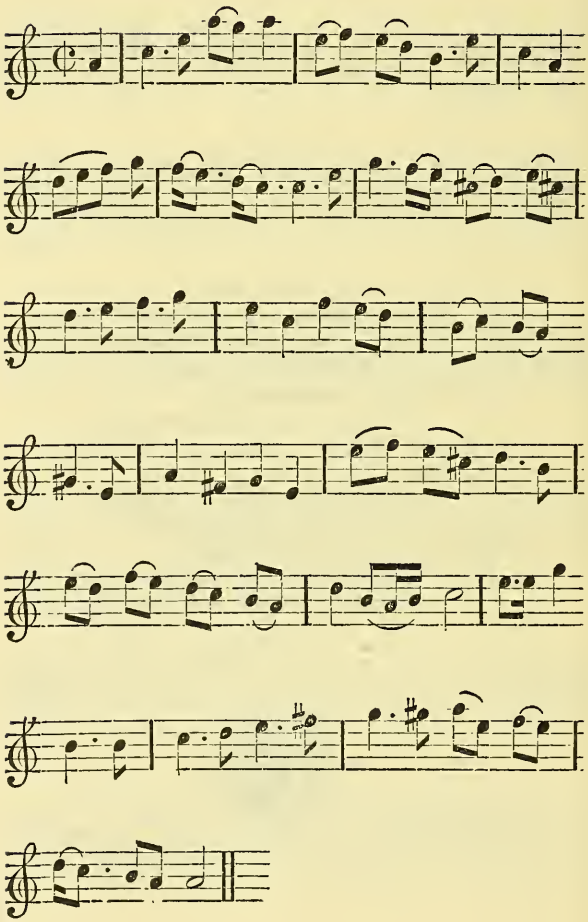
A SONG.





TELL me ye *Sicilian* Swains,
Why this Mourning's o'er your Plains;
Where's your usual Melody?
Why are all your Shepherds mad,
And your Shepherdesses sad?
What can the mighty meaning be?
Chorus. *Sylvia* the Glory of our Plains;
Sylvia the Love of all our Swains;
That blest us with her Smiles:
Where ev'ry Shepherd had a Heart,
And ev'ry Shepherdess a Part;
Slights our Gods, and leaves our Isle,
Slights our Gods, and leaves our Isle.

A SONG.



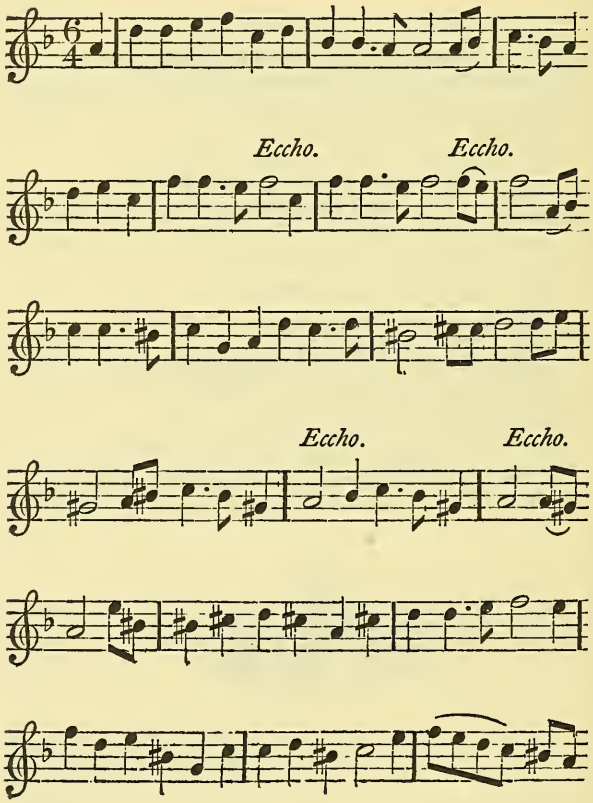
WHEN gay *Philander* left the Plain,
The Love, the Life of ev'ry Swain;
His Pipe the mournful *Strephon* took,
By some sad Bank and murm'ring Brook:
Whilst list'ning Flocks forsook their Food,
And Melancholy by him stood;
On the cold Ground himself he laid,
And thus the Mournful Shepherd play'd.

Farewel to all that's bright and gay,
No more glad Night and chearing Day;
No more the Sun will gild our Plain,
'Till the lost Youth return again:
Then every pensive Heart that now,
With Mournful Willow shades his Brow;
Shall crown'd with chearful Garlands sing,
And all shall seem Eternal Spring.

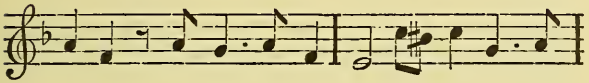
Say, mighty *Pan*, if you did know,
Say all ye rural Gods below;
'Mongst all Youths that grac'd your Plain,
So gay so beautiful a Swain:
In whose sweet Air and charming Voice,
Our list'ning Swains did all Rejoyce;
Him only, O ye Gods! restore
Your Nymphs, and Shepherds ask no more.

A SONG.

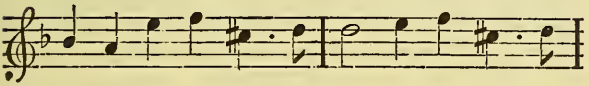
Set by Mr. THO. KINGSLEY.



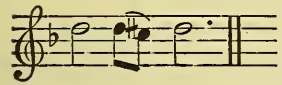
Eccho.



Eccho.



Eccho.



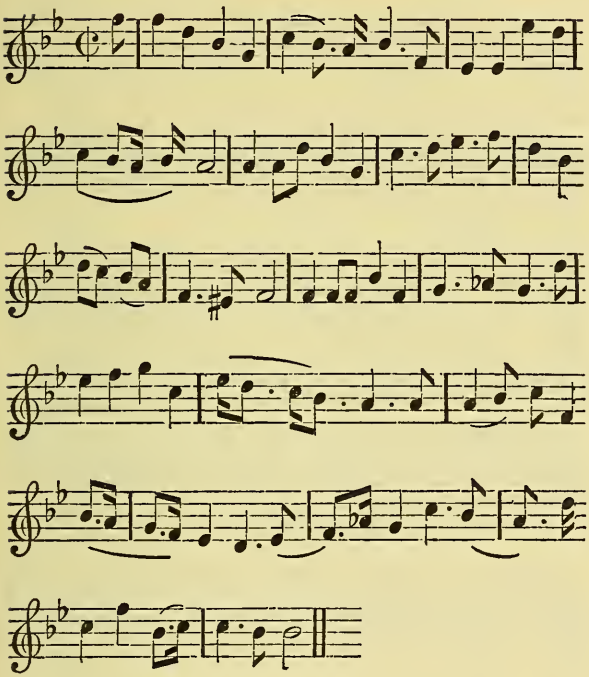
HOW Happy's the Mortal whose Heart is his own,
And for his own Quiet's beholden to none,
(*Eccho.* Beholden to none, to none ;)
That to Love's Enchantments ne'er lendeth an Ear,
Which a Frown or a Smile can equally bear,
(*Eccho.* Can equally bear, can bear,)
Nor on ev'ry frail Beauty still fixes an Eye,
But from those sly Felons doth prudently fly,
(*Eccho.* Doth prudently, prudently fly, doth fly ;)
For the Heart that still wanders is pounded at last,
And 'tis hard to relieve it when once it is fast,
(*Eccho.* When once it is fast, is fast.)

By sporting with Dangers still longer and longer,
The Fetters and Chains of the Captive grows stronger;
He drills on his Evil, then curses his Fate,
And bewails those Misfortunes himself did create:
Like an empty Camelion he lives on the Air,
And all the Day lingers 'twixt Hope and Despair;
Like a Fly in the Candle he sports and he Games,
'Till a Victim in Folly, he dies in the Flames.

If Love, so much talk'd of, a Heresie be,
Of all it enslaves few true Converts we see;
If hectoring and huffing would once do the Feat,
There's few that would fail of a Vict'ry Compleat;
But with Gain to come off, and the Tyrant subdue,
Is an Art that is hitherto practis'd by few;
How easie is Freedom once had to maintain,
But Liberty lost is as hard to regain.

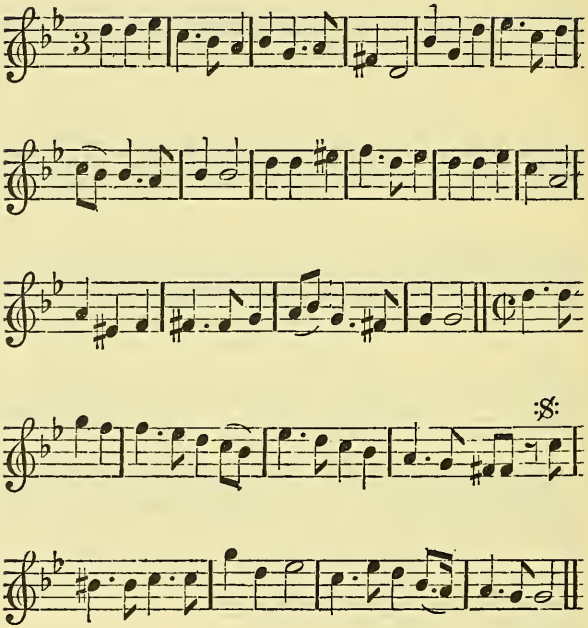
This driv'ling and sniv'ling, and chiming in Parts,
This wining and pining, and breaking of Hearts;
All pensive and silent in Corners to sit,
Are pretty fine Pastimes for those that want Wit:
When this Passion and Fashion doth so far abuse 'em,
It were good the State should for Pendulums use 'em;
For if Reason it seize on, and make it give o'er,
No Labour can save, or reliev't any more.

A Song. *Set by Mr.* Henry Purcell.



A Thousand several ways I try'd,
To hide my Passion from your view;
Conscious that I should be deny'd,
Because I cannot Merit you:
Absence, the last and worst of all,
Did so encrease my wretched Pain,
That I return'd, rather to fall
By the swift Fate, by the swift Fate of your Disdain.

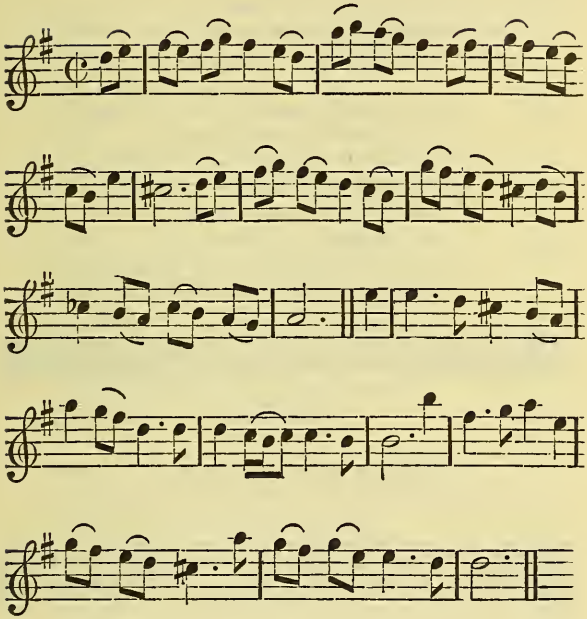
A SONG.



TO the Grove, gentle Love, let us be going,
Where the kind Spring and Wind all Day are Woing;
He with soft sighing Blasts strives to o'er-take her,
She would not tho' she flies, have him forsake her,
But in circling Rings returning,
And in purling Whispers Mourning;
She swells and pants, as if she'd say,
Fain I would, but dare not stay.

A SONG.

Set by Mr. FISHBURN.



TELL me no more of Flames in Love,
That common dull pretence,
Fools in Romances use to move
Soft Hearts of little Sense:
No, *Strephon*, I'm not such a Slave,
Love's banish'd Power to own;
Since Interest and Convenience have
So long usurp'd his Throne.

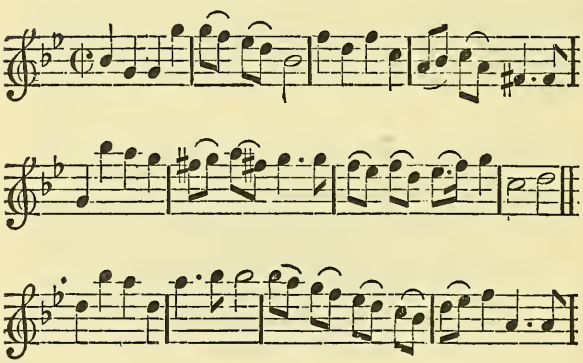
No

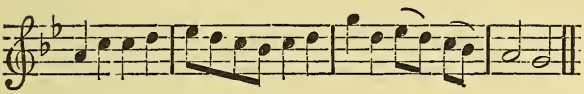
No burning Hope or cold Despair,
  Dull Groves or purling Streams,
Sighing and talking to the Air
  In Love's fantastick Dreams,
Can move my Pity or my Hate,
  But Satyrist I'll prove,
And all ridiculous create
  That shall pretend to Love.

Love was a Monarch once, 'tis true,
  And God-like rul'd alone,
And tho' his Subjects were but few,
  Their Hearts were all his own;
But since the Slaves revolted are,
  And turn'd into a State,
Their Int'rest is their only Care,
  And Love grows out of Date.

A SONG.

Set by Mr. FISHBURN.



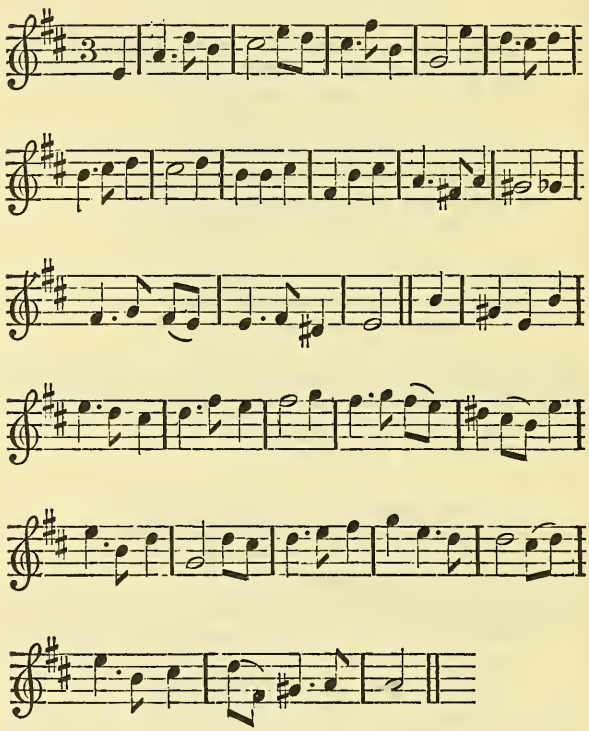


WEalth breeds Care, Love, Hope and Fear;
What does Love our Business hear?
While *Bacchus* merry does appear,
Fight on and fear no sinking,
Charge it briskly to the Brim,
'Till the flying Top-sails swim,
We owe the great Discovery to him
Of this new World of Drinking.

Grave Cabals that States refine,
Mingle their Debates with Wine;
Ceres and the God o'th' Wine;
Makes every great Commander.
Let sober Sots Small-beer subdue,
The Wise and valiant Wine does woe;
The *Stagyrite* had the honour to
Be drunk with *Alexander.*

Stand to your Arms, and now Advance
A Health to the *English* King of *France;*
On to the next a *bon Speranze,*
By *Bacchus* and *Apollo.*
Thus in State I lead the Van,
Fall in your Place by your right-hand Man,
Beat Drum! now March! Dub a dub, ran dan,
He's a *Whig* that will not follow.

A SONG. *Set by Mr.* Fishburn.



THO' Fortune and Love may be Deities still,
To those they Oblige by their Pow'r;
For my Part, they ever have us'd me so ill,
They cannot expect I'll adore:

Here-

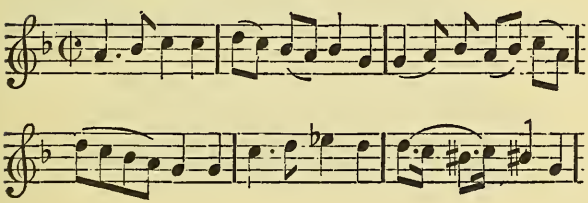
Hereafter a Temple to Friendship I'll raise,
And dedicate there all the rest of my Days,
To the Goddess accepted my Vows,
To the Goddess accepted my Vows.

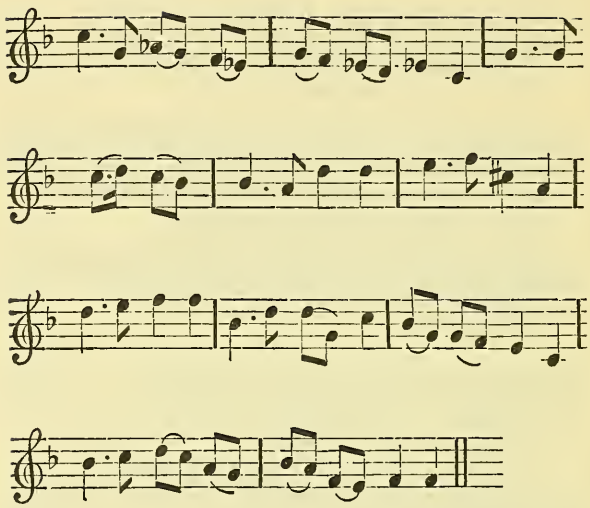
Thou perfectest Image of all things Divine,
Bright Center of endless Desires,
May the Glory be yours, and the Services mine,
When I light at your Altars the Fires.
I offer a Heart has Devotion so pure,
It would for your Service all Torments endure,
Might you but have all things you wish,
Might you, &c.

But yet the Goddess of Fools to despise,
I find I'm too much in her Power;
She makes me go where 'tis in vain to be wise,
In absence of her I adore:
If Love then undoes me before I get back,
I still with resignment receive the Attack,
Or languish away in Despair,
Or languish, &c.

A SONG.

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

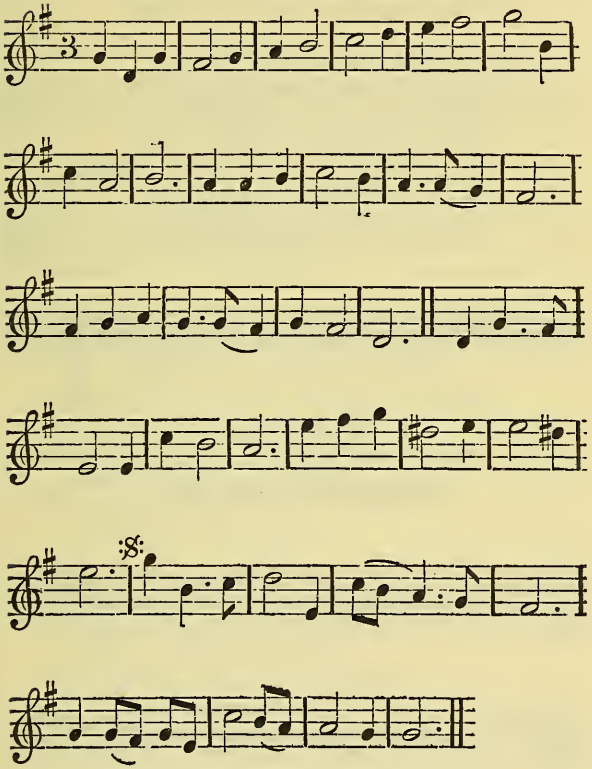




HE himself courts his own Ruin,
That with too great Passion sues 'em:
When Men Whine too much in VVooing,
VVomen with like Coquets use 'em:
Some by this way of addressing
Have the Sex so far transported,
That they'll fool away the Blessing
For the Pride of being Courted.

Jilt and smile when we adore 'em,
VVhile some Blockhead buys the Favour;
Presents have more Power o'er 'em
Than all our soft Love and Labour,
Thus, like Zealots, with screw'd Faces,
VVe our fooling make the greater,
VVhile we cant long winded Graces,
Others they fall to the Creature.

A Song. *Set by Mr.* Damasene.



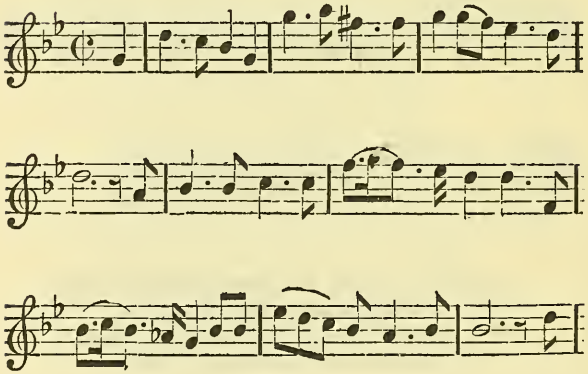
CEase lovely *Strephon*, cease to charm ;
Useless, alas ! is all this Art ;
It's needless you should strongly arm,
To take a too, too willing Heart :

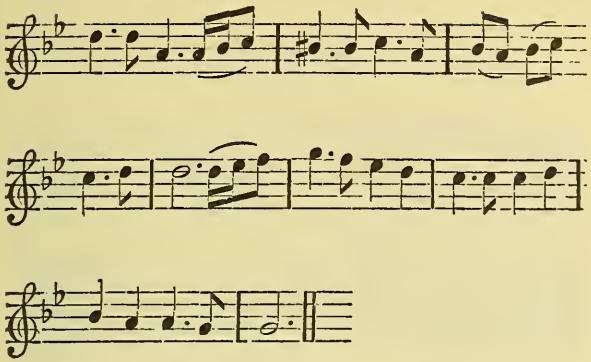
I hid my weakness all I could,
And chid my pratling tell-tale Eyes,
For fear the easie Conquest should
Take from the value of the Prize.

But oh! th' unruly Passion grew
So fast, it could not be conceal'd,
And soon, alas! I found to you
I must without Conditions yield,
Tho' you have thus surpriz'd my Heart,
Yet use it kindly, for you know,
It's not a gallant Victor's part
To insult o'er a vanquish'd Foe.

A SONG.

Set by Mr. DAMASENE.

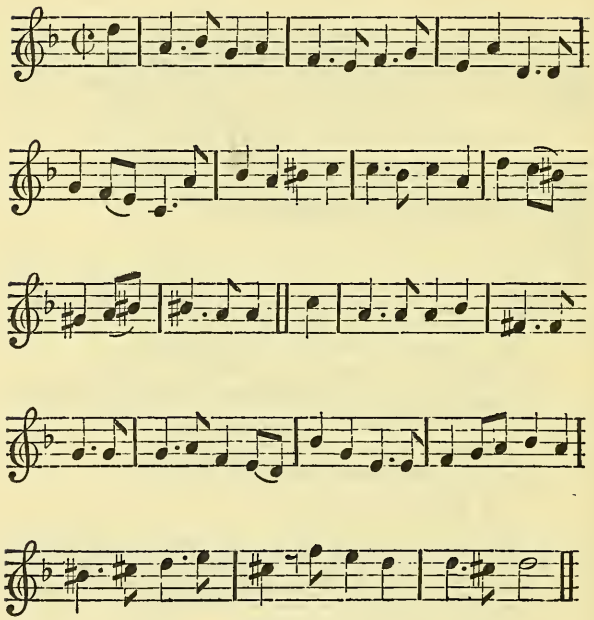




YOU happy Youths, whose Hearts are free
From Love's Imperial Chain,
Henceforth be warn'd and taught by me,
And taught by me to avoid inchanting Pain,
Fatal the VVolves to trembling Flocks,
Sharp VVinds to Blossoms prove:
To careless Seamen, hidden Rocks;
To human quiet Love.

Fly the Fair-Sex, if Bliss you prize,
The Snake's beneath the Flow'r:
VVhoever gaz'd on Beauties Eyes,
That tasted Quiet more?
The Kind with restless Jealousie,
The Cruel fill with Care;
VVith baser Falshood those betray,
These kill us with Despair.

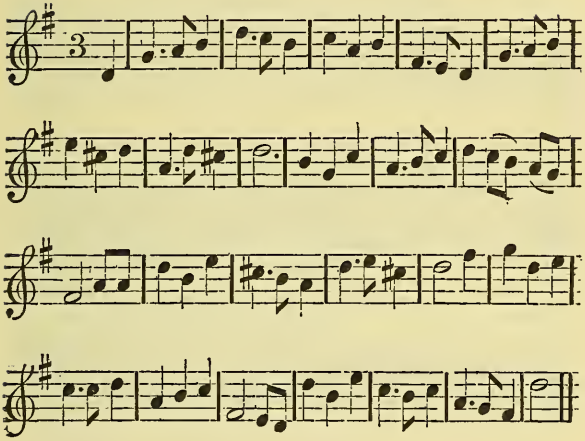
A SONG. *Set by Dr.* STAGGINS.



WHEN first *Amyntas* charm'd my Heart,
The heedless Sheep began to stray ;
The Wolves soon stole the greatest part,
And all will now be made a Prey :
Ah ! let not Love your Thoughts possess,
'Tis fatal to a Shepherdess ;
The dangerous Passion you must shun,
Or else like me, be quite undone.

A SONG.

Set by Mr. RICHARD CROONE.

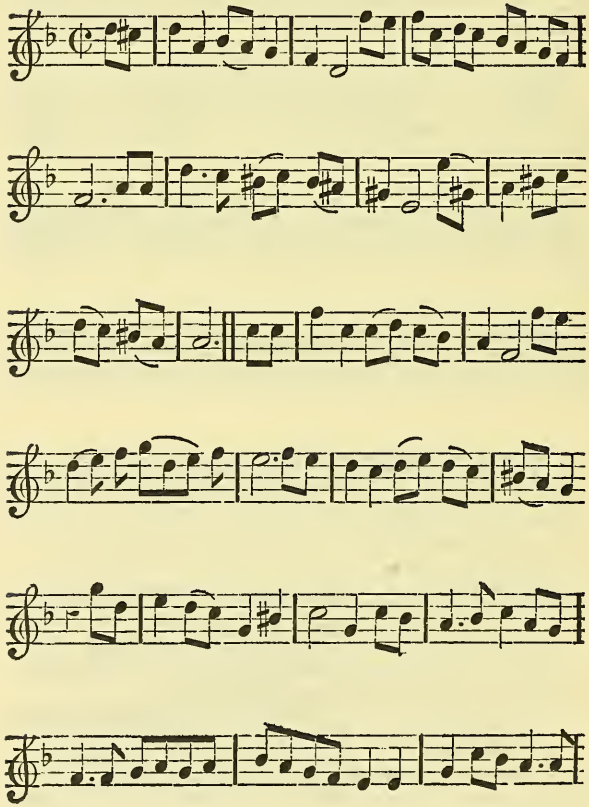


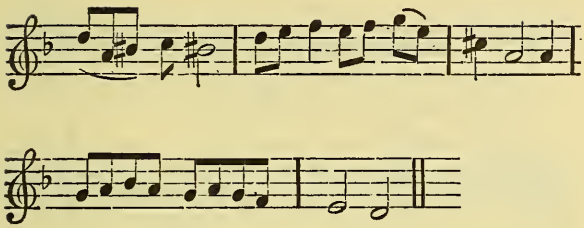
HOW happy and free is the resolute Swain,
That denies to submit to the Yoak of the Fair;
Free from Excesses of Pleasure and Pain,
Neither dazl'd with Hope, nor deprest with Despair.
He's safe from Disturbance, and calmly enjoys
All the Pleasures of Love, without Clamour and Noise.

Poor Shepherds in vain their Affections reveal,
To a Nymph that is peevish, proud sullen and coy;
Vainly do Virgins their Passions conceal,
For they boil in their Grief, 'till themselves they destroy,
And thus the poor Darling lies under a Curse:
To be check'd in the Womb, or o'erlaid by the Nurse.

A SONG.

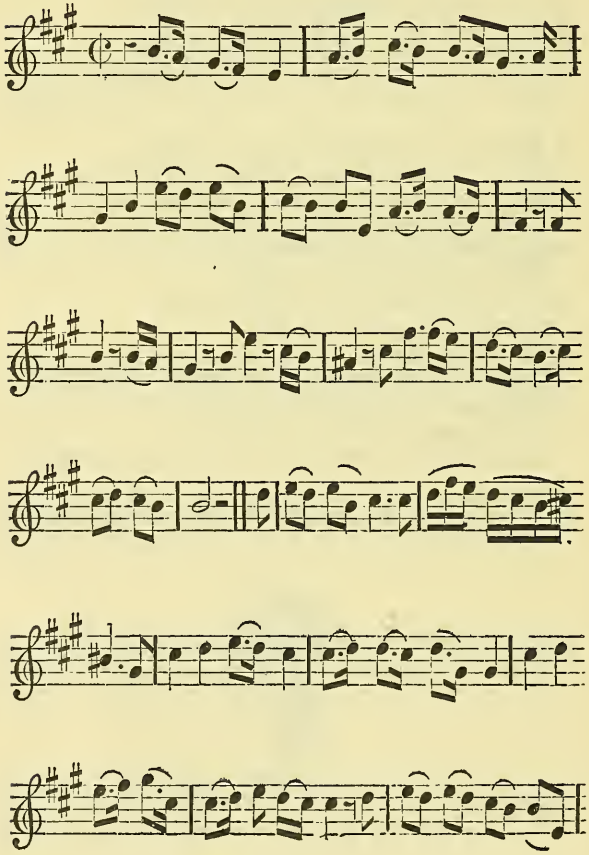
Sung by Mrs. Cross *in the* Mock-Astrologer,
Set by Mr. RAMONDON.

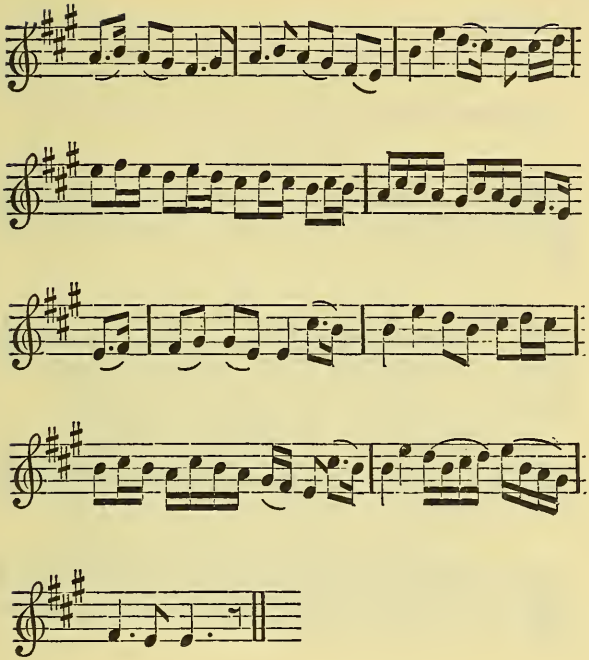




WHY so pale and wan fond Lover?
Prithee, prithee, Prithee why so pale:
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking Ill, looking ill prevail?
Why so dull and mute young Sinner?
Prithee, prithee why so mute;
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing, nothing do't?
Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,
This cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot take her;
If of her self she will not love,
Nothing can, nothing can make her,
The Devil, the Devil, the Devil, the Devil take her.

A SONG *occasioned by a Lady's wearing a Patch upon a becoming place on her Face. Set by Mr.* John Weldon.

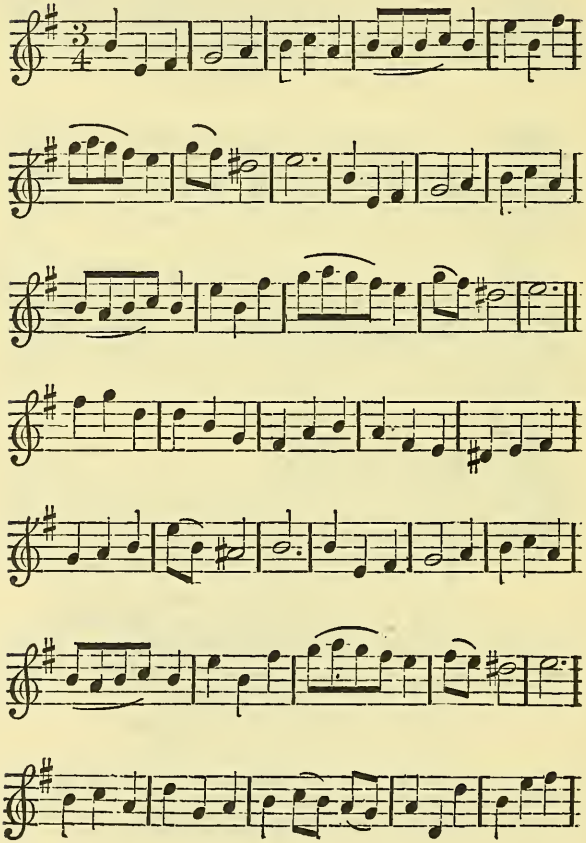


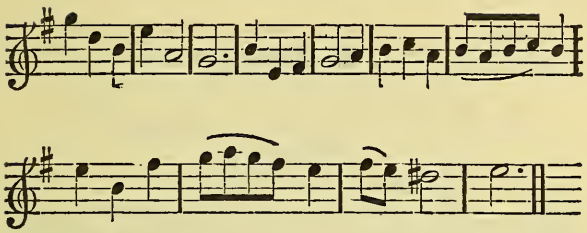


THAT little Patch upon your Face
Wou'd seem a Foil on one less Fair,
Wou'd seem a Foil, wou'd seem a Foil,
Wou'd seem a Foil on one less Fair :
On you it hides a charming Grace,
And you in Pity, you in Pity,
You in Pity plac'd it there ;
On you it hides a Charming Grace,
And you in Pity, you in Pity,
In Pity plac'd it there.
And you in Pity, Pity,
And you in Pity plac'd it there.

A SONG.

Set and Sung by Mr. LEVERIDGE *at the* THEATER.

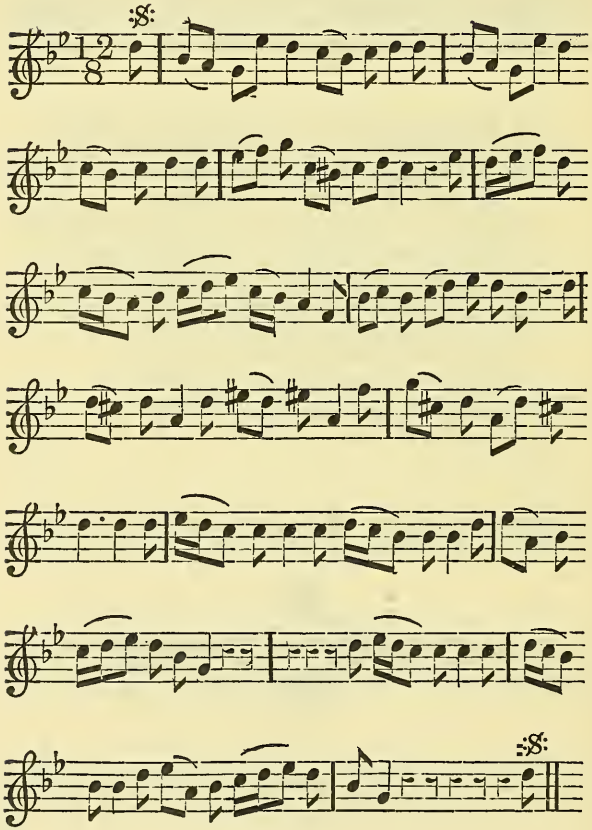




IRIS beware when *Strephon* pursues you,
'Tis but to boast a Conquest won :
All his Designs are aim'd to undo you,
Break off the Love he has begun :
When he's Addressing, and prays for the Blessing,
Which none but his *Iris* can give alone ;
O then beware, 'tis all to undo you,
'Tis but to boast a Conquest won :
She that's believing, while he is deceiving,
Like many already, will be undone ;
Iris beware when *Strephon* pursues you,
'Tis but to boast a Conquest won.

A SONG.

Set by Mr. RAMONDON, *Sung at the* Theatre.

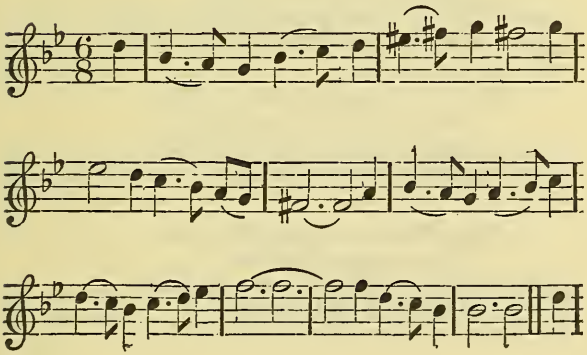


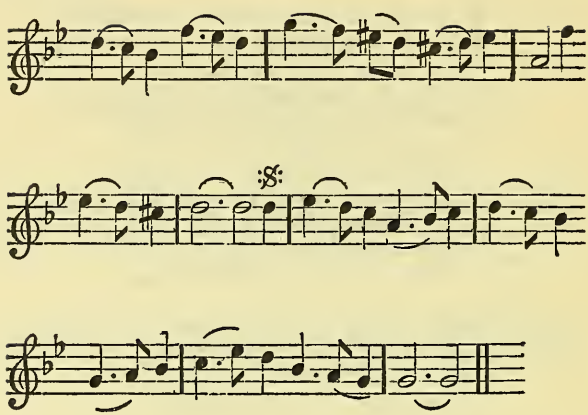
HOW charming *Phillis* is, how Fair,
How charming *Phillis* is, how Fair,
O that she were as willing,
To ease my wounded Heart of Care,
And make her Eyes less killing;
To ease my wounded Heart of Care,
And make her Eyes less killing;
To ease my wounded Heart of Care,
And make her Eyes less killing;
To ease my wounded Heart of Care,
And make her Eyes less killing.

I Sigh, I Sigh, I Languish now,
And Love will not let me rest;
I drive about the Park and Bow,
Where-e'er I meet my Dearest.

A SONG.

Set by Mr. ANTHONY YOUNG.





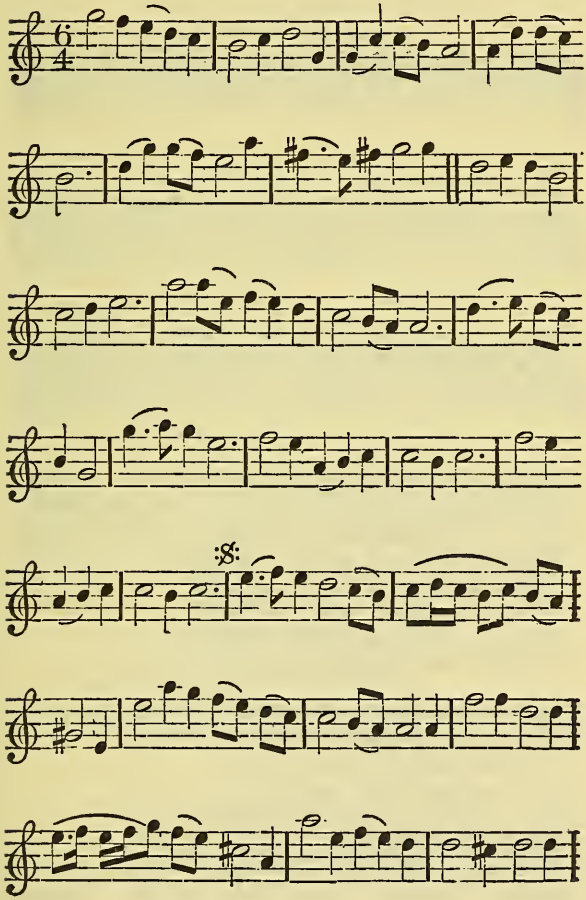
CEASE whining *Damon* to Complain,
Of thy Unhappy Fate;
That *Sylvia* should thy Love disdain,
Which lasting was and great.

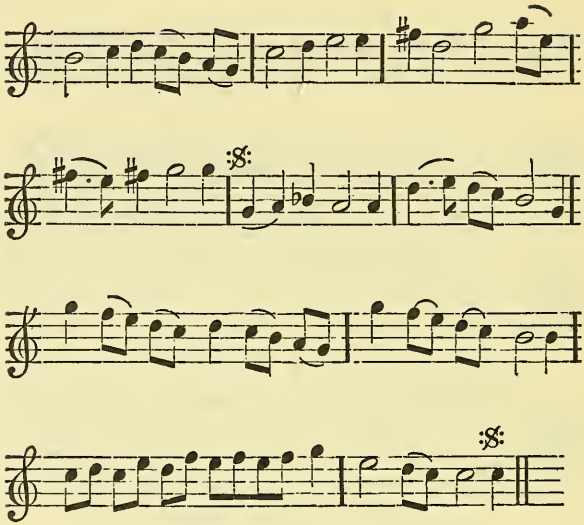
For Love so constant flames so bright,
More unsuccessful prove:
Than cold neglect and sudden slight,
To gain the Nymph you love.

Then only you'll obtain the Prize,
When you her Coyness use;
If you pursue the Fair, she flies,
But if you fly, pursues.

Had *Phœbus* not pursu'd so fast
The seeming cruel she;
The God a Virgin had embrac'd,
And not a lifeless Tree.

A Song *in the* Opera *call'd the* Brittish Enchanters. *Set by Mr.* J. Eccles.





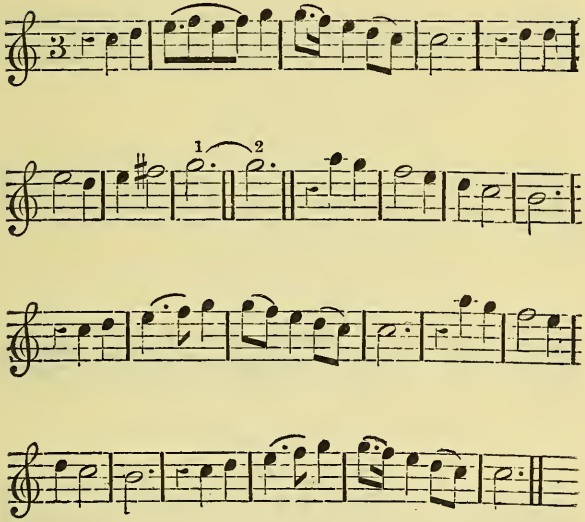
PLague us not with idle Stories,
Whining Loves, whining Loves, whining Loves,
And Senceless Glories.
What are Lovers? what are Kings?
What, at best, but slavish Things?
What are Lovers? what are King?
What, at best, but slavish Things?
What, at best, but slavish Things?

Free I liv'd as Nature made me,
Love nor Beauty durst invade me,
No rebellious Slaves betray'd me,
Free I liv'd as Nature made me,
Each by turns as Sence inspired me,
Bacchus, *Ceres*, *Venus* fir'd me,
I alone have learnt true Pleasure,
Freedom, Freedom, Freedom is the only, only Treasure.

Juno

JUNO *in the Prize.*

Set by Mr. JOHN WELDON.

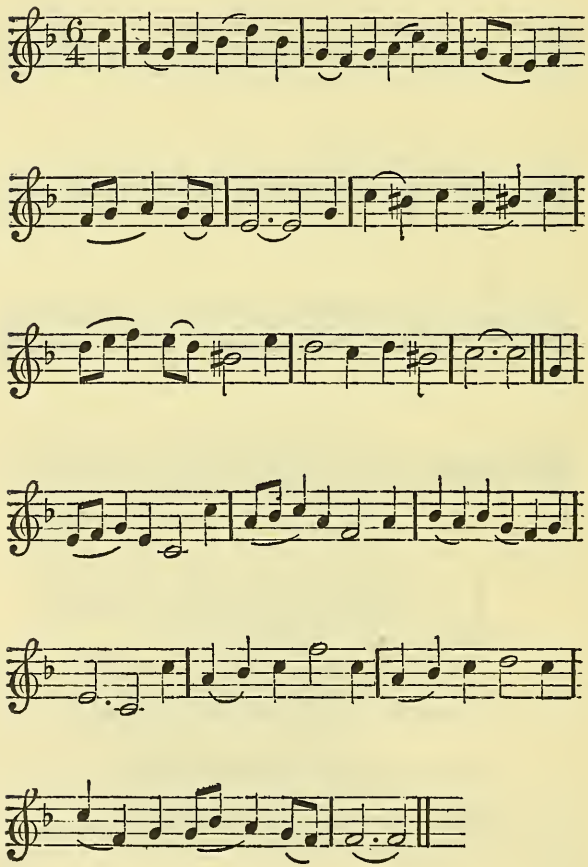


LET Ambition fire thy Mind,
Thou wert born o'er Men to Reign;
Not to follow Flocks design'd,
Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain:
Not to follow Flocks design'd,
Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet,
Thou on Necks of Kings shalt tread,
Joys in Circles, Joys shall meet,
Which way e're thy fancy leads.

The

The Beau's Character in the Comedy call'd Hampstead-Heath. *Set and Sung by Mr.* Ramondon.

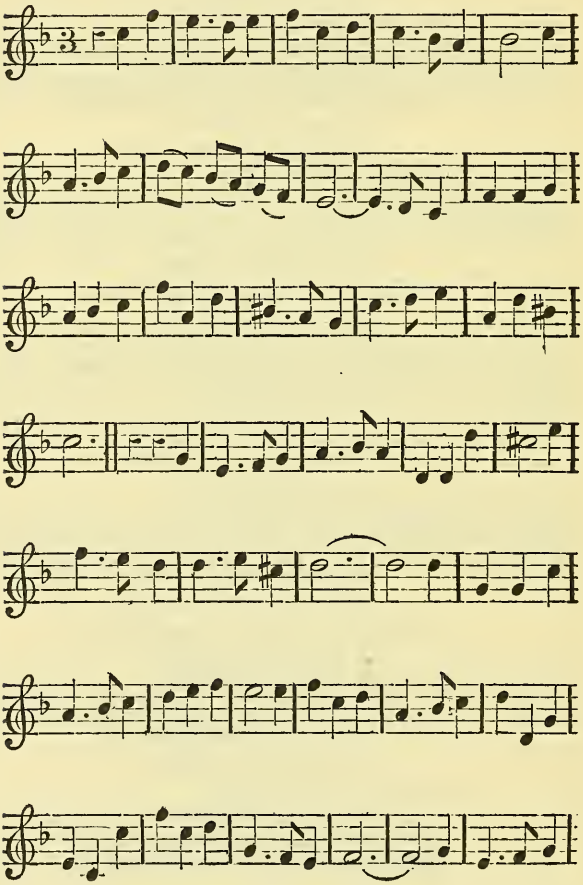


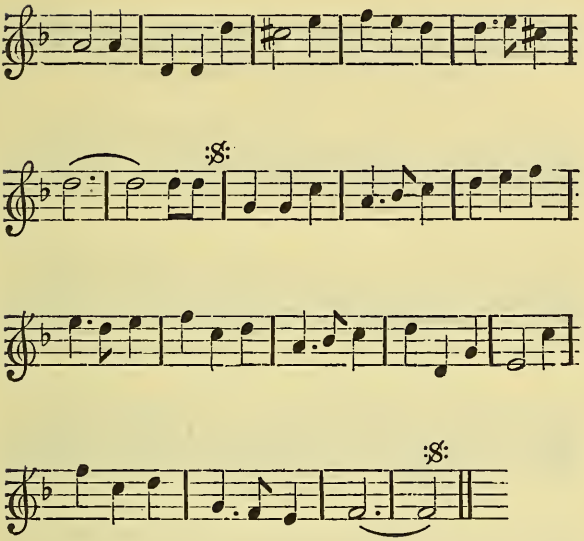
A Whig that's full,
An empty Scull,
A Box of *Burgamot;*
A Hat ne'er made
To fit his Head
No more than that to Plot.
A Hand that's White,
A Ring that's right,
A Sword, Knot, Patch and Feather;
A Gracious Smile,
And Grounds and Oyl,
Do very well together.

A smatch of *French*,
And none of Sence,
All Conquering Airs and Graces;
A Tune that Thrills,
A Lear that Kills,
Stoln Flights and borrow'd Phrases.
A Chariot Gilt,
To wait on Jilt,
An awkward Pace and Carriage;
A Foreign Tower,
Domestick Whore,
And Mercenary Marriage.

A Limber Ham,
G—— D—— ye M'am,
A Smock-Face, tho' a Tann'd one;
A Peaceful Sword,
Not one wise Word,
But State and Prate at Random.
Duns, Bastards, Claps,
And Am'rous Scraps,
Of *Cælia* and *Amadis;*
Toss up a Beau,
That Grand Ragou,
That Hodge-Podge for the Ladies.

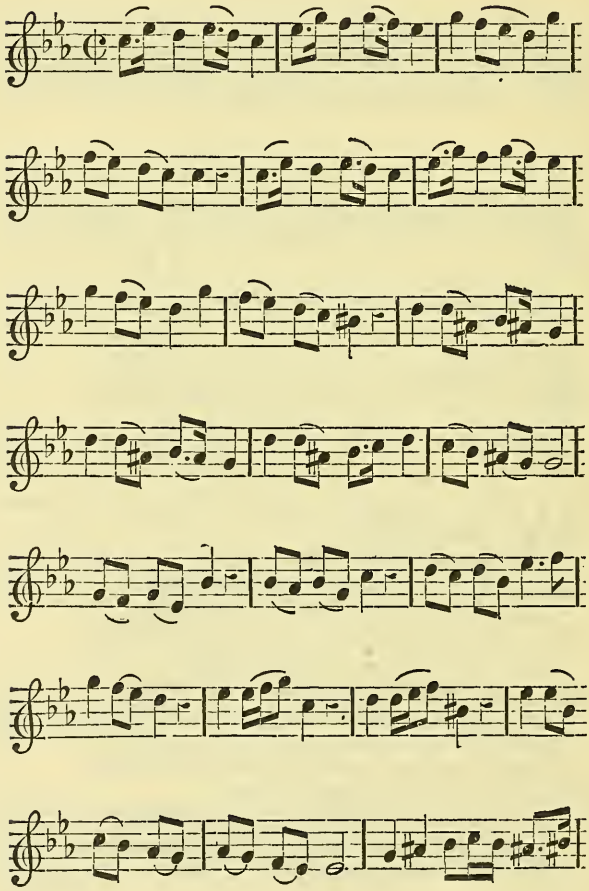
A SONG *in the Innocent Mistress. Set by Mr.* John Eccles, *Sung by Mrs.* Hodgson.

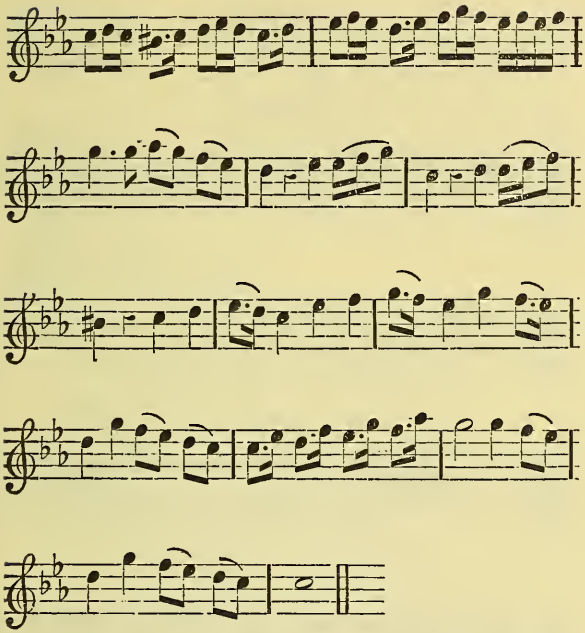




WHen I languish'd and wish'd you wou'd something bestow,
You bad me to give it a Name;
But by Heav'n I know it as little as you,
Tho' my Ignorance passes for Shame:
You take for Devotion each passionate Glance,
And think the dull Fool is sincere;
But never believe that I spake in Romance,
On purpose to tickle, on purpose, on purpose,
On purpose to tickle your Ear:
To please me than more, think still I am true,
And hug each Apocryphal Text;
Tho' I practice a Thousand false Doctrines on you,
I shall still have enough, I shall still have enough,
Shall still have enough for the next.

VENUS *to* PARIS *in the Prize Musick.*
Set by Mr. JOHN WELDON.

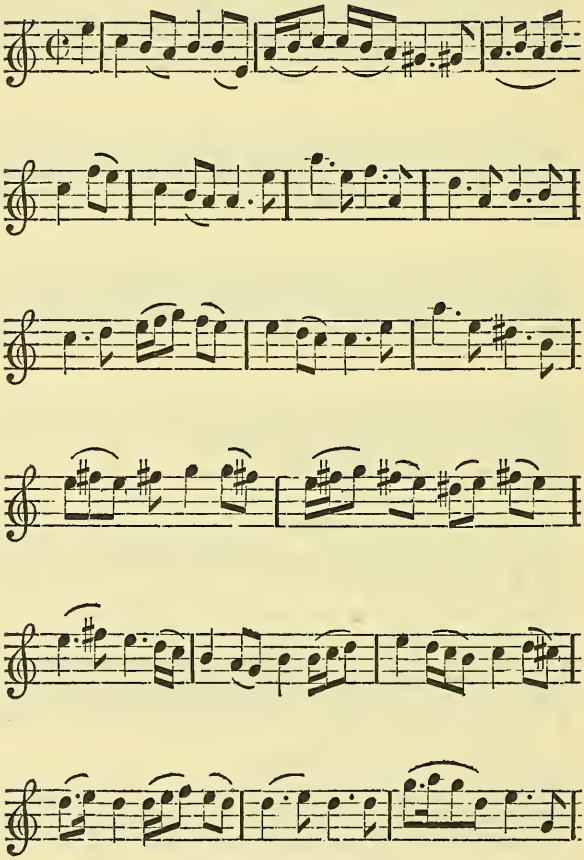


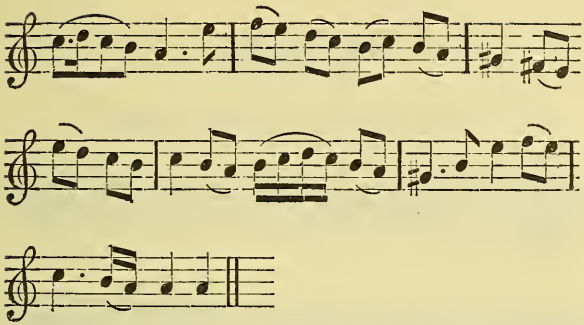


HIther turn thee, hither turn thee, hither turn thee
gentle Swain,
Hither turn thee, hither turn thee, hither turn thee
gentle Swain,
Let not *Venus*, let not *Venus*, let not *Venus* sue in vain;
Venus rules, *Venus* rules, *Venus* rules the Gods above,
Love rules them, Love rules them, Love rules them,
and she rules Love?
Venus rules the Gods above,
Love rules them, Love rules them, Love rules them,
Love rules them, Love rules them, and she rules Love.
Love rules them, and she rules Love.

A SONG.

The Words by Mr. WARD, *Set by Mr.* HARRIS.

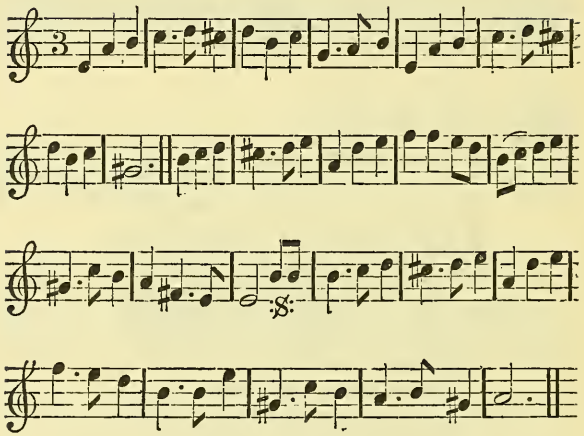




BElinda! why do you distrust,
So faithful and so kind a Heart:
Which cannot prove to you unjust,
But must it self endure the smart:
No, no, no, no the wandring Stars,
Shall sooner cease their Motion;
And Nature reconcile the Jars,
'Twixt *Boreas* and the Ocean:
The fixed Poles shall seem to move,
And ramble from their Places;
E'er I'll from fair *Belinda* rove,
Or slight her charming Graces.

A SONG.

Set by Mr. William Turner.

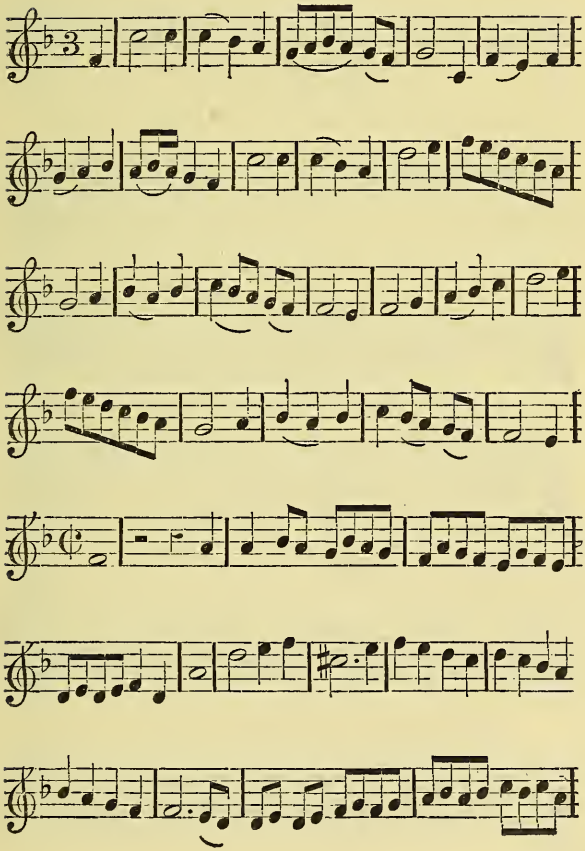


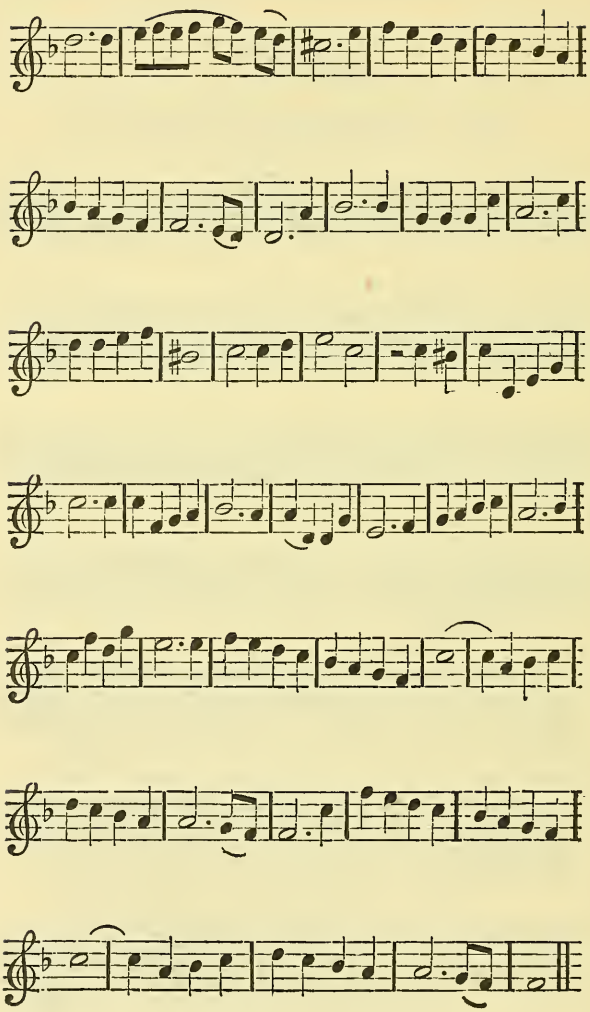
LONG was the Day e're *Alexis* my Lover,
To finish my Hopes would his Passion reveal;
He could not speak, nor I could not discover,
What my poor aking Heart was so loath to conceal:
Till the Strength of his Passion his Fear had remov'd,
Then we mutually talk'd, and we mutually lov'd.

Groves for Umbrella's did kindly o'er-shade us,
From *Phœbus* hot rages, who like envy in strove;
Had not kind Fate this Provision made us,
All the Nymphs of the Air would have envy'd our Love:
But we stand below Envy that ill-natur'd Fate,
And above cruel Scorn is happy Estate.

A SONG.

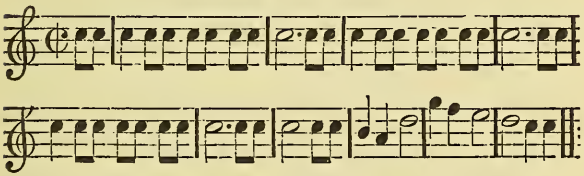
Set to Musick by Mr. John Eccles.





AS *Cupid* roguishly one Day,
Had all alone stole out to play;
The *Muses* caught the little, little, little Knave,
And captive Love to Beauty gave:
The *Muses* caught the little, little, little Knave,
And captive Love to Beauty gave:
The laughing Dame soon miss'd her Son,
And here and there, and here and there,
And here and there distracted run;
Distracted run, and here and there,
And here and there, and here and there distracted run:
And still his Liberty to gain, his Liberty to gain,
Offers his Ransom,
But in vain, in vain, in vain;
The willing, willing Prisoner still hugs his Chain,
And Vows he'll ne'er be free,
And Vows he'll ne'er be free,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
No, no, no, no, no he'll ne'er be free again,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
No, no, no, no, no he'll ne'er be free again.

Old SOLDIERS.



OF old Soldiers, the Song you would hear,
And we old Fidlers have forgot who they were,
But all we remember shall come to your Ear,
That we are old Soldiers of the Queens,
And the Queens old Soldiers.

With

With the *Old Drake*, that was the next Man
To *Old Franciscus*, who first it began,
To sail through the Streights of *Magellan*,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

That put the proud *Spanish Armado* to wrack,
And Travell'd all o'er the old World, and came back,
In his old Ship, laden with Gold and old Sack,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

With an *Old Cavendish*, that seconded him,
And taught his old Sails the same Passage to swim,
And did them therefore with Cloth of Gold Trim,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

Like an *Old Rawleigh*, that twice and again,
Sailed over most part of the *Seas*, and then
Travell'd all o'er the World with his Pen,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

With an *Old John Norris*, the General,
That at old *Gaunt*, made his Fame Immortal,
In spight of his Foes, with no loss at all,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

Like *Old Brest Fort*, an invincible thing,
When the old *Queen* sent him to help the *French* King,
Took from the proud *Fox*, to the World's wond'ring,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

Where an old stout *Fryer*, as goes the Story,
Came to push of Pike with him in Vain-glory,
But he was almost sent to his own *Purgatory*,
By this old Soldier, &c.

With an *Old Ned Norris*, that kept *Ostend*,
A terror to Foe, and a Refuge to Friend,
And left it Impregnable to his last End,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

That in the old unfortunate Voyage of all,
March'd o'er the old Bridge, and knock'd at the Wall,
Of *Lisbon*, the Mistress of *Portugal*,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

With

With an *Old Tim Norris*, by the old *Queen* sent,
Of *Munster* in *Ireland*, Lord President,
Where his Days and his Blood in her service he spent,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

With an *Old Harry Norris*, in Battle wounded,
In his Knee, whose Leg was cut off, and he said,
You have spoil'd my Dancing, and dy'd in his Bed,
Like on old Soldier, &c.

With an *Old Will Norris*, the oldest of all,
Who went voluntary, without any Call,
To th' old *Irish* Wars, to's Fame Immortal,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

With an *Old Dick Wenman*, the first in his Prime,
That over the Walls of old *Cales* di | Clime,
And there was Knighted, and liv'd all his Time,
Like an old Soldier, &c.

With *Old Nando Wenman*, when *Brest* was o'er-
thrown,
Into the Air, into the Seas, with Gunpowder blown,
Yet bravely recovering, long after was known,
For an Old Soldier, &c.

When an *Old Tom Wenman*, whose bravest delight,
Was in a good Cause for his Country to Fight,
And dy'd in *Ireland*, a good old Knight,
And an old Soldier, &c.

With a Young *Ned Wenman*, so valiant and bold,
In the Wars of *Bohemia*, as with the Old,
Deserves for his Valour to be Enroll'd,
An old Soldier, &c.

And thus of Old Soldiers, ye hear the Fame,
But ne'er so many of one House and Name,
And all of old *John Lord Viscount* of *Thame*,
An old Soldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Soldier.

On

On the Tombs in Westminster Abby.

You must suppose it to be Easter *Holy-Days: At what time* Sisly *and* Dol, Kate *and* Peggy, Moll *and* Nan, *are marching to* Westminster, *with a Leash of Prentices before 'em; who go rowing themselves along with their right Arms to make more hast, and now and then with a greasie Muckender wipe away the dripping that bastes their Foreheads. At the Door they meet a crowd of* Wapping *Sea-men*, Southwark *Broom-men*, *the Inhabitants of the* Bank-Side, *with a Butcher or two prickt in among them. There a while they stand gaping for the Master of the Show, staring upon the Suburbs of their dearest delight, just as they stand gaping upon the painted Cloth before they go into the Puppet Play. By and by they hear the Bunch of Keys, which rejoyces their Hearts like the sound of the* Pancake-Bell. *For now the Man of Comfort peeps over the Spikes, and beholding such a learned Auditory, opens the Gate of* Paradise, *and by that time they are half got into the first Chapel, (for time is very precious) he lifts up his Voice among the Tombs, and begins his Lurrey in manner and form following.*

To the foregoing Tune; In Imitation of the Old Soldiers.

HERE lies *William de Valence*,
A right good Earl of *Pembroke*,
And this is his Monument which you see,
I'll swear upon a Book.

He was high Marshal of *England*,
When *Henry* the Third did Reign;
But this you take upon my Word,
That he'll ne'er be so again.

Here the Lord *Edward Talbot* lies,
The Town of *Shrewsbury's* Earl;
Together with his Countess fair,
That was a most delicate Girl.

The

The next to him there lyeth one,
Sir *Richard Peckshall* hight;
Of whom we only this do say,
He was a *Hampshire* Knight.

But now to tell you more of him,
There lies beneath this Stone:
Two Wives of his, and Daughters four,
To all of Us unknown.

Sir *Bernard Brockhurst* there doth lie,
Lord Chamberlain to Queen *Ann;*
Queen *Ann* was *Richard* the Second's Queen,
And was King of *England.*

Sir *Francis Hollis*, the Lady *Frances*,
The same was *Suffolk's* Dutchess;
Two Children of *Edward* the Third,
Lie here in Death's cold Clutches.

This is the Third King *Edward's* Brother,
Of whom our Records tell
Nothing of Note, nor say they whether,
He be in Heaven or Hell.

This same was *John* of *Eldeston*,
He was no Costermonger;
But *Cornwall's* Earl, and here's one dy'd,
'Cause he could live no longer.

The Lady *Mohun*, Dutchess of *York*,
And Duke of *York's* Wife also;
But Death resolv'd to Horn the Duke,
She lies now with Death below.

The Lady *Ann Ross*, but wot ye well,
That she in Childbed dy'd;
The Lady Marquiss of *Winchester*,
Lies Buried by her side.

Now

Now think your Penny well spent good Folks,
And that you're not beguil'd;
Within this Cup doth lie the Heart
Of a *French Embassador's* Child.

But how the Devil it came to pass,
On purpose, or by chance;
The Bowels they lie underneath,
The Body is in *France*.

Dol. *I warrant ye the* Pharises *carried it away.*

There's *Oxford's* Countess, and there also
The Lady *Burleigh* her Mother;
And there her Daughter, a Countess too,
Lie close by one another.

These once were bonny Dames, and tho'
There were no Coaches then,
Yet could they jog their Tails themselves,
Or had them jogg'd by Men.

Dick. *Ho, ho, ho, I warrant ye they did as other Women did, ha* Ralf. Ralf. *Oy, Oy.*

But woe is me! those high born Sinners;
That went to pray so stoutly;
Are now laid low, and 'cause they can't,
Their Statues pray devoutly.

This is the Dutchess of *Somerset*,
By Name the Lady *Ann;*
Her Lord *Edward* the Sixth Protected,
Oh! he was a Gallant Man.

Tom. *I have heard a Ballad of him sang at* Ratcliff Cross.

In this fair Monument which you see,
Adorn'd with so many Pillars;
Doth lie the Countess of *Buckingham*,
And her Husband, Sir *George Villers*.

Mol. *I believe we have it at home over our Kitchin Mantle-Tree.*

This old Sir *George* was Grandfather,
And the Countess she was Granny;
To the great Duke of *Buckingham*,
Who often topt King *Jammy*.

Sir

Sir *Robert Eatam*, a *Scotch* Knight,
This Man was Secretary;
And scribl'd Compliments for two Queens,
Queen *Ann*, and eke Queen *Mary*.

This was the Countess of *Lenox*,
Yclep'd the Lady *Marget:*
King *James's* Grandmother, and yet
'Gainst Death she had no Target.

This was Queen *Mary*, Queen of *Scots*,
Whom *Buchanan* doth bespatter;
She lost her Head at *Tottingham*,
What ever was the Matter.

Dol. *How came she here then?*
Will. *Why ye silly Oafe could not she be brought here, after she was Dead?*

The Mother of our Seventh *Henry*,
This is that lyeth hard by;
She was the Countess wot ye well,
Of *Richmond* and of *Derby*.

Henry the Seventh lieth here,
With his fair Queen beside him,
He was the Founder of this Chapel,
Oh! may no ill betide him.

Therefore his Monument's in Brass,
You'll say that very much is;
The Duke of *Richmond* and *Lenox*,
There lieth with his Dutchess.

Rog. *I warrant ye these were no small Fools in those days.*

And here they stand upright in a Press
With Bodies made of Wax;
With a Globe and a Wand in either Hand,
And their Robes upon their Backs.

Here lies the Duke of *Buckingham*,
And the Dutchess his Wife;
Him *Felton* Stabb'd at *Portsmouth* Town,
And so he lost his Life.

Two Children of King *James* these are,
Whom Death keeps very chary;
Sophia in the Cradle lies,
And this is the Lady *Mary.*

Bess. *Good Woman pray still your Child, it keeps such a bawling, we can't hear what the Man says.*

And this is Queen *Elizabeth,*
How the *Spaniards* did infest her?
Here she lies Buried, with Queen *Mary,*
And now agrees with her Sister.

To another Chapel now we come,
The People follow and chat;
This is the Lady *Cottington,*
And the People cry, who's that?

This is the Lady *Frances Sidney,*
The Countess of *Suffolk* was she;
And this the Lord *Dudley Carleton* is,
And then they look up and see.

Sir *Thomas Brumley* lieth here,
Death would him not reprieve;
With his four Sons, and Daughters four,
That once were all alive.

The next is Sir *John Fullerton,*
And this is his Lady I trow;
And this is Sir *John Puckering,*
Whom none of you did know.

That's the Earl of *Bridgwater* in the middle,
Who makes no use of his Bladder;
Although his Lady lie so near him,
And so we go up a Ladder.

Edward the First, that Gallant Blade,
Lies underneath this Stone;
And this is the Chair which he did bring,
A good while ago from *Scone.*

Kate. *He took more pains, than I would ha done for a Hundred such.*

In

In this same Chair, till now of late,
Our Kings and Queens were Crown'd;
Under this Chair another Stone
Doth lie upon the Ground.

Ralf. *Gad I warrant there has been many a Maiden-head got in that Chair.* Tom. *Gad and I'll come hither and try one of these Days, an't be but to get a Prince.* Dol. *A* Papist *I warrant him.*

On that same Stone did *Jacob* sleep,
Instead of a Down Pillow;
And after that 'twas hither brought,
By some good honest Fellow.

Richard the Second lieth here,
And his first Queen, Queen *Ann;*
Edward the Third lies here hard by,
Oh! there was a Gallant Man.

For this was his two handed Sword,
A Blade both true and Trusty;
The *French* Men's Blood was ne'er wip'd off,
Which makes it look so rusty.

Here he lies again, with his Queen *Philip*,
A *Dutch* Woman by Record,
But that's all one, for now alass!
His Blade's not so long as his Sword.

King *Edward* the Confessor lies
Within this Monument fine;
I'm sure, quoth one, a worser Tomb
Must serve both me and mine.

Harry the Fifth lies there, and there
Doth lie Queen *Eleanor;*
To our first *Edward* she was Wife,
Which was more than ye knew before.

Henry the Third lies there Entomb'd,
He was Herb *John* in Pottage;
Little he did, but still Reign'd on,
Although his Sons were at Age.

Fifty six Years he Reigned King,
E'er he the Crown would lay by;
Only we praise him, 'cause he was
Last Builder of the *Abby.*

Here *Thomas Cecil* lies, who's that?
Why 'tis the Earl of *Exeter;*
And this his Countess is, to Die
How it perplexed her.

Dol. *Ay, ay, I warrant her, rich Folks are as unwilling to die as poor Folks.*

Here *Henry Cary*, Lord *Hunsdon* rests,
What a noise he makes with his Name?
Lord Chamberlain was he unto
Queen *Elizabeth* of great Fame.

Sisly. *That's he for whom our Bells ring so often, is it not* Mary? Mol. *Ay, ay, the very same.*

And here's one *William Colchester*
Lies of a Certainty;
An Abbot was he of *Westminster*,
And he that saith no, doth lie.

This is the Bishop of *Durham*,
By Death here lay'd in Fetters;
Henry the Seventh lov'd him well,
And so he wrote his Letters.

Sir *Thomas Bacchus*, what of him?
Poor Gentleman not a Word;
Only they Buried him here; but now
Behold that Man with a Sword.

Humphry de Bohun, who though he were
Not born with me i'the same Town;
Yet I can tell he was Earl of *Essex*,
Of *Hertford*, and *Northampton.*

He was High Constable of *England*,
As History well expresses;
But now pretty Maids be of good Chear,
We're going up to the Presses.

And now the Presses open stand,
And ye see them all arow;
But never no more are said of these
Then what is said below.

Now down the Stairs come we again,
The Man goes first with a Staff;
Some two or three tumble down the Stairs,
And then the People laugh.

This is the great Sir *Francis Vere*,
That so the *Spaniards* curry'd;
Four Colonels support his Tomb,
And here his Body's Buried.

That *Statue* against the *Wall* with one Eye,
Is Major General *Norris;*
He beat the *Spaniards* cruelly,
As is affirm'd in Stories.

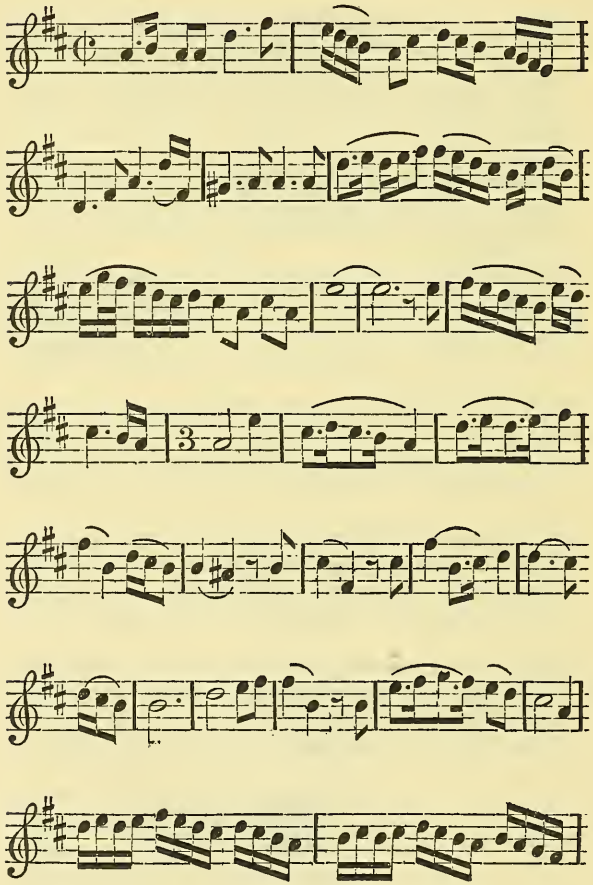
Dick. *I warrant ye he had two, if he could have but kep'd 'em.*

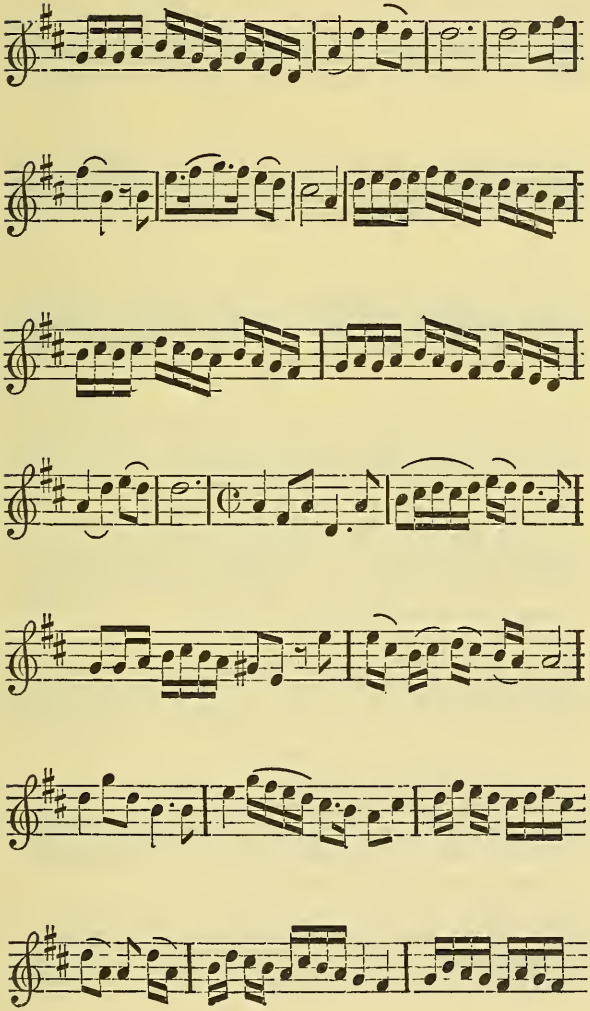
His six Sons there hard by him stand,
Each one was a Commander;
To shew he could a Lady serve,
As well as the *Hollander*.

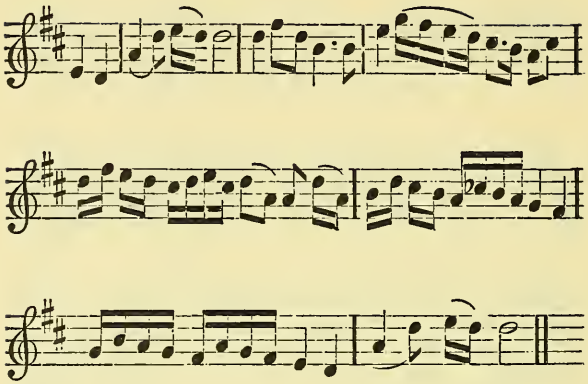
And there doth Sir *John Hollis* rest,
Who was the Major General;
To Sir *John Norris*, that brave blade,
And so they go to Dinner all.

For now the Shew is at an end,
All things are done and said;
The Citizen pays for his Wife,
The Prentice for the Maid.

A SONG *Sung by Mrs.* CAMPION, *in the Comedy call'd*, she wou'd and she wou'd not. *By Mr.* JOHN WELDON.



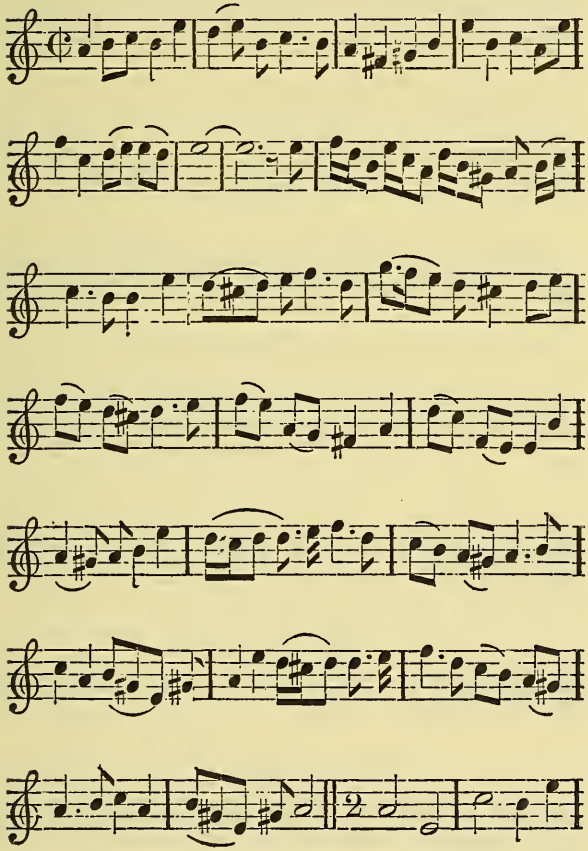


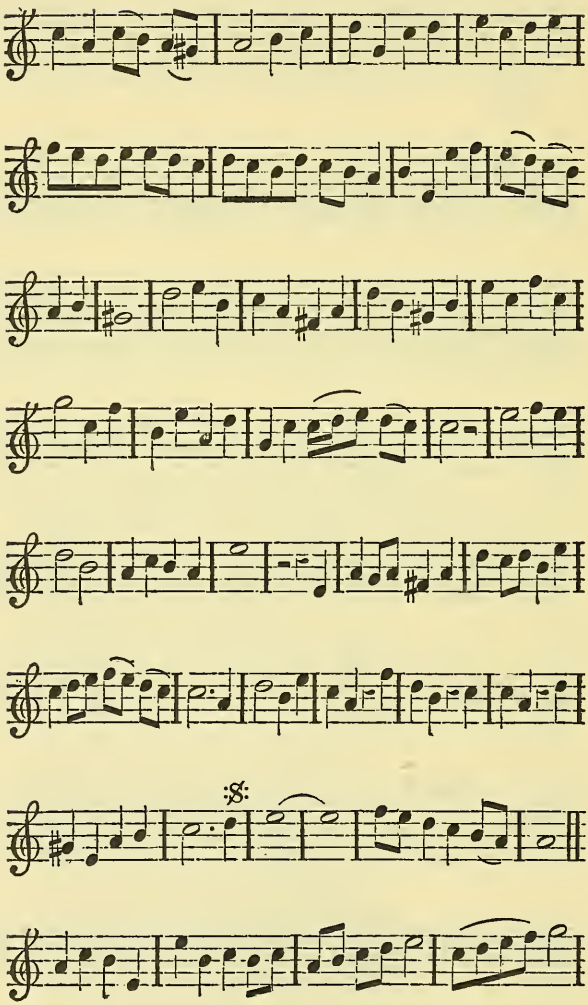


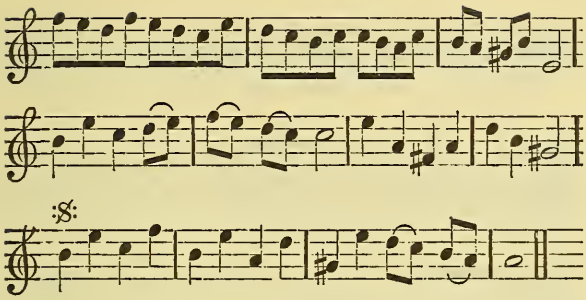
CÆLIA my Heart has often rang'd,
Like Bees o'er Gaudy Flowers ;
And many Thousand Loves have chang'd,
'Till it was fix'd, 'till it was fix'd on yours ;
But *Cælia* when I saw those Eyes,
'Twas soon, 'twas soon determin'd there ;
Stars might as well forsake the Skies,
And Vanish into Air :
Stars might as well forsake the Skies,
And Vanish into Air.

Now if from the great Rules I err,
New Beauties, new Beauties to admire ;
May I again, again turn wanderer,
And never, never, never, never, never, no. never,
Never, never, never, never, never, never, never,
Never, never, never, settle more :
May I again, again turn wanderer,
And never, never, never, never, never, no, never,
Never, never, never, never, never, never, never,
Never, never, never, settle more.

A SONG *made for the Entertainment of her Royal Highness. Set by Mr.* LEVERIDGE. *Sung by Mrs.* LINDSEY *in* CALIGULA.

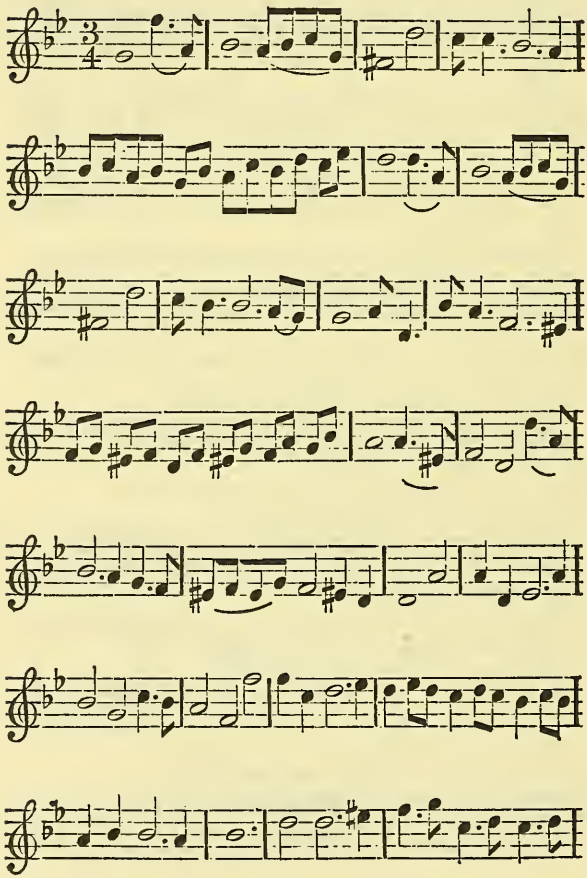


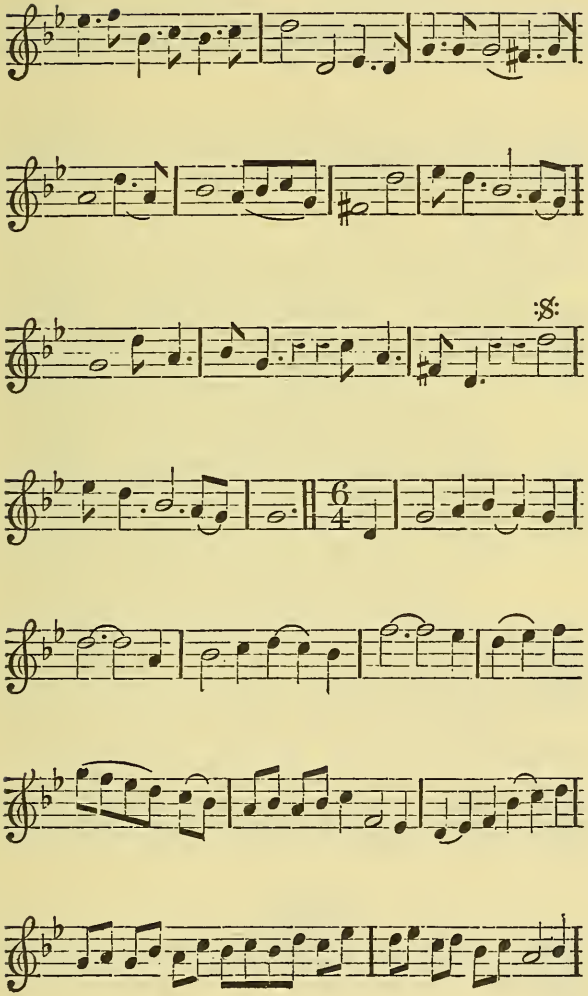


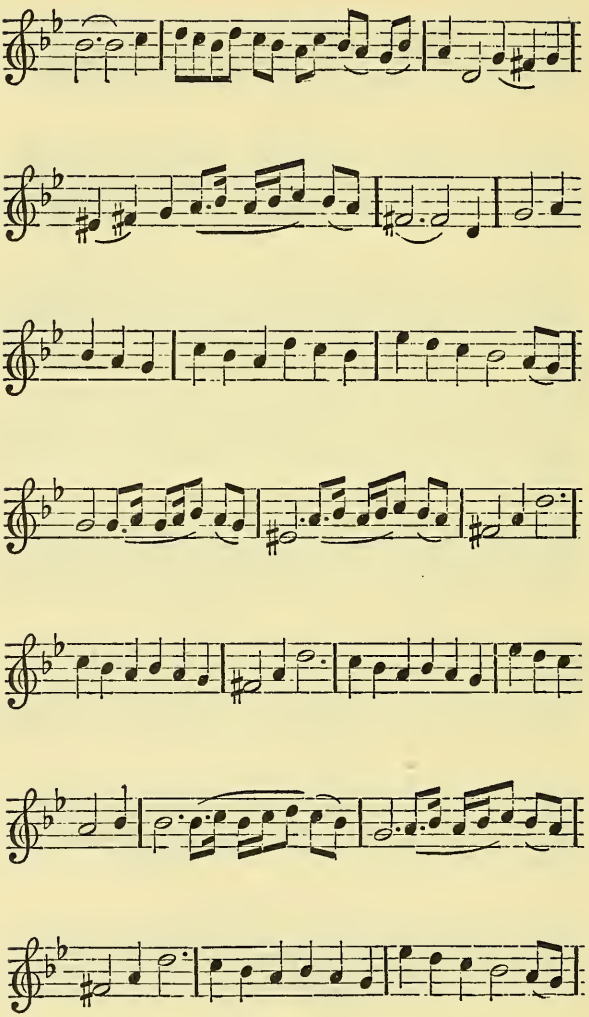


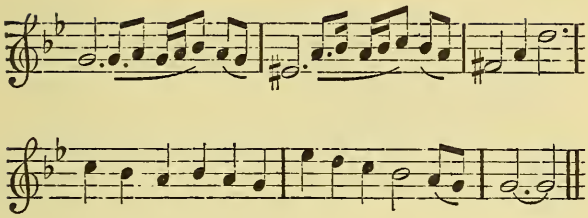
THo' over all Mankind, besides my conquering Beauty,
Conquering beauty, my conquering beauty Reigns;
My conquering Beauty Reigns;
From him I love, from him I love when I meet disdain,
A killing damp, a killing damp comes o'er my Pride:
I'm fair and young, I'm fair and young,
I'm fair and young in vain:
I'm fair and young, I'm fair and young,
I'm fair and young in vain;
No, no, no, let him wander where he will,
Let him wander, let him wander,
Let him wander, let him wander where he will,
I shall have Youth and Beauty, Youth and Beauty, Youth and Beauty,
I shall have Youth and Beauty, Youth and Beauty still;
I shall have Beauty that can charm a *Jove*,
Can Charm a *Jove*, and no fault,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no fault, no, no, no fault,
But constant Love:
From my Arms then let him fly, fly, fly,
From my Arms then let him fly;
Shall I languish, pine, and dye?
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no not I.

A SONG *in the Fair* PENITENT. *Set by Mr.* ECCLES. *Sung by Mrs* HUDSON.





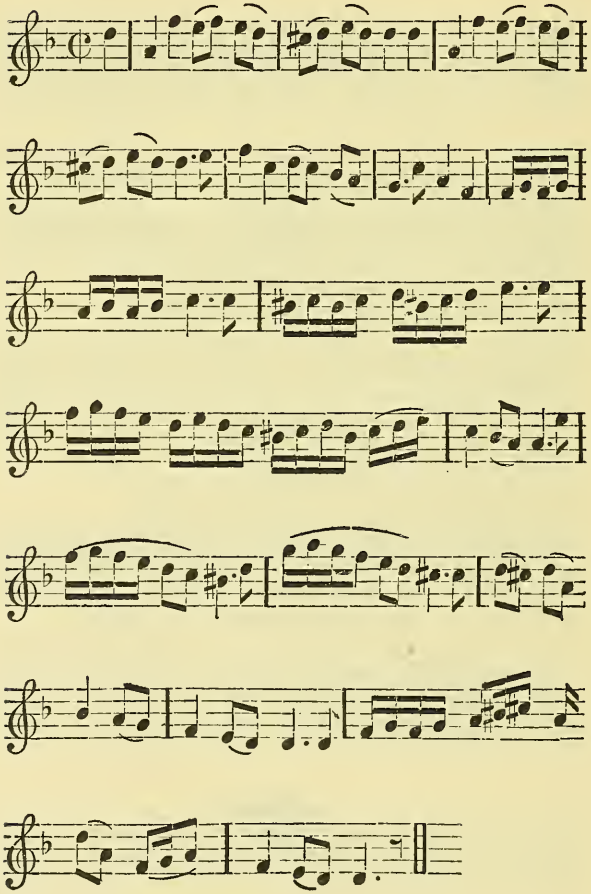




STAY, ah stay, ah turn, ah whither wou'd you fly?
Ah stay, ah turn, ah whither wou'd you fly?
Whither, whither wou'd you fly?
Too Charming, too Charming, too relentless Maid,
I follow not to conquer, not to conquer,
I follow not to conquer, but to dye:
You of the fearful, of the fearful are afraid,
Ah stay, ah turn, ah whither wou'd you fly?
Whither, whither, whither, whither, ah whither wou'd you fly?

In vain, in vain I call, in vain, in vain I call,
While she like fleeting, fleeting Air;
When press'd by some tempestuous Wind,
Flys swifter from the voice of my Despair:
Nor cast a pitying, pitying, pitying, pitying look behind,
No not one, no not one, not one pitying, pitying look,
Not one pitying, pitying, pitying look behind,
No not one, no not one, not one pitying, pitying, pitying look behind,
No not one, no not one, not one pitying, pitying, pitying look behind.

A new SONG. *The Words by Mr.* Tho. Wall. *Set to Musick by Mr.* Henry Eccles, *Junior.*

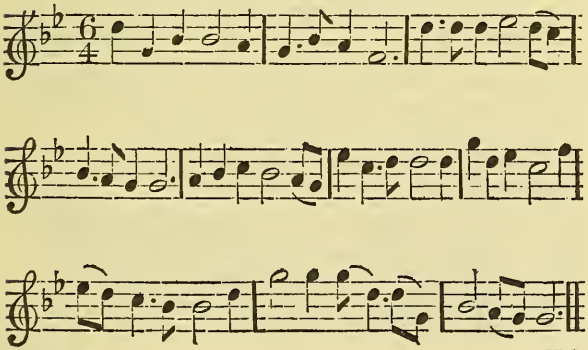


NO more let *Damon's* Eyes pursue,
No more let *Damon's* Eyes pursue,
The bright enchanting Fair;
Almira thousands, thousands, thousands can undo,
And thousands more, and thousands more,
And thousands more may still despair,
And thousands more may still despair.

For oh her bright alluring Eyes,
And Graces all admire;
For her the wounded Lover dies,
And ev'ry Breast, and ev'ry Heart,
And ev'ry Breast is set on Fire.

Then oh poor *Damon*, see thy Fate,
But never more complain;
For all a Thousand Hearts will stake,
And all may sigh, and all may die,
And all may sigh and die in vain.

The DEAR JOY'S *Lamentation.*



HO

HO my dear Joy, now what dost thou think?
Hoop by my shoul our Country-men stink;
To *Ireland* they can never return,
The Hereticks there our Houses will burn:
Ah hone, ah hone, ah hone a cree.

A Pox on *T——l* for a Son of a W——,
He was the cause of our coming o'er;
And when to *Dublin* we came to put on our Coats,
He told us his business was cutting of Throats.
Ah hone, &c.

Our Devil has left us now in the Lurch,
A Plague light upon the *Protestant* C——
If *P——s* had let but the Bishops alone,
O then the Nation had all been our own.
Ah hone, &c.

And I wish other Measures had been taken,
For now I fear we shan't save our Bacon;
Now *Orange* to *London* is coming down-right,
And the Soldiers against him resolve not to Fight
Ah hone, &c.

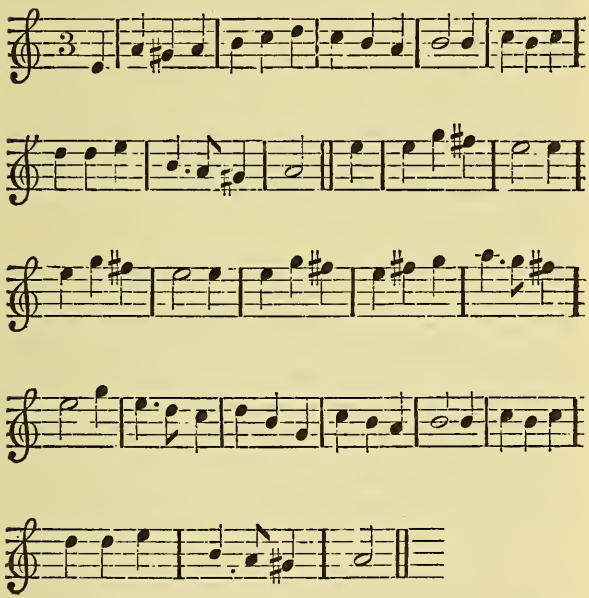
What we shall do, the Lord himself knows,
Our Army is beaten without any blows;
Our M——r begins to feel some remorse,
For the Grey Mare has proved the better Horse.
Ah hone, &c.

If the *French* do but come, which is all our Hopes,
We'll bundle the Hereticks all up with Ropes;
If *London* stands to us as *Bristol* has done,
We need not fear but *Orange* must run.
Ah hone, &c.

But if they prove false, and to *Orange* they scower,
By G— all the M—— shall play from the *Tower;*
Our Massacree fresh in their Memories grown,
The Devil tauk me, we all shall go down.
A hone, a hone, a hone a Cree.

A

The Character of a Seat's-man ; *written by one of the* CRAFT : *To be Sung on* CRISPIN-Night. *Tune* Packington's Pound.



I Am one in whom Nature has fix'd a Decree,
Ordaining my Life to happy and free ;
With no Cares of the World I am never perplex'd,
And never depending, I never am vex'd :
I'm neither of so high nor so low a degree,
But Ambition and Want are both strangers to me ;
My life is a compound of Freedom and Ease,
I go where I will, and I work when I please :

I live above Envy, and yet above Spight,
And have Judgment enough for to do my self right;
Some greater and richer I own there may be,
Yet as many live worse, as live better than me,
And few that from Cares live so quiet and free.

When Money comes in I live well 'till it's gone,
So with it I'm happy, Content when I've none:
I spend it Genteelly, and never repent,
If I lose it at Play, why I count it but Lent:
For that which at one time I Lose among Friends,
Another Night's Winnings still makes me amends:
And though I'm without the first Day of the Week,
I still make it out by Shift or by Tick:
In Mirth at my Work the swift Hours do pass,
And by *Saturday* Night, I'm as rich as I was.

Then let Masters drudge on, and be Slaves to their Trade,
Let their Hours of Pleasure by Business be stay'd;
Let them venture their Stocks to be ruin'd by Trust,
Let Clickers bark on the whole Day at their Post:
Let 'em tire all that pass with their rotified Cant,
"Will you buy any Shoes, pray see what you want;
Let the rest of the World still contend to be great,
Let some by their Losses repine at their Fate:
Let others that Thrive, not content with their store,
Be plagu'd with the Trouble and Thoughts to get more.

Let wise Men invent, 'till the World be deceived,
Let Fools thrive thro' Fortune, and Knaves be believed;
Let such as are rich know no Want, but Content,
Let others be plagu'd to pay Taxes and Rent:
With more Freedom and Pleasure my Time I'll employ,
And covet no Blessings but what we enjoy.

Then let's celebrate *Crispin* with Bumpers and Songs,
And they that drink Foul, may it blister their Tongues,
Here's two in a Hand, and let no one deny 'em,
Since *Crispin* in Youth was a *Seat's-man* as I am.

The

The Female Scuffle. To the foregoing Tune.

OF late in the Park a fair Fancy was seen,
Betwixt an old *Baud* and a lusty young *Quean;*
Their parting of Money began the uproar,
I'll have half says the *Baud*, but you shan't says the *Whore:*
Why 'tis my own House,
I care not a Louse,
I'll ha' three parts in four, or you get not a Souse.

'Tis I, says the *Whore*, must take all the Pains,
And you shall be damn'd e'er you get all the Gains;
The *Baud* being vex'd, straight to her did say,
Come off wi' your *Duds*, and I pray pack away,
And likewise your *Ribbonds*, your *Gloves*, and your *Hair*,
For naked you came, and so out you go bare;
Then *Buttocks* so bold,
Began for to Scold,
Hurrydan was not able her *Clack* for to hold.

Both *Pell-Mell* fell to't, and made this uproar,
With these Compliments, th'art a *Baud*, th'art a *Whore:*
The *Bauds* and the *Buttocks* that liv'd there around,
Came all to the Case, both *Pockey* and *Sound*,
To see what the reason was of this same Fray,
That did so disturb them before it was Day;
If I tell you amiss,
Let me never more Piss,
This *Buttocks* so bold she named was *Siss.*

By *Quiffing* with *Cullies* three Pound she had got,
And but one part of four must fall to her Lot;
Yet all the *Bauds* cry'd, let us turn her out bare,
Unless she will yield to return her half share;
If she will not, we'll help to strip off her Cloaths,
And turn her abroad with a slit o' the Nose:
Who when she did see,
There was no Remedy,
For her from the Tyranous *Bauds* to get free;
The *Whore* from the Money was forced to yield,
And in the Conclusion the *Baud* got the Field.

An Elegy on MOUNTFORT. *To the foregoing Tune.*

POOR *Mountfort* is gone, and the Ladies do all
Break their Hearts for this Beau, as they did for *Duvall;*
And they the two Brats for this Tragedy damn
At *Kensington* Court, and the Court of *Bantam*,
They all vow and Swear,
That if any Peer,
Should acquit this young Lord, he shou'd pay very dear;
Nor will they be pleased with him who on the Throne is,
If he do's not his part to revenge their *Adonis.*

With the Widow their amorous Bowels do yearn,
There are divers pretend to an equal Concern;
And by her Perswasion their Hearts they reveal,
In case if not guilty, to bring an Appeal:
They all will unite,
The young Blade to indite,
And in Prosecution will joyn Day and Night;
In the mean time full many a Tear and a Groan is,
Wherever they meet, for their departed *Adonis.*

With the Ladies foul Murther's a horrible Sin
Of one Handsome without, tho' a Coxcomb within;
For not being a Beau, the sad Fate of poor *Crab*,
Tho' himself hang'd for Love, was a Jest to each Drab;
Then may *Jering* live long,
And may *Risby* among
The Fair with *Jack Barkley*, and *Culpepper* throng:
May no Ruffin whose Heart as hard as a Stone is,
Kill any of those for a Brother *Adonis.*

No Lady henceforth can be safe with her Beau,
They think if this Slaughter unpunish'd should go;
Their

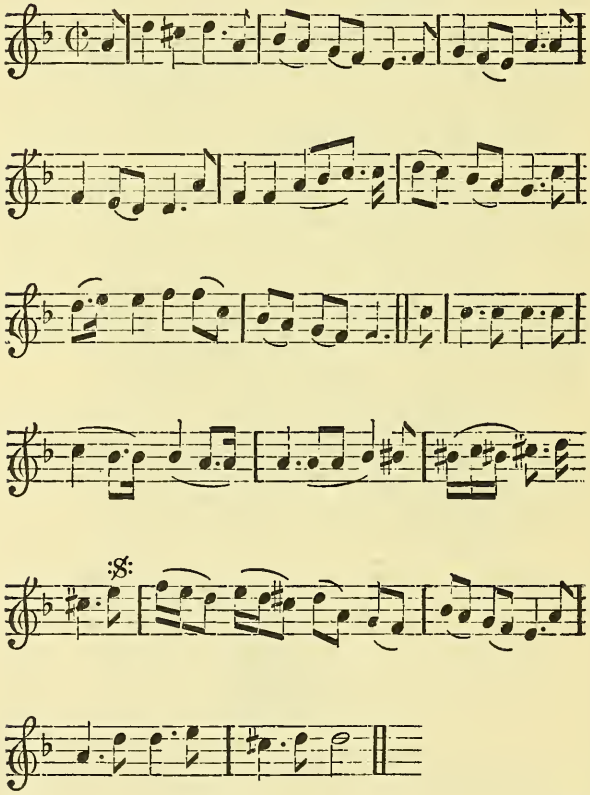
Their Gallants, for whose Persons they most are in
Pain,
Must no sooner be envy'd, but strait must be Slain:
For all *B*—— shape,
None car'd for the Rape,
Nor whether the Virtuous their Lust did escape;
Their Trouble of Mind, and their anguish alone is,
For the too sudden Fate of departed *Adonis.*

Let not every vain Spark think that he can engage,
The Heart of a Female, like one on the Stage;
His Flute, and his Voice, and his Dancing are rare,
And wherever they meet, they prevail with the Fair:
But no quality Fop,
Charms like Mr. *Hop*,
Adorn'd on the Stage, and in *East-India* Shop;
So that each from *Miss Felton*, to ancient *Drake Joan* is,
Bemoaning the Death of the Player *Adonis.*

Yet *Adonis* in spight of this new Abjuration,
Did banter the lawful King of this great Nation:
Who call'd God's anointed a foolish old Prig,
Was both a base and unmannerly *Whigg:*
But since he is Dead
No more shall be said,
For he in Repentance has laid down his Head;
So I wish each Lady, who in mournful Tone is,
In Charity Grieve for the Death of *Adonis.*

A SONG.

Set by Mr. JAMES TOWNSHEND, *Organist of* LYN RIGES. *The Words by* J. R.

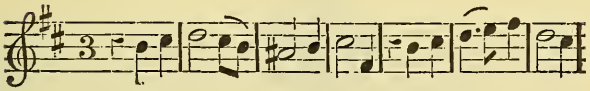


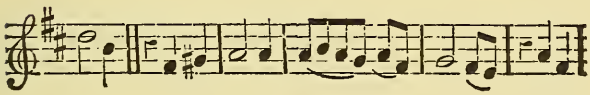
FLY

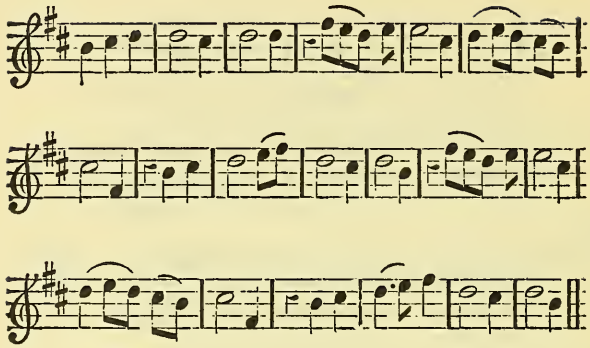
FLY *Lamon* fly, 'tis Death to stay,
Nor listen to the *Syren's* Song;
Nor hear her warbling Fingers play,
That kills in Consort with her Tongue:
Oft to despairing Shepherds Verse,
Unmov'd she tunes the trembling Strings;
Oft does some pitying Words rehearse,
But little means the thing she Sings.

Cease on her lovely Looks to gaze,
Nor court your Ruin in her Eyes;
Her Looks too s dangerous as her Face,
At once engages and Destroys:
Speak not if you'd avoid your Fate,
For then she darts Resentment home;
But fly, fly *Damon* e'er too late,
Or else be Deaf, be Blind, be Dumb.

MERCURY *to* PARIS, *in the Prize Musick, Compos'd by Mr.* John Eccles.

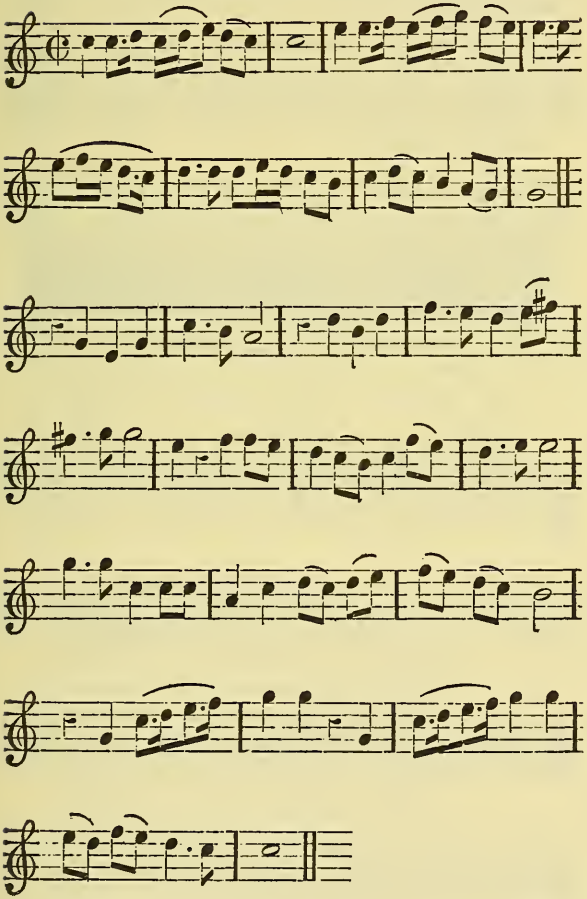






FEAR not Mortal, none shall harm thee,
With this Sacred Rod I'll Charm thee;
Freely gaze, and view all over,
Thou mayst every Grace discover:
Though a thousand Darts fly round thee,
Fear not Mortal, none can Wound thee;
Though a thousand Darts fly round thee,
Fear not Mortal, none can Wound thee.

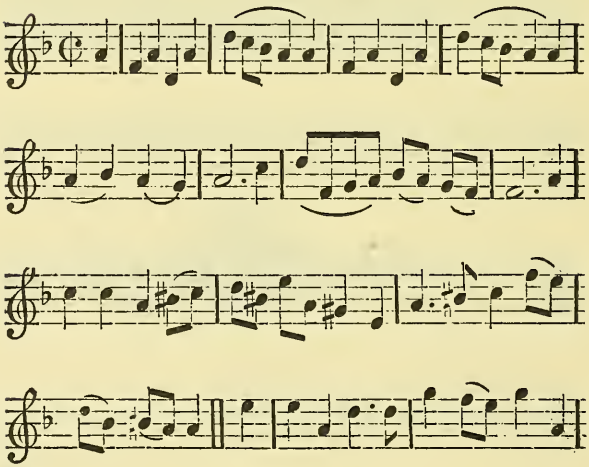
A Song. *Set by Mr.* W. Morley.

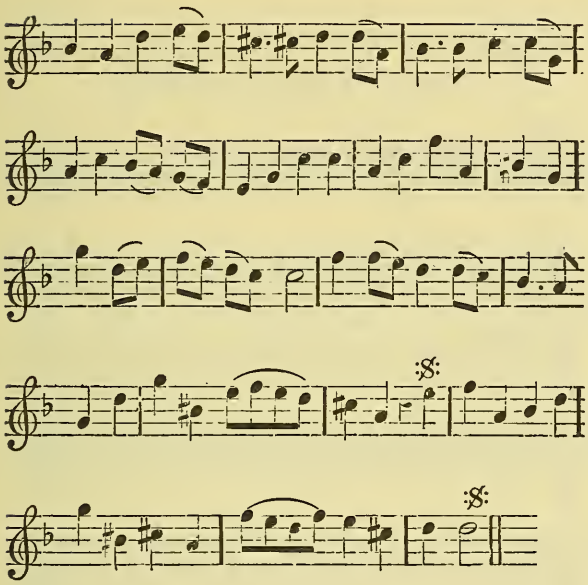


Born

BORN to surprize the World,
Born to surprize the World, and teach the Great,
The slippery Danger of exalted State;
Victorious *Marlborough*, Victorious *Marlborough*, to Battle flies,
Arm'd, Arm'd with new Lightning from bright *Anna's* Eyes:
Wonders, Wonders like these no former Age has seen,
The Subjects Heroes, the Subjects Heroes, and a Saint the Queen.

A SONG. *Set by Mr.* J. ISUM.

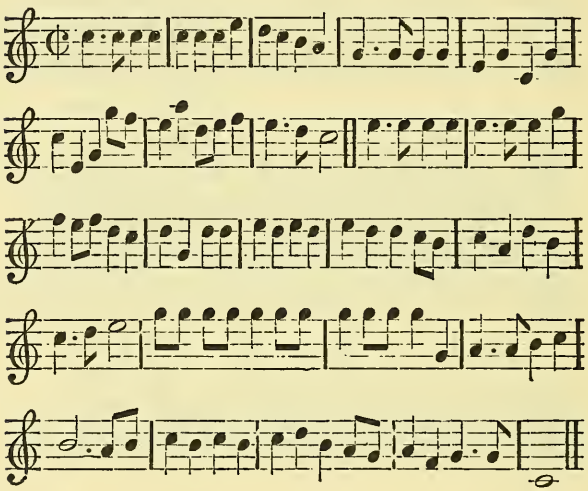




IN vain, in vain, in vain, in vain, in vain,
In vain the God I ask,
He'll ne'er remove the Dart;
And still I love the pretty, pretty Boy,
Altho', altho' he wound my Heart:
Henceforth I'll be contented then,
No more will I desire;
No, no, no more, no, no, no more will I desire,
To slight her whom I love so much,
That but creates the Fire:
Well might I expect the Fate,
As well as any other;
Since he ne'er spares the Gods themselves,
Nor does he spare his Mother.

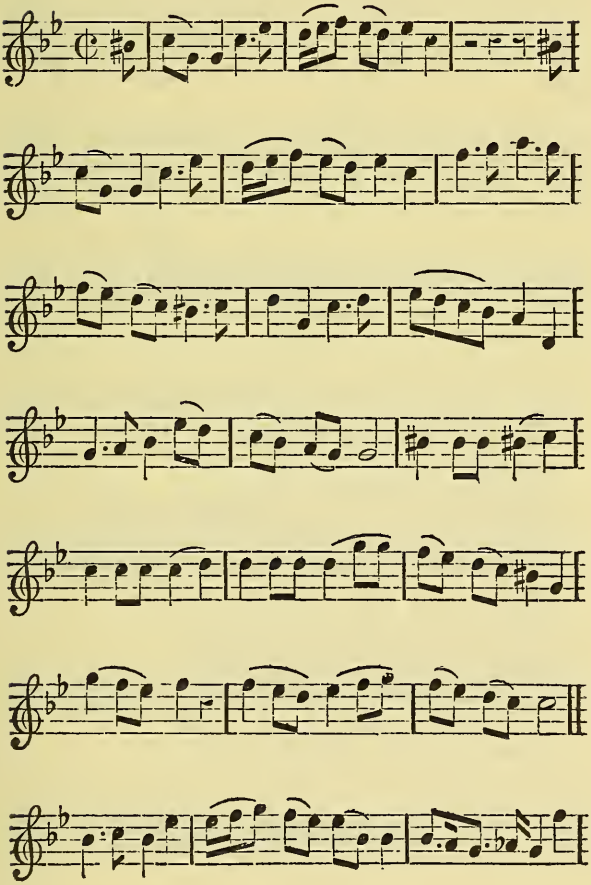
An

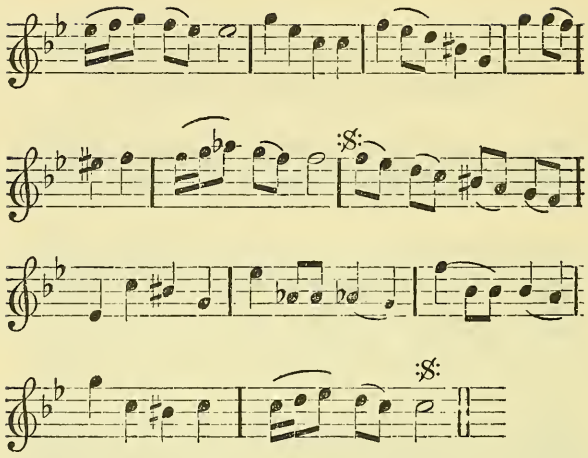
An Amorous SONG. *To the Tune of*, The bonny Christ-Church Bells.



SEE how fair and fine she lies,
Upon her Bridal Bed;
No Lady at the Court,
So fit for the Sport,
Oh she look'd so curiously White and Red:
After the first and second time,
The weary Bridegroom slacks his Pace;
But Oh! she cries, come, come my Joy,
And cling thy Cheek close to my Face:
Tinkle, tinkle, goes the Bell under the Bed,
Whilst Time and Touch they keep;
Then with a Kiss,
They end their Bliss,
And so fall fast asleep.

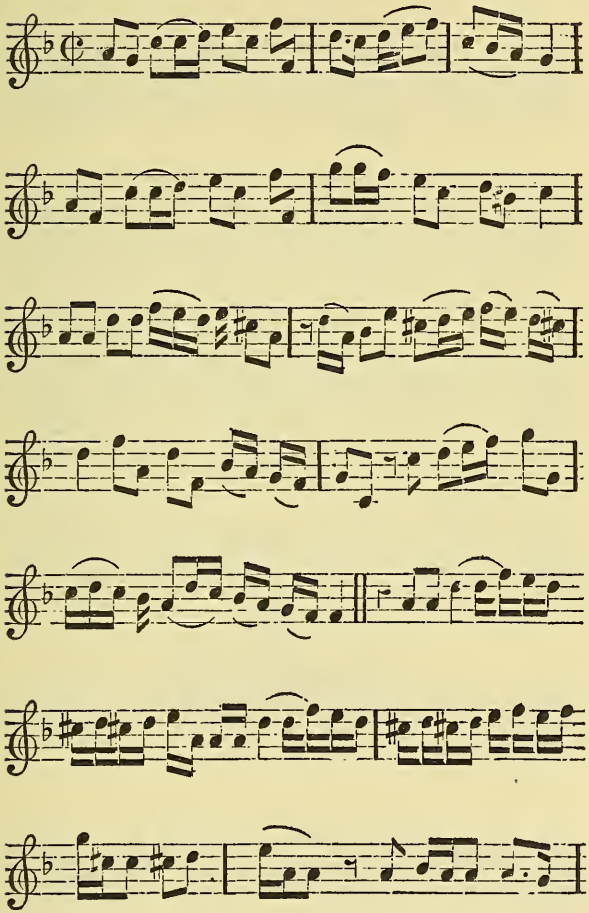
A Song. *Set by Mr.* J. ISUM.

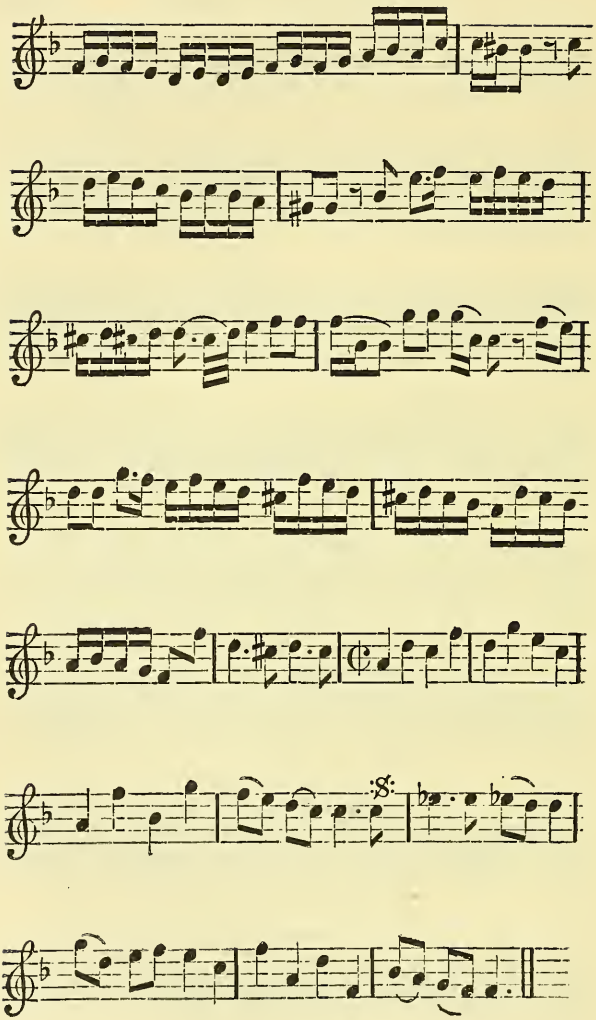




CORINNA if my Fate's to love you,
Corinna if my Fate's to love you,
Where's the harm in saying so?
Corinna if my Fate's to love you,
Where's the harm in saying so?
Why shou'd my Sighs, why shou'd my Sighs,
Why shou'd my Sighs and Fondness move you?
To encrease, to encrease your Shepherd's Woe:
Flame pent in still burns and scorches,
'Till it burns a Lover's Heart:
Love declar'd like lighted Torches,
Wastes it self and gives less Pain:
Love declar'd like lighted Torches,
Wastes it self, wastes it self,
Wastes it self, and gives less Smart.

A Song. *Set by Mr.* JOHN ISUM.

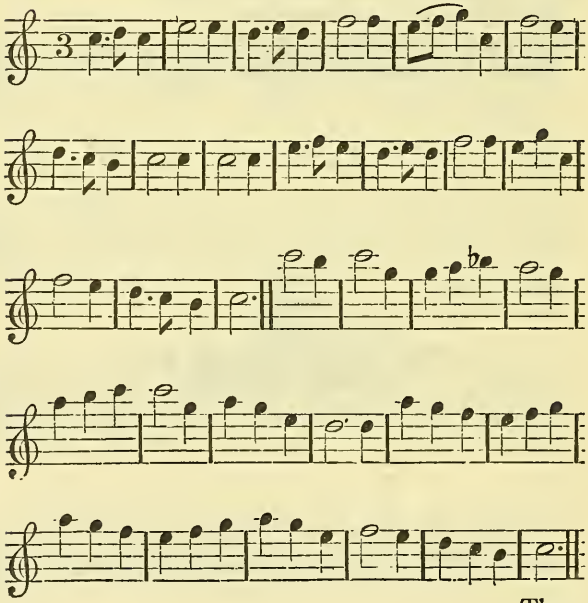




CÆLIA's Charms are past expressing,
Were she kind as she is Fair;
Cælia's Charms are past expressing,
Were she kind as she is Fair:
Heav'ns cou'd grant no greater Blessing,
Nor Earth a Nymph more worth our Care;
Heav'ns cou'd grant no greater Blessing,
Nor Earth a Nymph, nor Earth a Nymph more worth our Care.

But Unkindness, Unkindness mars her Beauty,
And useless makes that Heav'nly,
That Heav'nly, that Heav'nly frame;
But Unkindness mars her Beauty,
And useless makes that Heav'nly, Heav'nly frame:
While she mistakes and calls that Duty,
Which ill Nature others name:
While she mistakes and calls that Duty,
Which ill Nature others name.

The Hopeful Bargain: Or a Fare for a Hackney-Coachman, giving a Comical relation, how an Ale-draper *at the Sign of the* Double-tooth'd Rake *in or near the new* Palace-yard, Westminster, *Sold his Wife for a Shilling, and how she was sold a Second time for five Shillings to* JUDGE; *My Lord—— Coachman, and how her Husband receiv'd her again after she had lain with other Folks three Days and Nights*, &c. *The Tune* Lilly Bullero.



There

THERE lives an Ale-draper near *New-palace-yard*,
Who used to Jerk the Bum of his Wife;
And she was forced to stand on her Guard,
To keep his Clutches from her Quoiff:
She poor Soul the weaker Vessel,
To be reconcil'd was easily won;
He held her in scorn,
But she Crown'd him with Horn,
Without Hood or Scarff, and rough as she run.

He for a Shilling sold his Spouse,
And she was very willing to go;
And left the poor Cuckold alone in the House,
That he by himself his Horn might blow:
A Hackney Coachman he did buy her,
And was not this a very good Fun;
With a dirty Pinner,
As I am a Sinner,
Without Hood or Scarff, but rough as she run.

The Woman gladly did depart,
Between three Men was handed away;
He for her Husband did care not a Fart,
He kept her one whole Night and Day:
Then honest *Judge* the Coachman bought her,
And was not this most cunningly done?
Gave for her five Shilling,
To take her was willing,
Without Hood or Scarff, &c.

The Cuckold to *Judge*, a Letter did send,
Wherein he did most humbly crave;
Quoth he, I prithee, my Rival Friend,
My Spouse again I fain would have:
And if you will but let me have her,
I'll pardon what she e'er has done;
I swear by my Maker,
Again I will take her,
Without Hood and Scarff, &c.

He sent an old Baud to interceed,
And to perswade her to come back;
That he might have one of her delicate breed,
And he would give her a ha'p'uth of Sack:
Therefore prithee now come to me,
Or else poor I shall be undone:
Then do not forgo me,
But prithee come to me,
Without Hood or Scarff, tho' rough, &c.

The Coachman then with much ado,
Did suffer the Baud to take her out;
Upon the Condition that she would be true,
And let him have now and then a Bout:
But he took from her forty Shillings,
And gave her a parting Glass at the *Sun;*
And then with good buyt' ye,
Discharged his Duty,
And turn'd her a grazing, rough as she run.

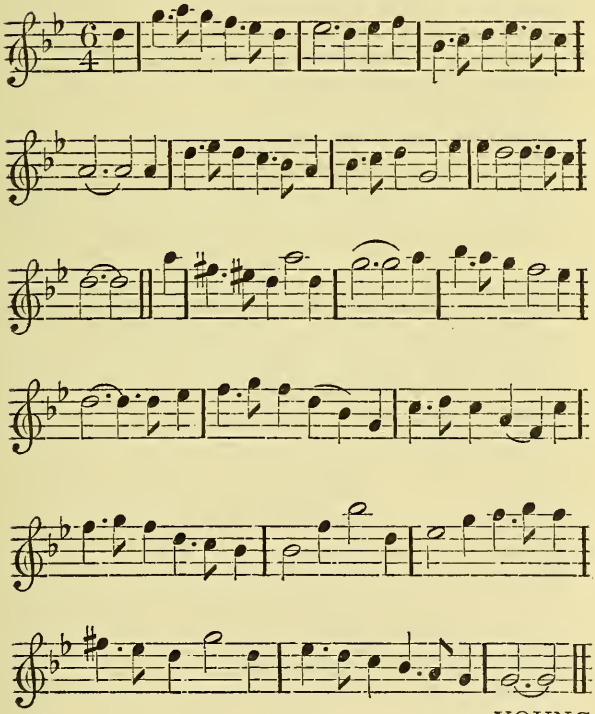
The Cuckold invited the Coachman to dine,
And gave him a Treat at his own Expence;
They drown'd all Cares in full brimmers of Wine,
He made him as welcome as any Prince:
There was all the Hungregation,
Which from *Cuckolds-Point* was come;
They kissed and fumbled,
They touzed and tumbled,
He was glad to take her rough as she run.

Fudge does enjoy her where he list,
He values not the old Cuckold's Pouts;
And she is as good for the Game as e'er pist,
Fudge on his Horns sits drying of Clouts:
She rants and revels when she pleases,
And to end as I begun,
The Horned Wise-acre,
Is forced to take her
Without Hood or Scarff, and rough as she run.

The

The MAIDEN LOTTERY: *Containing* 70 *Thousand Tickets, at a Guinea each; the Prizes being Rich and Loving Husbands, from three Thousand to one Hundred a Year, which Lottery will begin to draw on next* VALENTINE'S *Day.*

Then pretty Lasses venture now,
Kind Fortune *may her Smiles alow.*



YOUNG

YOUNG Ladies that live in the City,
Sweet beautiful proper and Tall;
And Country Maids who dabling wades,
Here's happy good News for you all:
A Lottery now out of hand,
Erected will be in the *Strand;*
Young Husbands with Treasure, and Wealth out of measure
Will fairly be at your Command:
Of her that shall light of a Fortunate Lot,
There's Six of three Thousand a Year to be got.

I tell you the Price of each Ticket,
It is but a Guinea, I'll vow;
Then hasten away, and make no delay,
And fill up the Lottery now:
If *Gillian* that lodges in Straw,
Shall have the good Fortune to draw
A Knight or a 'Squire, he'll never deny her,
'Tis fair and according to Law;
Then come pretty Lasses and purchase a Lot,
There's Ten of two Thousand a Year to be got.

The number is Seventy Thousand,
When all the whole Lot is compleat;
Five Hundred of which, are Prizes most rich,
Believe me for this is no Cheat:
There's Drapers and Taylors likewise,
Brave Men that you cannot despise;
Come *Bridget* and *Jenny*, and throw in your Guinea,
A Husband's a delicate Prize:
Then come pretty Lasses and purchase a Lot,
There's Ten of one Thousand a Year to be got.

Suppose you should win for your Guinea,
A Man of three Thousand a Year;
Would this not be brave; what more would you have?
You soon might in Glory appear:
In glittering Coach you may ride,
With Lackeys to run by your side;

For

For why should you spare it? Faith win Gold and wear it;
Now who would not be such a Bride?
Then come pretty Lasses and purchase a Lot,
There's Sixty, Five Hundreds a Year to be got.

Old Widows, and Maids above Forty,
Shall not be admitted to draw:
There's five Hundred and Ten, as proper young Men,
Indeed, as your Eyes ever saw:
Who scorns for one Guinea of Gold,
To lodge with a Woman that's Old;
Young Maids are admitted, in hopes to be fitted,
With Husbands couragious and bold:
Then come pretty Lasses and purchase a Lot,
There are wealthy kind Husbands now, now to be got.

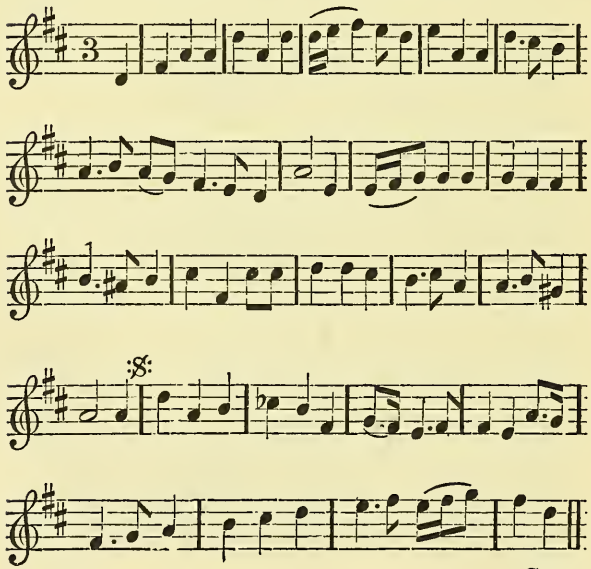
Kind Men that are full of good Nature,
The flaxen, the black, and the brown;
Both lusty and stout, and fit to hold out,
The prime and the top of the Town:
So clever in every part,
They'll please a young Girl to the Heart;
Nay, kiss you, and squeese you, and tenderly please you,
For Love has a conquering Dart:
Then come pretty Lasses and purchase a Lot,
There are Wealthy kind Husbands now, now to be got.

Then never be fearful to venture,
But Girls bring you Guineas away;
Come merrily in, for we shall begin,
To draw upon *Valentine's* Day:
The Prizes are many and great,
Each Man with a worthy Estate;
Then come away *Mary*, *Sib*, *Susan*, and *Sarah*,
Joan, *Nancy*, and pretty fac'd *Kate:*
For now is the time if you'll purchase a Lot,
While Wealthy kind Husbands they are to be got.

Amongst

Amongst you I know there is many,
Will miss of a Capital Prize:
Yet nevertheless, no Sorrows express,
But dry up your watry Eyes:
Young Lasses it is but in vain,
In sorrowful Sighs to complain;
Then ne'er be faint hearted, tho' Luck be departed,
For all cannot reckon to gain:
Yet venture young Lasses, your Guineas bring in,
The Lucky will have the good Fortune to win.

A SONG *on the* JUBILEE.



Come

COME Beaus, Virtuoso's, rich Heirs and Musicians
Away, and in Troops to the *Jubile* jog;
Leave Discord and Death, to the College Physicians,
Let the Vig'rous whore on, and the impotent Flog:
Already *Rome* opens her Arms to receive ye,
And ev'ry Transgression her Lord will forgive ye.

Indulgences, Pardons, and such Holy Lumber,
As cheap there is now as our Cabbages grown;
While musty old Relicks of Saints without number,
For barely the looking upon, shall be shown:
These, were you an Atheist, must needs overcome ye,
That first were made Martyrs, and afterwards Mummy.

They'll shew ye the River, so Sung by the Poets,
With the Rock from whence, Mortals were knockt o'th' Head;
They'll shew ye the place too, as some will avow it,
Where once a She Pope was brought fairly to Bed:
For which, ever since, to prevent Interloping,
In a Chair her Successors still suffer a Groping,

What a sight 'tis to see the gay Idol accoutred,
With Mitre and Cap, and two Keys by his side;
Be his inside what 'twill, yet the Pomp of his outward,
Shows *Servus servorum*, no hater of Pride,
These Keys into Heav'n will as surely admit ye,
As Clerks of a Parish to a Pew in the City.

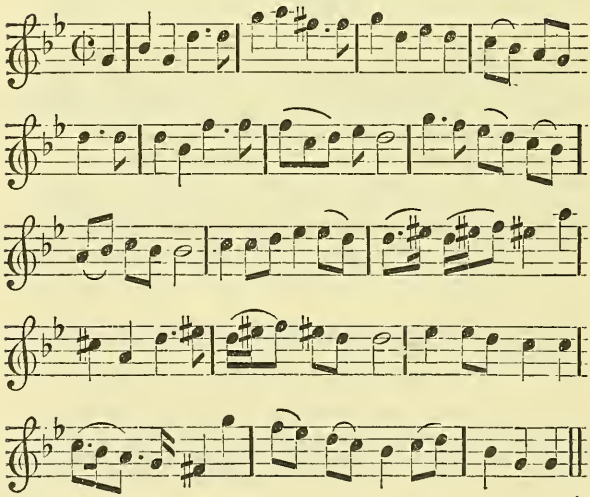
What a sight 'tis to see the old Man in Procession,
Through *Rome* in such Pomp as here *Cæsar* did ride,
Now scattering of Pardons, here Crossing, there Blessing,
With all his shav'd Spiritual Train'd-bans by his side;
As, *Confessors*, *Cardinals*, *Monks* fat as Bacons,
From Rev'rend *Arch-Bishops*, to Rosie *Arch-Deacons*.

Then for your Diversion the more to regale ye,
Fine Music you'll hear, and high Dancing you'll see;
Men

Men who much shall out-warble your Famous *Fideli*,
And make ye meer Fools, of *Balloon* and *L'Abbe:*
And to shew ye how fond they're to Kiss *Vostre Manos*,
Each *Padre* turns Pimp, all *Nuns* Courtezana's.

And when you've some Months at old *Babylon* been-*a*,
And on Pardons, and Punks, all your *Rhino* is spent;
And when you have seen all, that there is to be seen-*a*,
You'll return not so Rich, tho' as Wise as you went:
And 'twill be but small Comfort after so much Expence-*a*,
That your Heirs will do just so an Hundred Years hence-*a*.

A Young Man's WILL.



A *Young Man* sick and like to die,
His last *Will* being written found;
I give my *Soul* to *God* on high,
And my *Body* to the Ground:
Unto some *Church-men* do I give,
Base Minds to greedy Lucre bent;
Pride and *Ambition* whilst they live,
By this my Will *and* Testament.

Item. Poor folks *brown Bread* I give,
And eke *bare Bones*, with hungry Cheeks;
Toil and *Travel* whilst they live,
And to feed on *Roots* and *Leeks:*
Item. To Rich Men I bestow,
High *Looks*, low *Deeds*, and Hearts of Flint;
And that themselves they seldom know,
By this, &c.

Proud stately *Courtiers* do I *Will*,
Two Faces in one Head to wear,
For Great Men *Bribes*, I think most fit,
Pride and *Oppression* through the Year:
Tenants I give them leave to lose,
And *Landlords* for to raise their *Rent;*
Rogues to Fawn, Collogue and glose,
By this, &c.

Item. To *Soldiers* for their *Fees*,
I give them *Wounds* their Bodies full;
And for to beg on bended Knees,
With Cap in Hand to every *Gull:*
Item. I will poor *Scholars* have,
For all their Pains and Travel spent:
Raggs, *Jaggs*, and *Taunts* of every Knave,
By this my Will *and* Testament.

To *Shoemakers* I grant this Boon,
Which *Mercury* gave them once before;
Altho' they earn two Pence by Noon,
To spend e'er Night two Groats and more:

And

And *Blacksmiths* when the Work is done,
I give to them incontinent,
To drink two Barrels with a Bun,
By this my Will *and* Testament.

To *Weavers* swift, this do I leave,
Against that may beseem them well:
That they their good Wives do deceive,
Bring home a Yard and steal an Ell:
And *Taylors* too must be set down,
A *Gift* to give them I am bent;
To cut four Sleeves to every Gown,
By this, &c.

To Tavern haunters grant I more,
Red Eyes, Red Nose, and Stinking Breath;
And Doublets foul with drops before,
And foul Shame until their *Death:*
And *Gamesters* that will never leave,
Before their Substance be all spent;
The Wooden *Dagger* I bequeath,
By this, &c.

To common Fidlers I *Will* that they,
Shall go in poor and thread-bare Coats;
And at most places where they Play,
To carry away more *Tunes* than *Groats:*
To wand'ring *Players* I do give,
Before their *Substance* be all spent;
Proud Silk'n *Beggars* for to live,
By this, &c.

To *Wenching* Smell-smocks give I these,
Dead looks, gaunt purrs, and crasy Back;
And now and then the foul *Disease*,
Such as *Gill* gave to *Jack;*
To *Parretors* I give them clear,
For all their *Toil* and *Travel* spent;
The *Devil* away such *Knaves* to bear,
By this my Will *and* Testament.

I *Will* that *Cutpurses* haunt all *Fairs*,
And thrust among the thickest Throng;
That neither *Purse* nor *Pocket* spare,
But what they get to bear along:
But if they Falter in their Trade,
And so betray their bad intent;
I give them *Tyburn* for their share,
By this my Will *and* Testament.

To serving Men I give this Gift,
That when their Strength is once decay'd;
The Master of such Men do shift,
As Horsemen do a toothless *Jade:*
Item. I give them leave to *Pine*,
For all their Service so ill spent:
And with *Duke Humphry* for to Dine,
By this, &c.

Item. To *Millers* I Grant withal,
That they Spare, nor Poke, nor Sack;
But with *Grist*, so e'er befal,
They Grind a Strike, and steal a Peck:
I *Will* that *Butchers* Huff their Meat,
And sell a lump of *Ramish* scent;
For Weather Mutton good and sweet,
By this, &c.

I *Will* Ale Wives punish their Guests,
With hungry Cakes and little Canns;
And Barm their Drink with new found *Yeest*,
Such as is made of *Pispot* Grounds:
And she that meaneth for to Gain,
And in her House have Money spent,
I *Will* she keep a pretty Punck,
By this my Will *and* Testament.

To jealous Husbands I do grant,
Lack of Pleasure, want of Sleep;
That Lanthorn Horns they never want,
Tho' ne'er so close their Wives they keep:

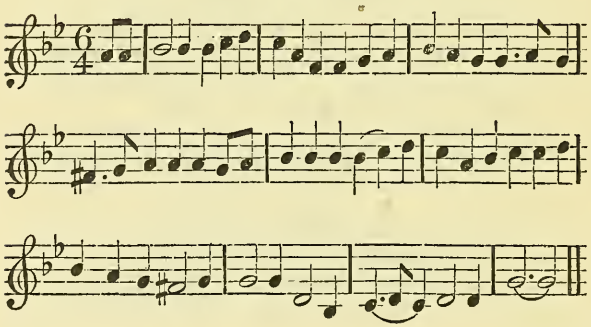
And

And for their Wives, I *Will* that they,
The closer up that they are pent;
The closer still they seek to Play,
By this my Will *and* Testament.

For Swearing *Swaggerers* nought is left,
To give them for a parting Blow;
But leaving off of damned Oaths,
And that of them I will bestow:
Item. I give them for their Pain,
That when all Hope and Livelihood's spent,
A Wallet or a Hempen Chain,
By this &c.

Time and longest Livers do I make,
The Supervisor of my *Will:*
My Gold and Silver let them take,
That will dig for't in *Malvein* Hill.

A New SONG, *Sung at the Playhouse. By Mr.* DOGGET.



In

IN the Devil's Country there lately did dwell,
A crew of such Whores as was ne'er bred in Hell,
The Devil himself he knows it full well,
Which no Body can deny, deny;
Which no Body can deny.

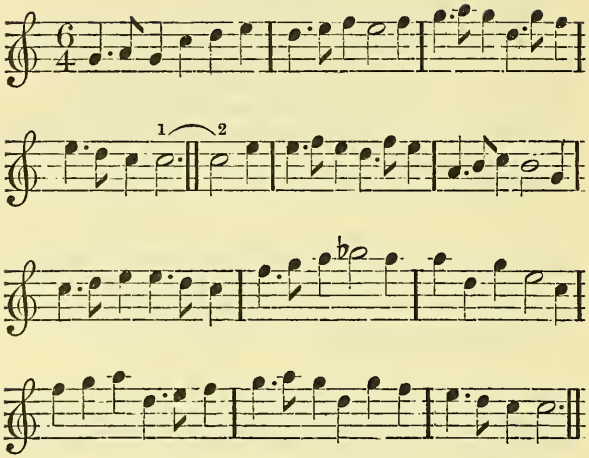
There were Six of the Gang, and all of a Bud,
Which open'd as soon as got into the Blood,
There are five to be hang'd, when the other proves good,
Which no Body, &c.

But it seems they have hitherto sav'd all their Lives,
Since they cou'd not live honest, there's four made Wives,
The other two they are not Marry'd but Sw—s,
Which no Body, &c.

The Eldest the Matron of t'other Five Imps,
Though as Chast as *Diana*, or any o'th' Nymphs,
Yet rather than Daughter shall want it, she Pimps,
Which no Body, &c.

Damn'd Proud and Ambitious both Old and the Young,
And not fit for honest Men to come among,
A damn'd Itch in their Tail, and a sting in their Tongue,
Sing tantara rara Whores all, Whores all,
Sing tantara rara Whores all.

A SONG.



MARRIAGE it seems is for Better for Worse,
Some count it a Blessing and others a Curse ;
The Cuckolds are Blest if the Proverb prove true,
And then there's no doubt but in Heav'n there's enough :
Of honest rich Rogues who ne'er had got there,
If their Wives had not sent them thro' trembling and fear.

Some Women are Honest, tho' rare in a Wife,
Yet with Scolding and Brawling they'll shorten your Life,
You ne'er can enjoy your Bottle and Friend ;
But your Wife like an Imp, is at your Elbow's end :
Crying fie, fie you Sot, come, come, come, come,
So these are Unhappy abroad and at home.

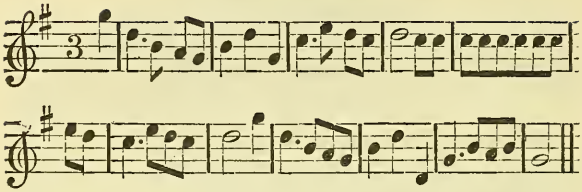
We

We find the Batchelor liveth best,
Tho' Drunk or Sober he takes his rest;
He never is troubl'd with Scolding or Strife,
'Tis the best can be said of a very good Wife:
But merrily Day and Night does spend,
Enjoying his Mistress, Bottle, and Friend.

A Woman out-wits us, do what we can,
She'll make a Fool of ev'ry Wise Man;
Old Mother *Eve* did the *Serpent* obey,
And has taught all her Sex that damnable way:
Of Cheating and Couzening all Mankind,
'Twere better if *Adam* had still been Blind.

The poor Man that Marries he thinks he does well,
I pity's Condition, for sure he's in Hell;
The Fool is a Sotting and spends all he gets,
The Child is a Bawling, the Wife daily Frets:
That Marriage is pleasant we all must agree,
Consider it well, there's none happier can be.

A SONG.



THE *Caffalier* was gone, and the *Roundhead* he was come,
Was the greatest Blessing under the Sun ;
Before the Devil in Hell sally'd out, and ript the Placket of Letter,
Ay, and take her Money too,
Cot bless hur Master Roundhead, *and send hur well to do.*

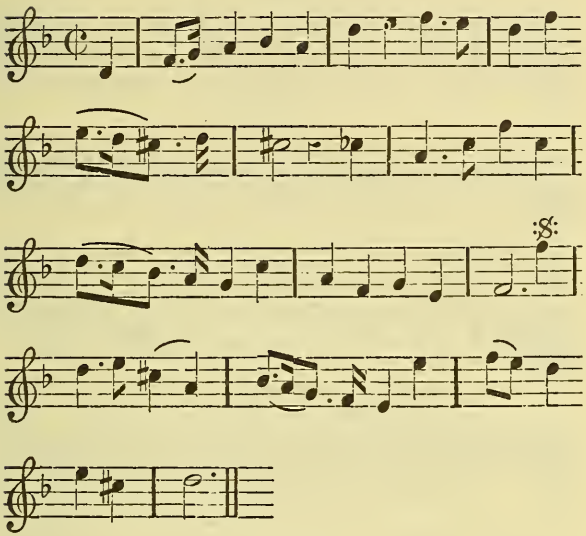
Now hur can go to *Shrewsperry* her Flannel for to sell,
Hur can carry a creat sharge of Money about hur,
Thirty or Forty Groats lap'd in a *Welsh* Carter,
Ay, and think hur self rich too,
Cot bless, &c.

Now hur can coe to Shurch, or hur can stay at home,
Hur can say hur *Lord's Prayer*, or hur can let it alone :
Hur can make a Prayer of hur own Head, lye with hur Holy Sister,
Ay, and say a long Crace too,
Cot bless, &c.

But yet for all the great Coad that you for hur have done,
Would you wou'd made Peace with our King, and let hur come home,
Put off the Military Charge, Impost, and Excise,
Ay, and free Quarter too.
Then Cot shall bless you Master Roundhead, *and send hur well to do.*

A

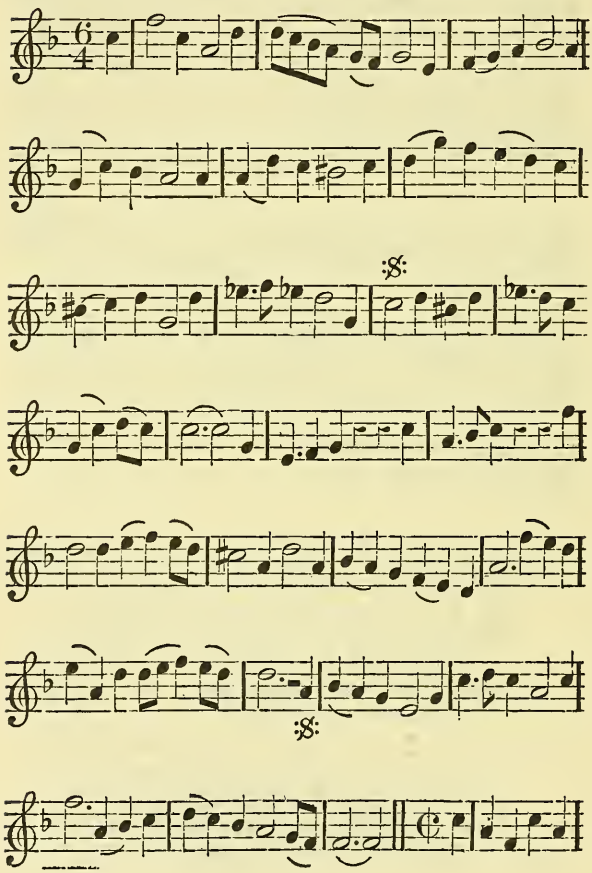
A Song *Sung by Mrs.* Cross. *Set by Mr.* Jeremiah Clark.

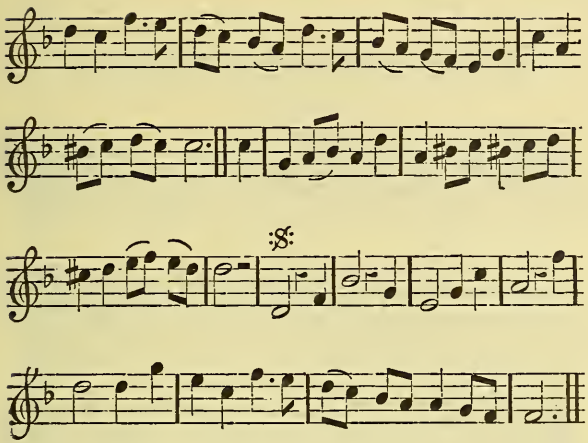


DIVINE *Astrea* hither flew,
To *Cynthia's* brighter Throne;
She left the Iron World below,
To bless the Silver Moon:
She left the Iron World below,
To bless the Silver Moon.

Tho' *Phœbus* with his hotter Beams,
Do's Gold in Earth Create;
That leads those wretches to Extreams,
Of Av'rice, Lust, and Hate.

A SONG *in the* Surpriz'd Lovers. *Set by Mr.* John Eccles, *Sung by Mr.* BOWMAN.

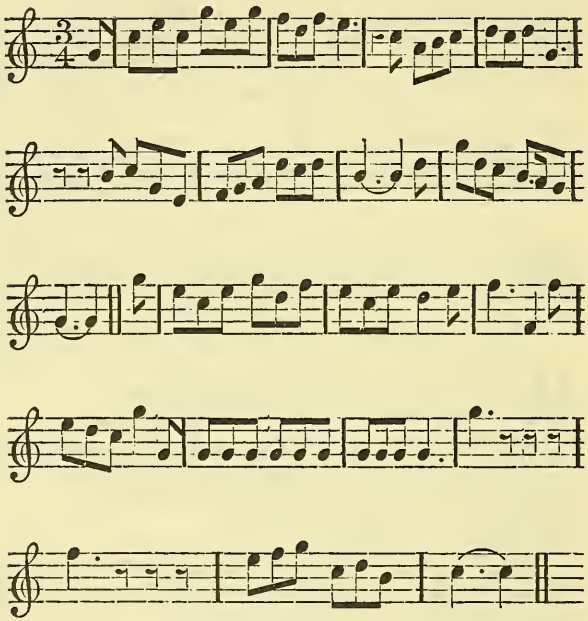




WHEN first I saw her charming Face,
Her taking Shape and moving Grace;
My Rosie Cheeks, my Rosie Cheeks did glow with heat,
My Heart and my Pulse did beat, beat, beat,
My Heart and my Pulse did beat;
I wish'd for a, I wish'd for a, do you, do you guess what,
Do you guess what makes Soldiers fight,
Soldiers Fight, and States-men Plot.

Subdues us all in every thing,
And makes, makes a Subject of a King;
Still she deny'd, and I reply'd,
Away she flew, I did pursue,
At last I catch'd her fast;
But oh! had you seen, but oh! had you seen,
Had you seen what had past between;
Oh! I fear, I fear, oh! I fear, I fear, oh! I fear,
I fear, I fear, I have spoil'd her Wast.

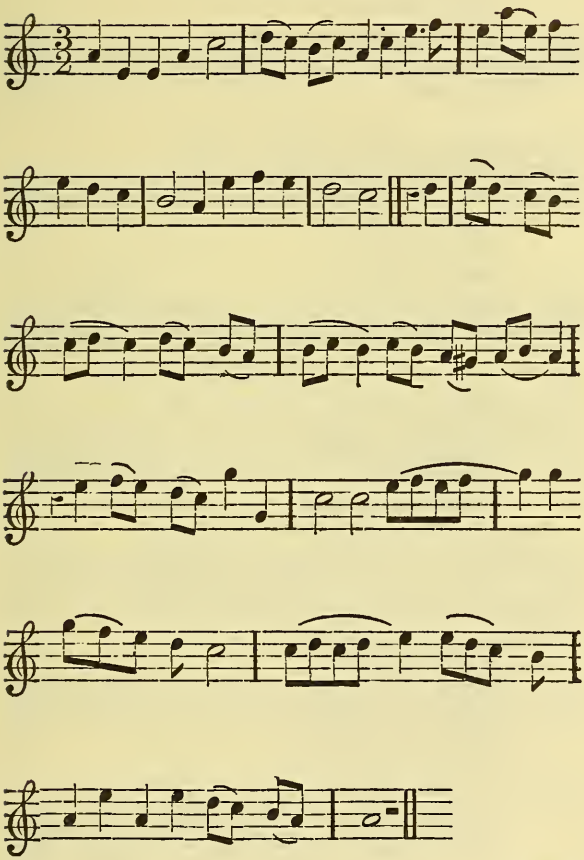
A SONG. *Set by Mr.* AKEROYD.



THE *Devil* he pull'd of his Jacket of Flame,
The *Fryer* he pull'd off his Cowle;
The *Devil* took him for a Dunce of the Game,
And the *Fryer* took him for a Fool:
He piqu'd, and repiqu'd so oft, that at last,
He swore by the Jolly fat *Nuns;*
If Cards came no better than those that are past,
Oh! oh! I shall lose all my *Buns.*

A

A New Song. *Translated from the* French.



Pretty

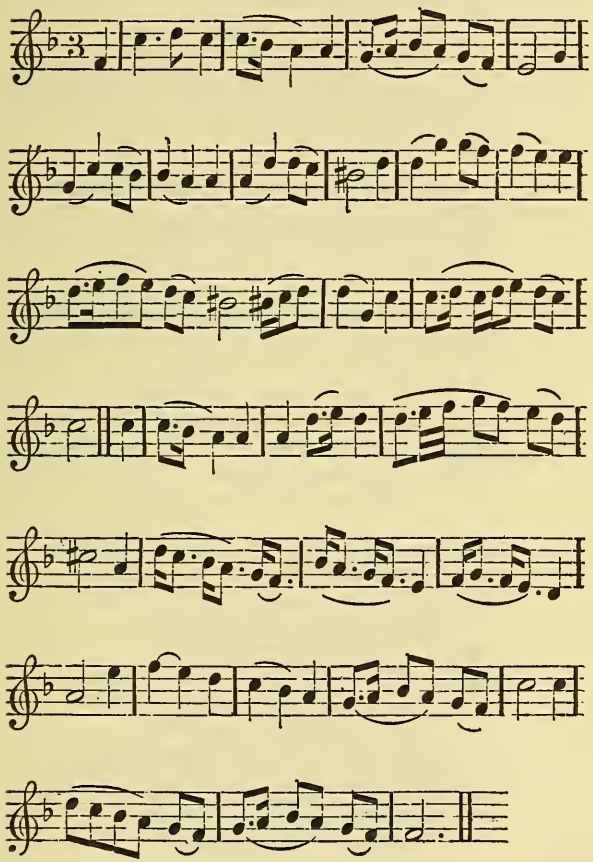
PRETTY Parret say, when I was away,
And in dull absence pass'd the Day;
What at home was doing;
With Chat and Play,
We are Gay,
Night and Day,
Good Chear and Mirth Renewing;
Singing, Laughing all, Singing Laughing all, like pretty pretty Poll.

Was no Fop so rude, boldly to Intrude,
And like a sawcy Lover wou'd,
Court, and Teaze my Lady:
A Thing you know,
Made for Show,
Call'd a Beau,
Near her was always ready,
Ever at her call, like pretty, pretty Poll.

Tell me with what Air, he approach'd the Fair,
And how she could with Patience bear,
All he did and utter'd;
He still address'd,
Still caress'd,
Kiss'd and press'd,
Sung, Prattl'd, Laugh'd, and Flutter'd:
Well receiv'd in all, like pretty, pretty Poll.

Did he go away, at the close of the Day,
Or did he ever use to stay
In a Corner dodging;
The want of Light,
When 'twas Night,
Spoil'd my sight,
But I believe his Lodging,
Was within her call, like pretty, pretty Poll.

A Song *by a Person of Honour. Set by Mr.* John Weldon.



AT Noon in a sultry Summer's Day,
The brightest Lady of the *May*,
Young *Chloris* Innocent and Gay,
Sat Knotting in a shade:
Each slender Finger play'd its part,
With such activity and Art;
As wou'd inflame a Youthful Heart,
And warm the most decay'd.

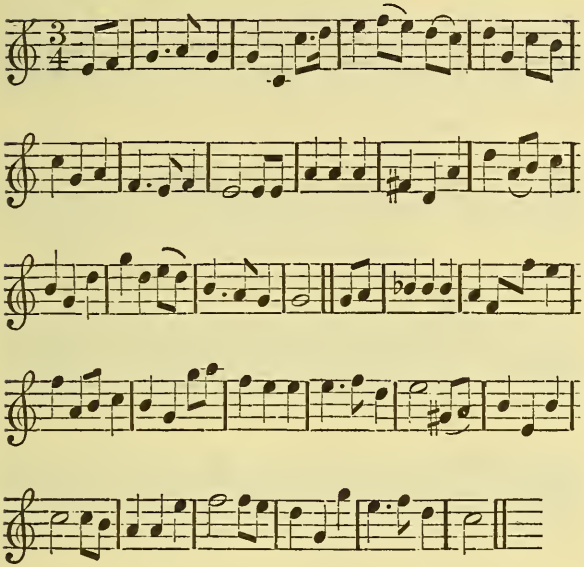
Her Fav'rite Swain by chance came by;
She had him quickly in her Eye,
Yet when the bashful Boy drew nigh,
She wou'd have seem'd afraid,
She let her Iv'ry Needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twisted Ball;
Then gave her *Strephon* such a call,
As wou'd have wak'd the Dead.

Dear gentle Youth is't none but thee?
With Innocence I dare be free;
By so much Trust and Modesty,
No Nymph was e'er betray'd,
Come lean thy Head upon my Lap,
While thy soft Cheeks I stroak and clap;
Thou may'st securely take a Nap,
Which he poor Fool, obey'd.

She saw him Yawn, and heard him Snore,
And found him fast a sleep all o're;
She sigh'd—— and cou'd no more,
But starting up she said,
Such Vertue shou'd rewarded be,
For this thy dull Fidelity;
I'll trust thee with my Flocks, not me,
Pursue thy Grazing Trade.

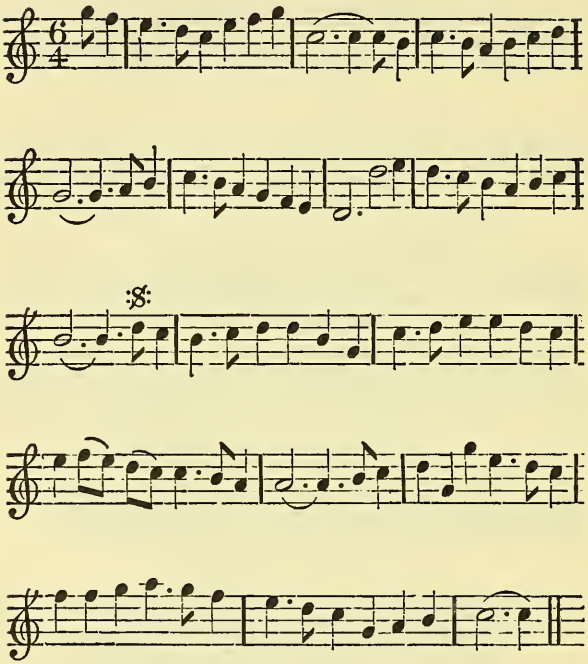
Go milk thy Goats, and Sheer thy Sheep,
And watch all Night thy Flocks, to keep;
Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep,
By me mistaken Maid.

A Song. *Set by Mr.* Jeremy Clark.



WHILE the Lover is thinking,
With my Friend I'll be Drinking
And with Vigour pursue my Delight;
While the Fool is designing,
His fatal confining,
With *Bacchus* I'll spend the whole Night:
With the God I'll be Jolly,
Without Madness or Folly.
Fickle Woman to Marry Implore,
Leave my Bottle and Friend,
For so Foolish an end,
When I do, may I never Drink more.

A Health to the TACKERS.



HERE's a Health to the Tackers, my Boys,
But mine A—se for the Tackers about;
May the brave *English* Spirits come in,
And the Knaves and *Fanaticks* turn out:
Since the *Magpyes* of late, are confounding the State,
And wou'd pull our Establishments down;
Let us make 'em a Jest, for they Shit in their Nest,
And be true to the Church and the Crown.

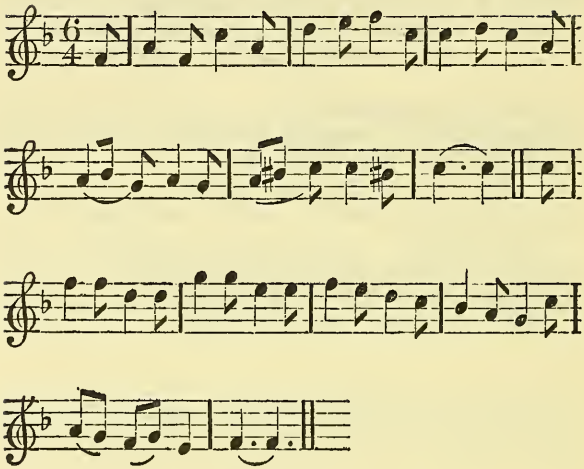
Let

Let us chuse such Parliament Men
As have stuck to their Principles tight ;
And wou'd not their Country betray
In the Story of *Ashby* and *White :*
Who care not a T——d, for a *Whig*, or a Lord,
That won't see our Accounts fairly stated ;
For *C——ll* ne'er fears, the Address of those Peers,
Who the Nation of Millions have Cheated.

The next thing adviseable is,
Since *Schism* so strangely abounds ;
To oppose e'ery Man that's set up
By *Dissenters*, in Corporate Towns :
For *High-Church*, and *Low-Church*, has brought us to no *Church*,
And Conscience so bubbl'd the Nation ;
For who is not still for Conformity Bill,
Will be surely a R—— on Occasion.

A SONG.

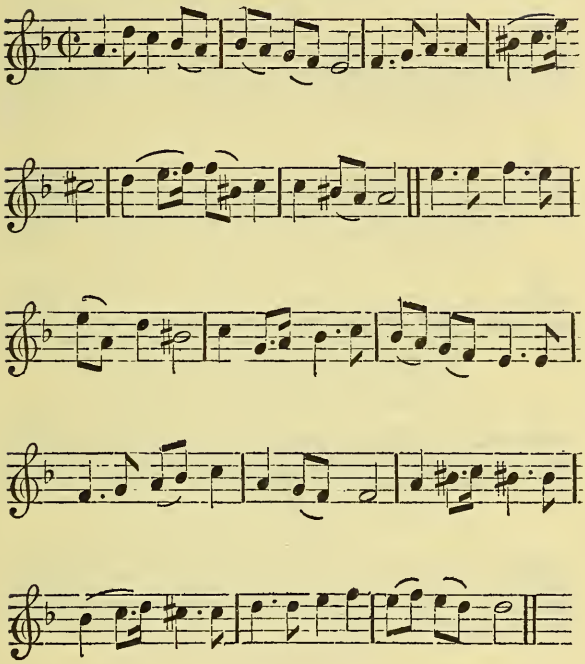
Set by Mr. ANTHONY YOUNG.



SINCE *Cælia* only has the Art,
And only she can Captivate,
And wanton in my Breast;
All other Pleasure I despise,
Than what are from my *Cælia's* Eyes,
In her alone I'm blest.

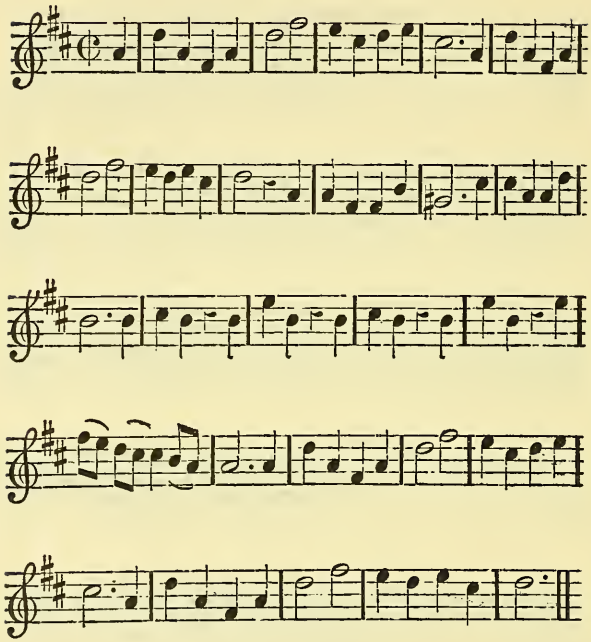
Whene'er she Smiles, new Life she gives,
And happy, happy who receives,
From her Inchanting Breath;
Then prithee *Cælia* smile once more,
Since I no longer must adore,
For when you frown 'tis Death.

A SONG.



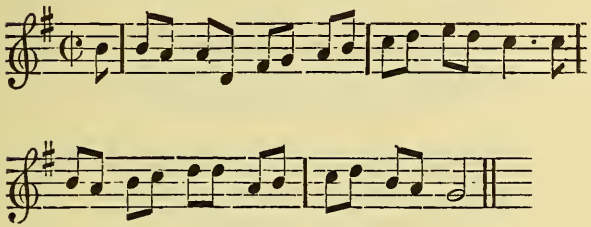
AH! how lovely sweet and dear,
Is the kind relenting Fair,
Who Reprieve us in Despair;
Oh! that thus my Nymph wou'd say,
Come, come my Dear thy Cares repay,
Be Blest my Love, be mine to Day:
Come, come my dear, thy Cares repay,
Be blest my Love, be mine to Day.

A SONG. *Sung by Mrs.* Bracegirdle.



ADvance, advance, advance gay Tenants of the Plain,
Advance, advance, advance, gay Tenants of the Plain,
Loud Eccho spread my Voice,
Loud Eccho spread my Voice,
Loud Eccho, loud Eccho, loud Eccho,
Loud Eccho, loud Eccho, spread my Voice,
Advance, advance, advance, gay Tenants of the Plain,
Advance, advance, advance, gay Tenants of the Plain.

The KING *and the Shepherd, and* GILLIAN *the Shepherd's Wife, with her churlish Answer to the* KING.



IN Elder Time, there was of Yore,
When Guides of churlish Glee;
Were us'd among our Country Earls,
Though no such thing now be.

The which King *Alfred* liking well,
Forsook his stately Court;
And in Disguise unknown went forth,
To see that jovial Sport.

How *Dick* and *Tom*, in clouted Shoon,
And Coats of russet Grey,
Esteem'd themselves more brave than them,
That went in Golden ray.

In Garments fit for such a Life,
The good King *Alfred* went,
All ragg'd and torn, as from his Back
The Beggar his Cloaths had rent.

A Sword and Buckler good and strong,
To give *Jack Sauce* a rap;
And on his Head, instead of Crown,
He wore a *Monmouth* Cap.

Thus coasting through *Somersetshire,*
Near *Newton* Court he met
A Shepherd Swain of lusty Limb,
That up and down did jet.

He wore a Bonnet of good Grey,
Close buttoned to his Chin;
And at his Back a leather Scrip,
With much good Meat therein.

God speed, good Shepherd, quoth the King,
I come to be thy Guest;
To taste of thy good Victuals here,
And drink that's of the best.

Thy Scrip I know, hath Cheer good store,
What then the Shepherd said?
Thou seem'st to be some sturdy Thief,
And mak'st me sore afraid.

Yet if thou wilt thy Dinner win,
The Sword and Buckler take;
And if thou canst into my Scrip,
Therewith an entrance make.

I tell thee, Roister, it hath store
Of Beef, and Bacon fat;
With sheafs of Barly-bread to make
Thy Mouth to water at.

Here stands my Bottle, here my Bag,
If thou canst win them Roister;
Against the Sword and Buckler here,
My Sheep-hook is my Master.

Benedicit now, quoth our good King,
It never shall be said;
That *Alfred* of the Shepherd's Hook,
Will stand a whit afraid.

So

So soundly thus they both fell to't,
And giving Bang for Bang;
At every Blow the Shepherd gave,
King *Alfred's* Sword cry'd twang.

His Buckler prov'd his chiefest Fence,
For still the Shepherd's Hook;
Was that the which King *Alfred* could,
In no good manner brook.

At last when they had fought four Hours,
And it grew just Mid-day;
And wearied both, with right good Will,
Desir'd each others stay.

King, Truce I cry, quoth *Alfred* then,
Good Shepherd hold thy Hand:
A sturdier Fellow than thy self,
Lives not within this Land.

Nor a lustier Roister than thou art,
The churlish Shepherd said,
To tell thee plain, thy Thievish looks,
Now makes my Heart afraid.

Else sure thou art some Prodigal,
Which hast consum'd thy store;
And now com'st wand'ring in this place,
To rob and steal for more.

Deem not of me, then quoth our King,
Good Shepherd in this sort;
A Gentleman well known I am,
In good King *Alfred's* Court.

The Devil thou art, the Shepherd said,
Thou goest in Rags all torn;
Thou rather seem'st, I think to be,
Some Beggar basely born.

But if thou wilt mend thy Estate,
And here a Shepherd be;
At Night to *Gillian* my sweet Wife,
Thou shalt go home with me.

For she's as good a Toothless Dame,
As mumbleth on Brown Bread;
Where thou shalt lie on hurden Sheets,
Upon a fresh Straw Bed.

Of Whig and Whey, we have good store,
And keep good Pease-straw Fires;
And now and then good Barly Cakes,
As better Days requires.

But for my Master which is Chief,
And Lord of *Newton* Court;
He keeps I say, his Shepherds Swains,
In far more braver sort.

We there have Curds, and clouted Cream,
Of Red Cows morning Milk;
And now and then fine Buttered Cakes,
As soft as any Silk.

Of Beef and reised Bacon store,
That is most Fat and Greasy;
We have likewise to feast our Chaps,
And make them glib and easie.

Thus if thou wilt my Man become,
This usage thou shalt have;
If not, adieu, go hang thy self,
And so farewel Sir Knave.

King *Alfred* hearing of this Glee,
The churlish Shepherd said;
Was well content to be his Man,
So they a Bargain made.

A Penny round, the Shepherd gave,
In earnest of this Match;
To keep his Sheep in Field and fold,
As Shepherds use to watch.

His Wages shall be full Ten Groats,
For Service of a Year;
Yet was it not his use, old Lad,
To hire a Man so dear.

For did the King himself (quoth he)
Unto my Cottage come;
He should not for a Twelvemonths Pay,
Receive a greater Sum.

Hereat the bonny King grew blith,
To hear the clownish Jest;
How silly sots, as custom is,
Do discant at the best.

But not to spoil the Foolish sport,
He was content good King;
To fit the Shepherd's humour right,
In every kind of thing.

A Sheep-hook then, with *Patch* his Dog,
And Tar-box by his side;
He with his Master, jig by jowl,
Unto old *Gillian* hy'd.

Into whose sight no sooner came,
Whom have you here (quoth she)
A Fellow I doubt, will cut our Throats,
So like a Knave looks he.

Not so old Dame, quoth *Alfred* strait,
Of me you need not fear;
My Master hir'd me for Ten Groats,
To serve you one whole Year.

So

So good Dame *Gillian* grant me leave,
Within your House to stay;
For by St. *Ann*, do what you can,
I will not yet away.

Her churlish usage pleas'd him still,
Put him to such a Proof,
That he at Night was almost choak'd,
Within that smoaky Roof.

But as he sat with smiling cheer,
The event of all to see;
His Dame brought forth a piece of Dow,
Which in the Fire throws she.

Where lying on the Hearth to bake,
By chance the Cake did burn;
What can'st thou not, thou Lout (quoth she)
Take Pains the same to turn:

Thou art more quick to take it out,
And eat it up half Dow,
Than thus to stay till't be enough,
And so thy Manners show.

But serve me such another Trick,
I'll thwack thee on the Snout;
Which made the patient King, good Man,
Of her to stand in Doubt:

But to be brief, to bed they went,
The good old Man and's Wife;
But never such a Lodging had
King *Alfred* in his Life:

For he was laid in white Sheeps Wool,
New pull'd from tanned Fells,
And o'er his Head hang'd Spiders Webbs,
As if they had been Bells.

Is this the Country Guise, thought he,
Then here I will not stay ;
But hence be gone as soon as breaks
The peeping of the Day.

The cackling Hens and Geese kept roost,
And perched at his side ;
Whereat the last the watchful Cock,
Made known the Morning Tide.

Then up got *Alfred* with his Horn,
And blew so long a Blast,
That made *Gillian* and her Groom,
In Bed full sore agast.

Arise, quoth she, we are undone,
This Night, we lodged have,
At unawares within our House,
A false dissembling Knave ;

Rise Husband, rise, he'll cut our Throats,
He calleth for his Mates,
I'd give old *Will* our good Cade Lamb,
He would depart our Gates.

But still King *Alfred* blew his Horn
before them, more and more,
'Till that a hundred Lords and Knights,
All lighted at the Door :

Which cry'd all hail, all hail good King,
Long have we look'd your Grace ;
And here you find (my merry Men all)
Your Sovereign in this place.

We shall surely be hang'd up both,
Old *Gillian* I much fear,
The Shepherd said, for using thus
Our good King *Alfred* here :

O pardon, my Liege, quoth *Gillian* then,
For my Husband and for me,
By these ten Bones I never thought
The same that now I see:

And by my Hook, the Shepherd said,
An Oath both good and true,
Before this time, O noble King,
I never your Highness knew:

Then pardon me and my old Wife,
That we may after say,
When first you came into our House,
It was a happy Day.

It shall be done, said *Alfred* streight,
And *Gillian* thy old Dame,
For this thy churlish using me,
Deserveth not much Blame.

For this thy Country Guise I see,
To be thus bluntish still,
And where the plainest Meaning is,
Remains the smallest Ill.

And Master, lo I tell thee now,
For thy low Manhood shown,
A Thousand Weathers I'll bestow
Upon thee for thy own.

And pasture Ground, as much as will
Suffice to feed them all,
And this thy Cottage I will change
Into a stately Hall.

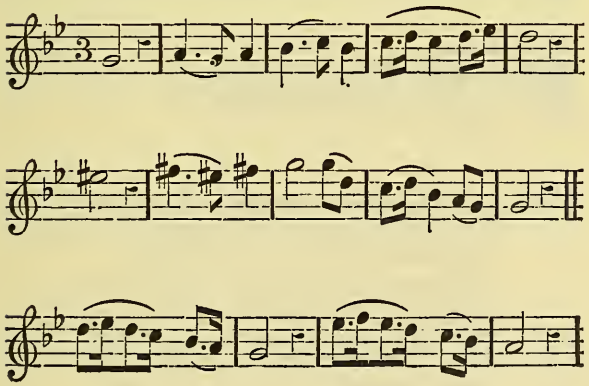
As for the same, as Duty binds,
The Shepherd said, good King,
A milk white Lamb once every Year,
I'll to your Highness bring.

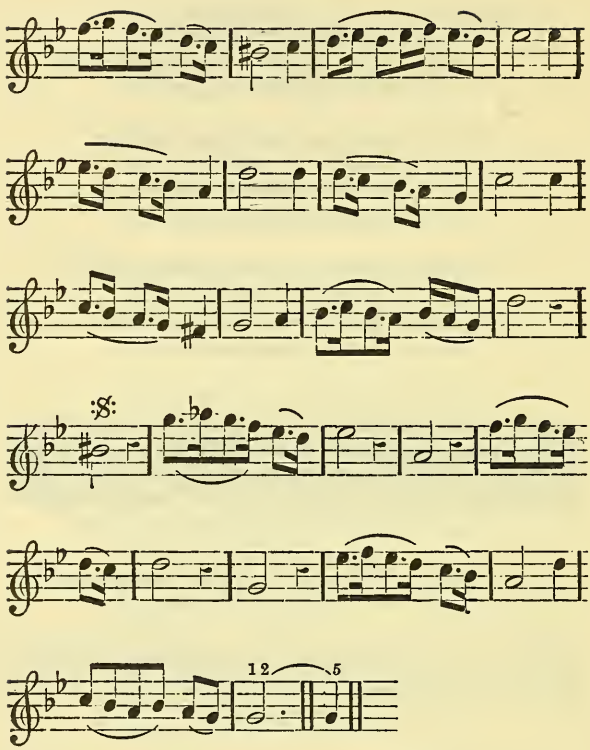
And *Gillian* my Wife likewise,
Of Wool to make you Coats,
Will give you as much at New Year's Tide,
As shall be worth ten Groats :

And in your Praise my Bagpipe shall
Sound sweetly once a Year,
How *Alfred* our renowned King,
Most kindly hath been here.

Thanks Shepherd, thanks, quoth he again
The next time I come hither,
My Lords with me here in this House,
Will all be merry together.

A SONG. *Sung by Mrs.* Bracegirdle.

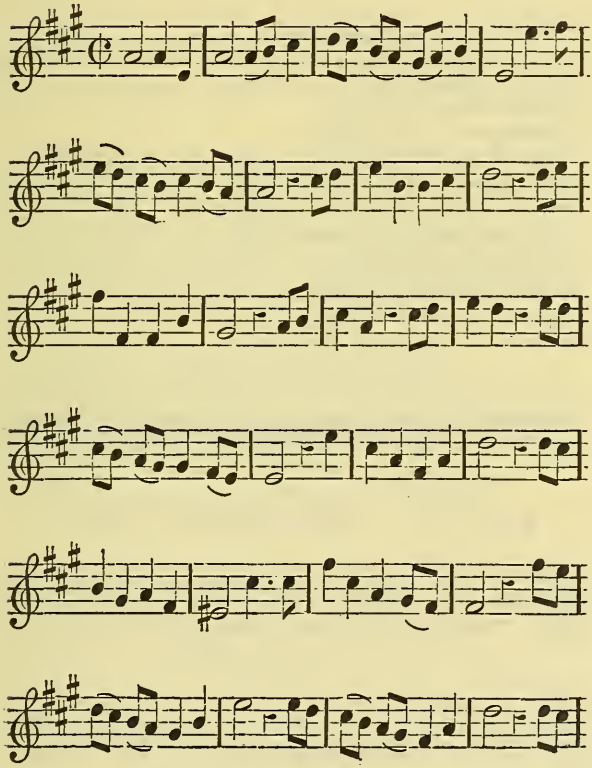


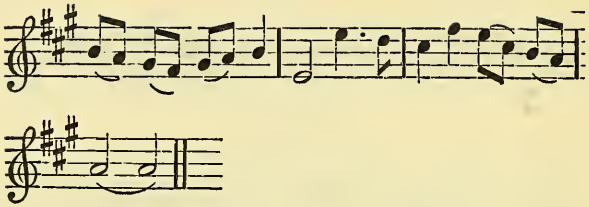


CEASE, cease of *Cupid* to complain,
Love, Love's a Joy even while a Pain;
Oh! then think! oh! then think;
Oh! then think how great his Blisses,
Moving Glances, balmy Kisses,
Charming Raptures, matchless Sweets,
Love, Love alone, Love, Love alone,
Love, Love alone, all Joys compleats.

A SONG.

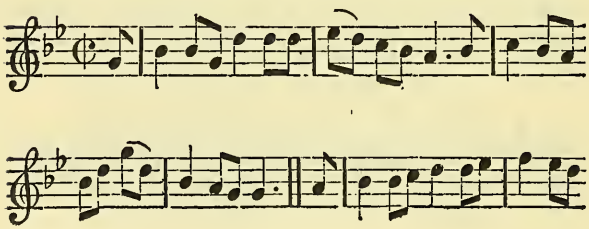
Sung by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

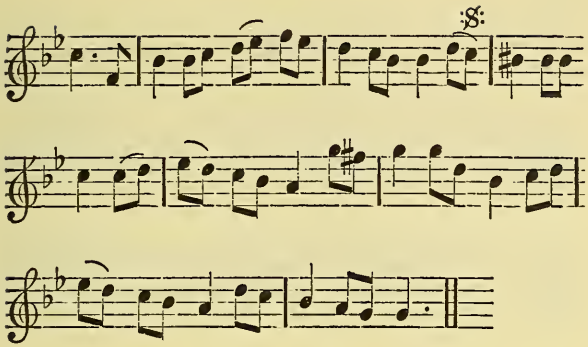




COME, come ye Nymphs,
Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,
Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,
Galatea leaves the Main,
To revive us on the Plain,
To revive us, to revive us, to revive us on the Plain;
Come, come, come, come ye Nymphs,
Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,
Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain,
Galatea leaves the Main,
To revive us on the Plain,
To revive us on the Plain,
Come ye Nymphs and ev'ry Swain.

A SONG. *Set by Mr.* John Barret.



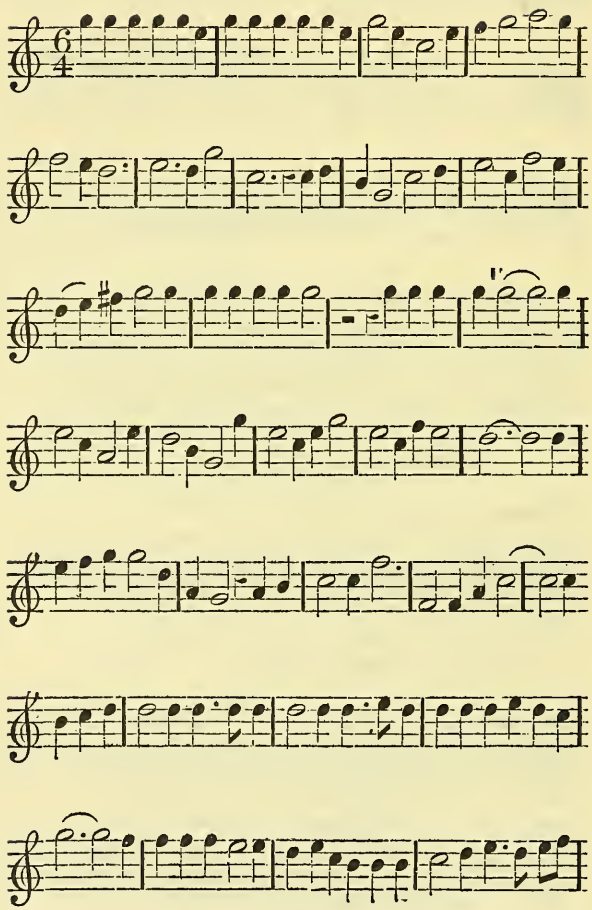


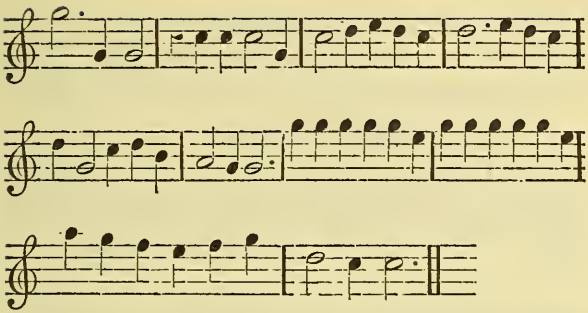
Anthia the lovely, the Joy of her Swain,
By *Iphis* was lov'd, and lov'd *Iphis* again;
She liv'd in the Youth, and the Youth in the Fair,
Their Pleasure was equal, and equal their Care;
No Time, no Enjoyment their Dotage withdrew;
But the longer they liv'd, but the longer they liv'd,
Still the fonder they grew.

A Passion so happy alarm'd all the Plain,
Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd the Swain;
Some swore 'twould be pity their Loves to invade,
That the Lovers alone for each other was made:
But all, all consented, that none ever knew,
A Nymph yet so kind, a Nymph yet so kind,
Or a Shepherd so true.

Love saw 'em with Pleasure, and vow'd to take care
Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent Pair;
What either did want, he bid either to move,
But they wanted nothing, but ever to love:
Said, 'twas all that to bless him his God-head cou'd do,
That they still might be kind, that they still might be kind,
And they still might be true.

A SONG.

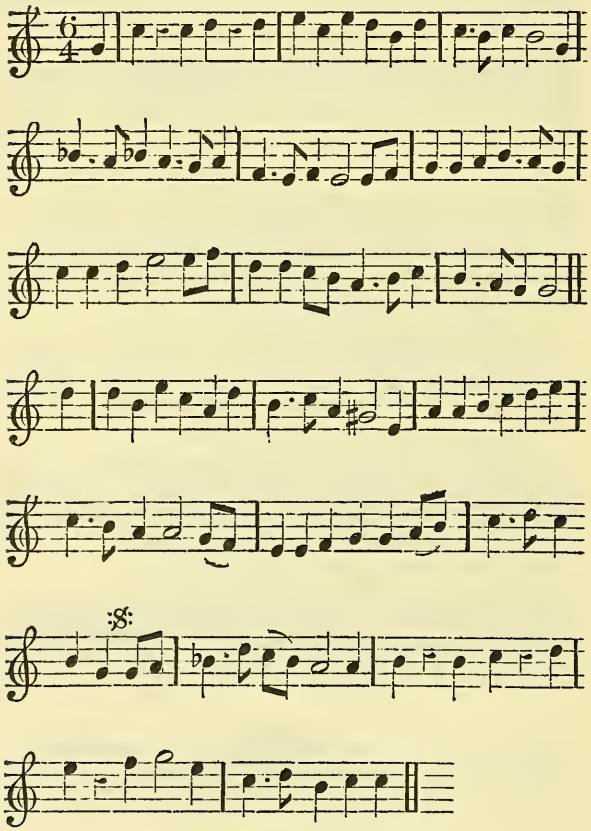




BRing out your Coney-Skins
Bring out your Coney-Skins Maids to me,
And hold them fair that I may see,
Grey, Black and Blue, for the smaller Skins
I'll give you Bracelets, Laces, Pins,
And for your whole Coney
Here's ready Money,
Come gentle *Joan*, do thou begin
With thy black Coney, thy black Coney-Skin,
And *Mary* and *Joan* will follow,
With their Silver-hair'd Skins and yellow ;
The White Coney-Skin I will not lay by,
For tho' it be faint, it is fair to the Eye :
The Grey it is worn, but yet for my Money,
Give me the bonny, bonny black Coney ;
Come away fair Maids, your Skins will decay,
Come and take Money Maids, put your Wares away :
Ha'ye any Coney-Skins, ha'ye any Coney-Skins,
Ha'ye any Coney-Skins here to sell ?

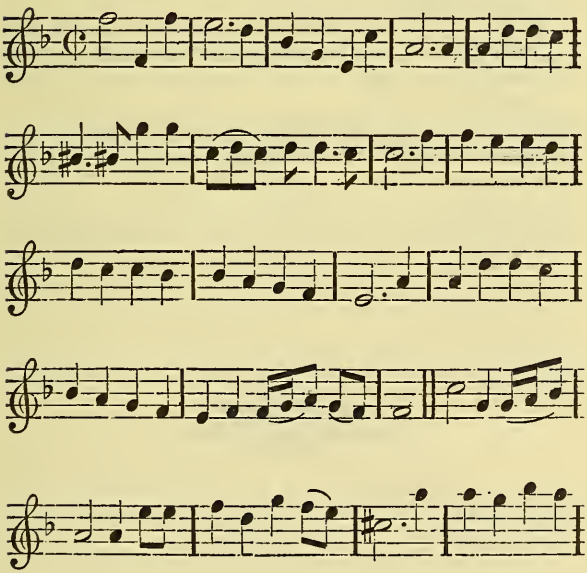
A SONG.

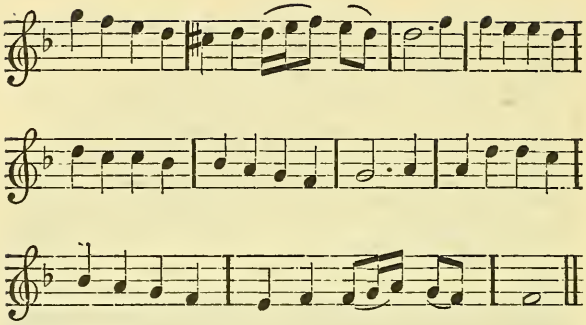
The Words by Mr. Clossold, *Set by Mr.* John WILFORD.



NAY pish, nay pish, nay pish Sir, what ails you ;
Lord ! What is't you do ?
I ne'er met with one so uncivil as you ;
You may think as you please, but if Evil it be,
I wou'd have you to know, you're mistaken in me.
You Men now so rude, and so boistrous are grown,
A Woman can't trust her self with you alone :
I cannot but wonder what 'tis that shou'd move ye ;
If you do so again, I swear, I swear, I swear, I swear,
I swear I won't love ye.

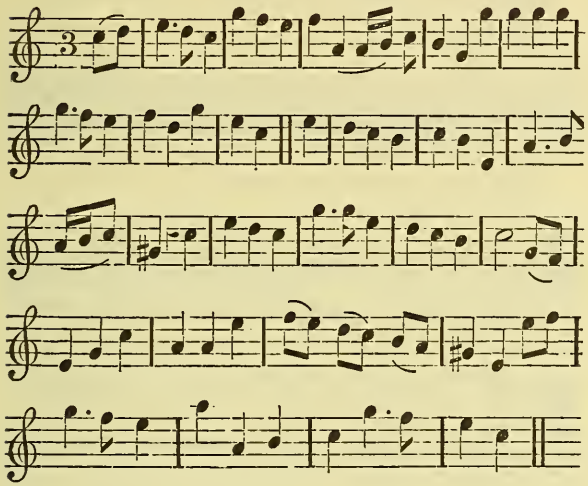
A SONG. *Set by Mr.* Motley.





DRAW *Cupid* draw, and make fair *Sylvia* know;
The mighty Pain her suff'ring Swain does for her undergo;
Convey this Dart into her Heart, and when she's set on Fire,
Do thou return and let her burn, like me in chast desire;
That by Experience she, may learn to pity me,
Whene'er her Eyes do tyrannize o'er my Captivity:
But when in Love we jointly move, and tenderly imbrace,
Like Angels shine, and sweetly join to one another's Face.

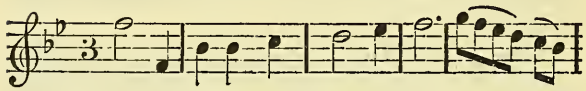
A SONG; *The Words by a Person of a Quality. Set to Musick by Mr.* Robert Cary.



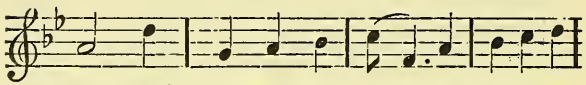
SOme brag of their *Chloris*, and some of their *Phillis*,
Some cry up their *Cælia*, and bright *Amaryllis:*
Thus Poets and Lovers their Mistresses dub,
And Goddesses fram'd from the Wash-bowl and Tub;
But away with these Fictions, and Counterfeit Folly:
There's a thousand more Charms in the Name of my *Dolly*.

I cannot describe you her Beauty and Wit,
Like Manna to each she's a relishing Bit;
She alone by Enjoyment, the more does prevail,
And still with fresh Pleasures does hoist up your Sail:
Nay, had you a Surfeit, but took of all others,
One Look from my *Dolly* your Stomach recovers.

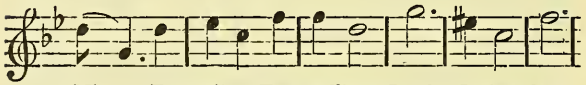
The Mountebank SONG. *Sung by Dr.* LEVERIGO. *and his merry Andrew* Pinkanello, *in* Farewel to Folly. *Set by Mr.* LEVERIDGE.



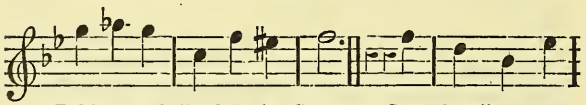
HEre are People and Sports of all sizes and



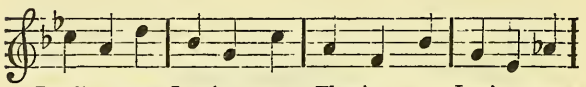
sorts, Coach'd Damsel with Squire, and Mob in the



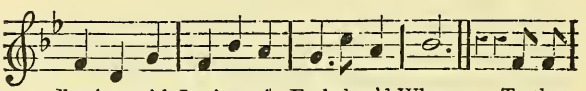
Mire, Tarpaulins, Trugmallions, Lords, Ladys, Sows,



Babies, and Loobys in Scores. Some howling, some

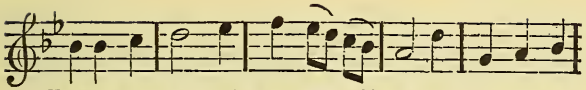


Bawling, some Leering, some Fleering, some Loving, some

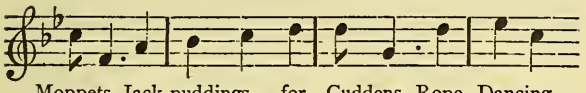


Shoving, with Legions of Furbelow'd Whores. To the

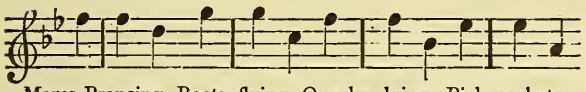
Ta-



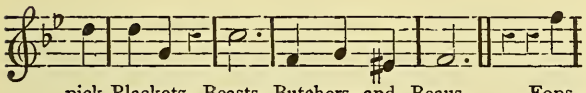
Tavern, some go, and some to a Show, see Poppets for



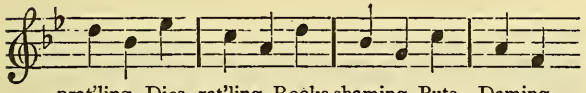
Moppets, Jack-puddings, for Cuddens, Rope Dancing,



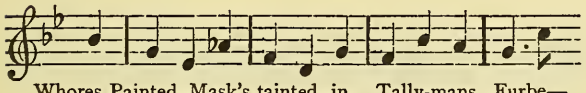
Mares Prancing, Boats flying, Quacks lying, Pick-pockets,



pick Plackets, Beasts, Butchers, and Beaus. Fops

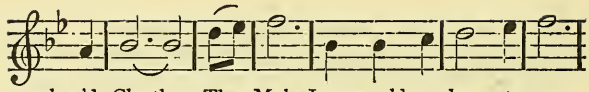


prat'ling, Dies rat'ling, Rooks shaming, Puts Daming,



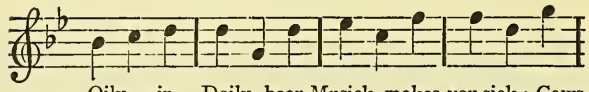
Whores Painted, Mask's tainted, in Tally-mans Furbe—

—low'd

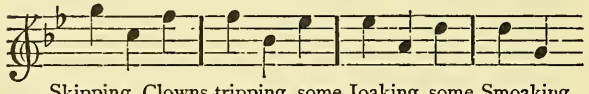


—low'd Cloaths. The Mobs Joys would you know to yon

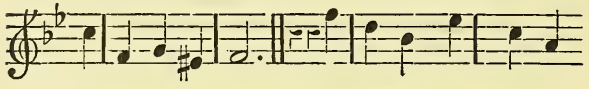
Musick-house go, see Tailors, and Saylors, Whores



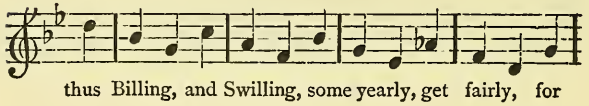
Oily in Doily, hear Musick, makes you sick : Cows



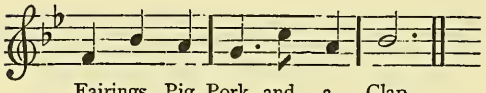
Skipping, Clowns tripping, some Joaking, some Smoaking,



like Spiggit and Tap ; short Measure, strange Pleasure



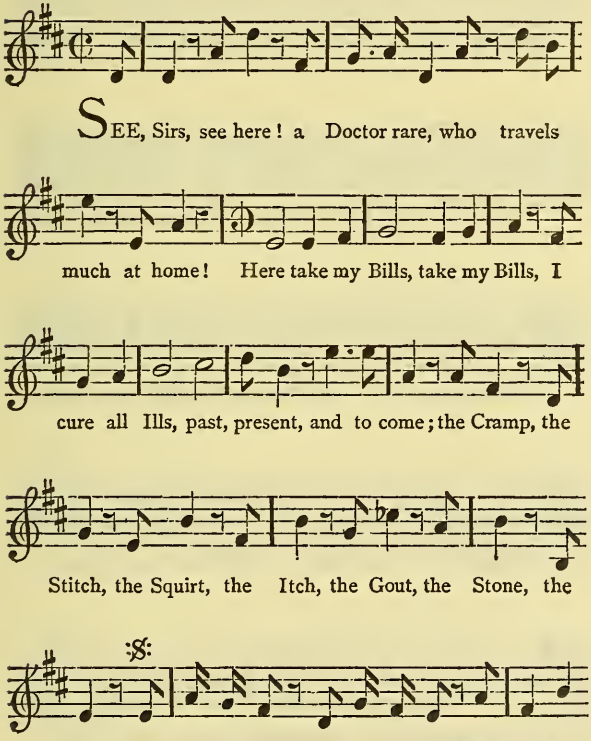
thus Billing, and Swilling, some yearly, get fairly, for

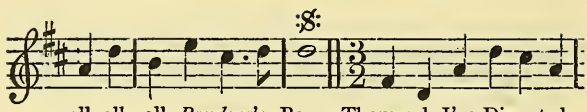


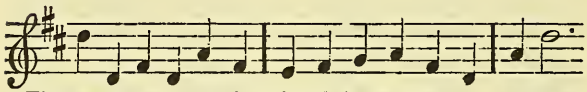
Fairings Pig, Pork, and a Clap.

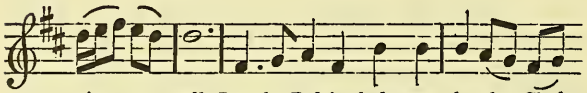
The

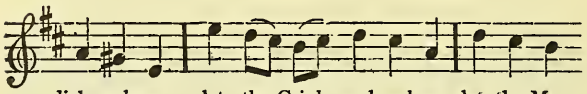
The Mountebank SONG. *Set and Sung by Mr.* LEVERIDGE, *in a New Play call'd,* Farewel to Folly.

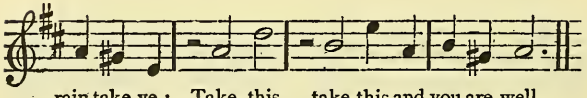


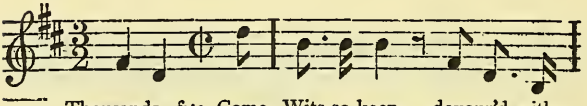

all, all, all, *Pandora's* Box ; Thousands I've Dissected,


Thousands new erected, and such Cures effected, as none

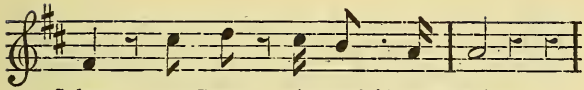

e'er can tell. Let the Palsie shake ye, let the Chol-


—lick rack ye, let the Crinkums break ye, let the Mur-

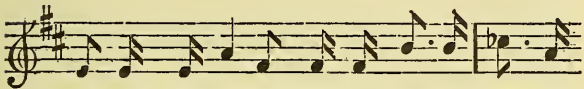

—rain take ye ; Take this, take this and you are well.


Thousands, &c. Come Wits so keen, devour'd with

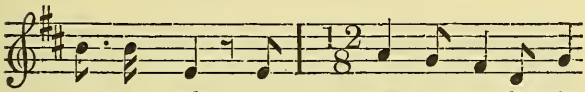
Spleen



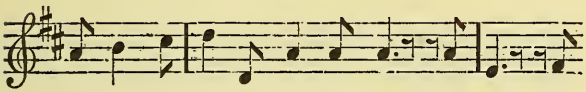
Spleen; come Beaus who sprain'd your Backs,



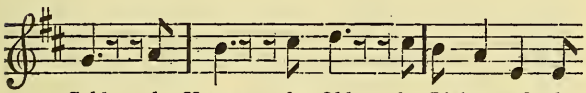
Great-belly'd Maids, old founder'd Jades, and Pepper'd



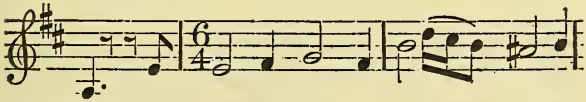
Vizard Cracks. I soon remove the pains



of Love, and cure the Love-sick Maid; the Hot, the

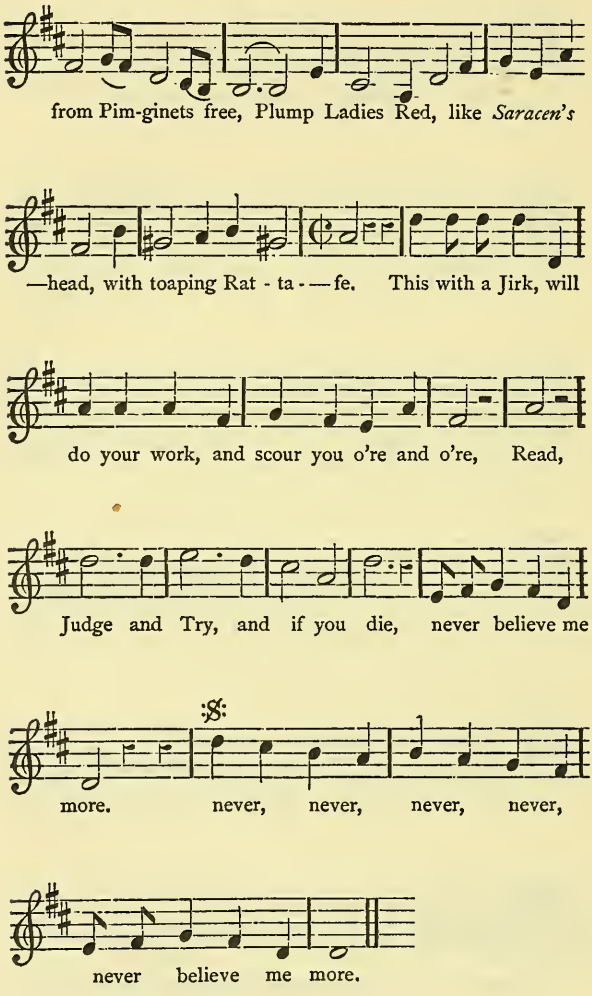


Cold, the Young, the Old, the Living and the

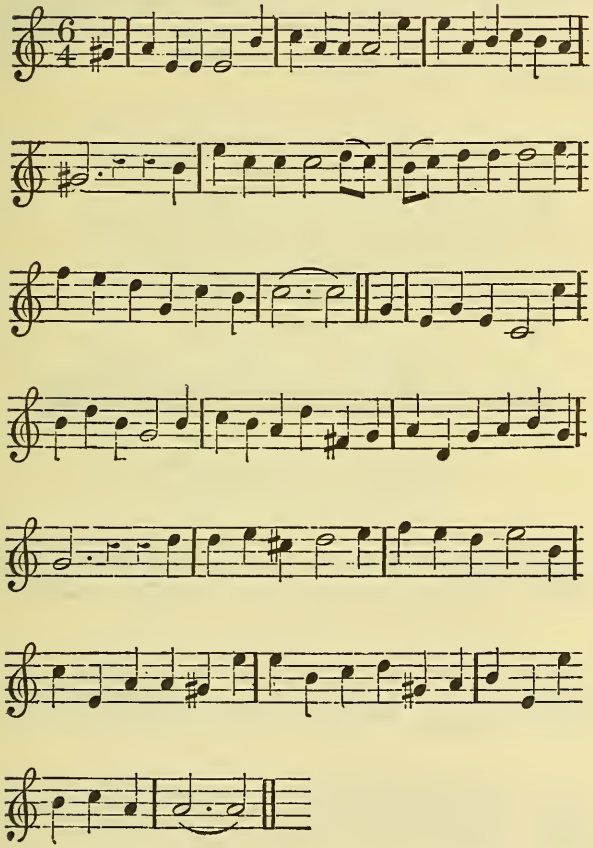


Dead. I clear the Lass with Wainscot Face, and

from


from Pim-ginets free, Plump Ladies Red, like *Saracen's*
—head, with toaping Rat - ta - — fe. This with a Jirk, will
do your work, and scour you o're and o're, Read,
Judge and Try, and if you die, never believe me
more. never, never, never, never,
never believe me more.

A Song *in the* Mock Marriage. *Sung by Mrs.* Knight. *Set by Mr.* Henry Purcell.

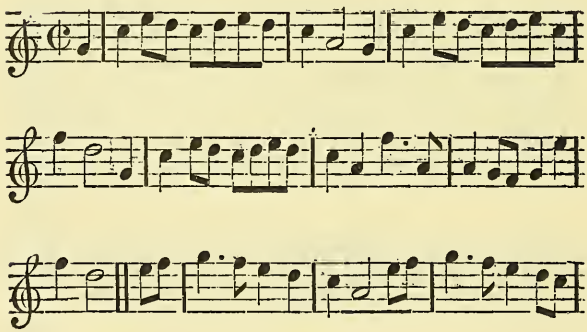


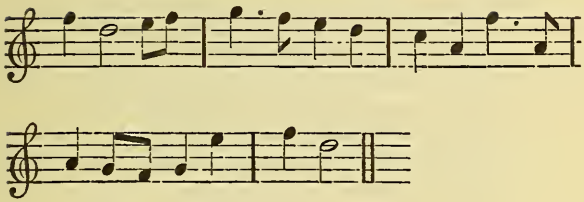
Oh!

OH! how you protest and solemnly swear,
Look humble, and fawn like an Ass;
I'm pleas'd, I must own, when ever I see
A Lover that's brought to this pass.
Keep, keep further off, you're naughty I fear,
I vow I will never, will never, will never yield to't;
You ask me in vain; for never I swear,
I never, no never, I never, no never,
I never, no never will do't.

For when the Deed's done, how quickly you go,
No more of the Lover remains,
In hast you depart, whate'er we can do,
And stubbornly throw off your Chains:
Desist then in time, let's hear on't no more,
I vow I will never yield to't;
You promise in vain, in vain you adore,
For I will never, no never will do't.

JOCKEY'S *Lamentation.*





JOckey met with *Jenny* fair
Betwixt the dawning and the Day,
And *Jockey* now is full of Care,
For *Jenny* stole his Heart away:
Altho' she promis'd to be true,
Yet she, alas, has prov'd unkind,
That which do make poor *Jenny* rue,
For *Jenny's* fickle as the Wind:
And, *'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,*
'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
The Wind has blown my Plad away.

Jockey was a bonny Lad,
As e'er was born in *Scotland* fair;
But now poor *Jockey* is run mad,
For *Jenny* causes his Despair;
Jockey was a Piper's Son,
And fell in Love while he was young:
But all the Tunes that he could play,
Was, *o'er the Hills, and far away,*
And, *'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,*
'Tis o'er the Hills and far away,
'Tis o'er the Hills and far away,
The Wind has blown my Plad away.

When first I saw my *Jenny's* Face,
She did appear with sike a Grace,
With muckle Joy my Heart was fill'd;
But now alas with Sorrow kill'd.

Oh!

Oh! was she but as true as fair,
'Twou'd put an end to my Despair;
But ah, alass! this is unkind,
Which sore does terrify my Mind;
'Twas o'er the Hills, and far away,
'Twas o'er the Hills, and far away,
'Twas o'er the Hills, and far away,
That Jenny *stole my Heart away.*

Did she but feel the dismal Woe
That for her Sake I undergo,
She surely then would grant Relief,
And put an end to all my Grief:
But oh, she is as false as fair,
Which causes all my sad Despair;
She triumphs in a proud Disdain,
And takes Delight to see my Pain;
'Tis o'er the Hills, &c.

Hard was my Hap to fall in Love,
With one that does so faithless prove;
Hard was my fate to court the Maid,
That has my constant Heart betray'd:
A thousand times to me she swore,
She would be true for evermore:
But oh! alas, with Grief I say,
She's stole my Heart, and run away;
'Twas o'er the Hills, &c.

Good gentle *Cupid* take my part,
And pierce this false one to the Heart,
That she may once but feel the Woe,
As I for her do undergo;
Oh! make her feel this raging Pain,
That for her Love I do sustain;
She sure would then more gentle be,
And soon repent her Cruelty;
'Tis o'er the Hills, &c.

I now must wander for her sake,
Since that she will no Pity take,
Into the Woods and shady Grove,
And bid adieu to my false Love:
Since she is false whom I adore,
I ne'er will trust a Woman more,
From all their Charms I'll fly away,
And on my Pipe will sweetly play;
'Tis o'er the Hills, &c.

There by my self I'll sing and say,
'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
That my poor Heart is gone astray,
Which makes me grieve both Night and Day;
Farewel, farewel, thou cruel she,
I fear that I shall die for thee:
But if I live, this Vow I'll make,
To love no other for your sake.
'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
'Tis o'er the Hills, and far away,
The Wind has blown my Plad away.

The Recruiting Officer: *Or*, The Merry Volunteers: *Being an Excellent New Copy of Verses upon raising Recruits.*

To the foregoing Tune.

HARK! now the Drums beat up again,
For all true Soldiers Gentlemen,
Then let us list, and march I say,
Over the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills and o'er the Main,
To *Flanders*, *Portugal* and *Spain*,
Queen *Ann* commands, and we'll obey,
Over the Hills and far away.

All

All Gentlemen that have a Mind,
To serve the Queen that's good and kind;
Come list and enter into Pay,
Then o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

Here's Forty Shillings on the Drum,
For those that Volunteers do come,
With Shirts, and Cloaths, and present Pay,
When o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

Hear that brave Boys, and let us go,
Or else we shall be prest you know;
Then list and enter into Pay,
And o'er the Hills and far away,
Over the Hills, &c.

The Constables they search about,
To find such brisk young Fellows out;
Then let's be Volunteers I say,
Over the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

Since now the *French* so low are brought,
And Wealth and Honour's to be got,
Who then behind wou'd sneaking stay?
When o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

No more from sound of Drum retreat,
While *Marlborough*, and *Gallaway* beat,
The *French* and *Spaniards* every Day,
When over the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

He that is forc'd to go and fight,
Will never get true Honour by't,
While Volunteers shall win the Day,
When o'er the Hills and far away;
Over the Hills, &c.

What

What tho' our Friends our Absence mourn,
We all with Honour shall return ;
And then we'll sing both Night and Day,
Over the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills, &c.

The Prentice *Tom* he may refuse,
To wipe his angry Master's Shoes ;
For then he's free to sing and play,
Over the Hills and far away ;
Over the Hills, &c.

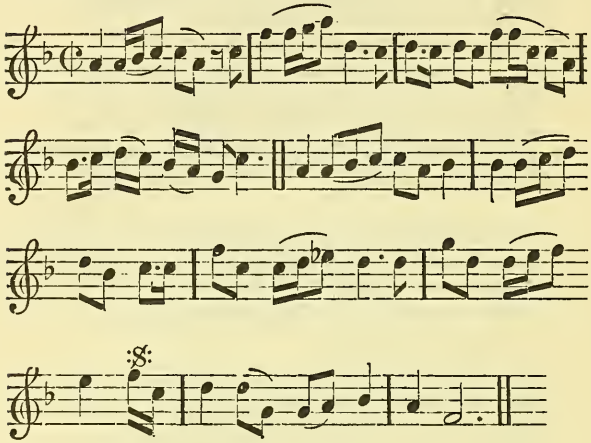
Over Rivers, Bogs, and Springs,
We all shall live as great as Kings,
And Plunder get both Night and Day,
When over the Hills and far away,
Over the Hills, &c.

We then shall lead more happy Lives,
By getting rid of Brats and Wives,
That Scold on both Night and Day,
When o'er the Hills and far away :
Over the Hills, &c.

Come on then Boys and you shall see,
We every one shall Captains be,
To Whore and rant as well as they,
When o'er the Hills and far away :
Over the Hills, &c.

For if we go 'tis one to Ten,
But we return all Gentlemen,
All Gentlemen as well as they,
When o'er the Hills and far away :
Over the Hills, &c.

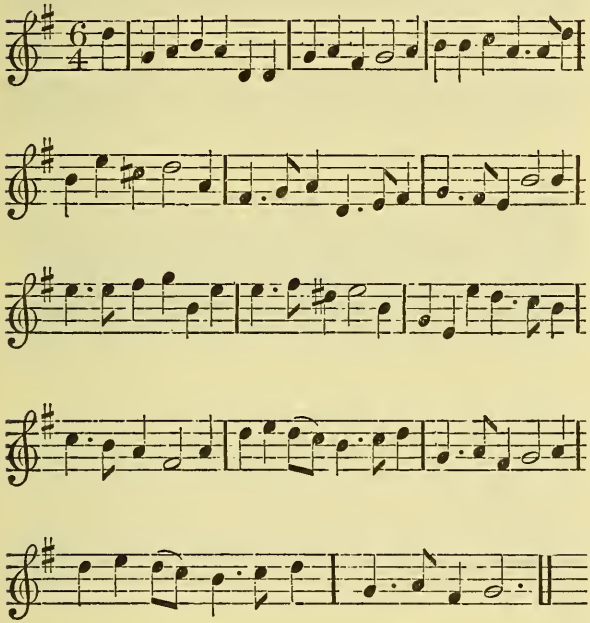
A Scotch SONG. *Set by Mr.* JOHN BARRETT.



AH! foolish Lass, what mun I do?
My Modesty I well may rue,
Which of my Joy bereft me;
For full of Love he came,
But out of silly shame,
With pish and phoo I play'd,
To muckle the coy Maid,
And the raw young Loon has left me.

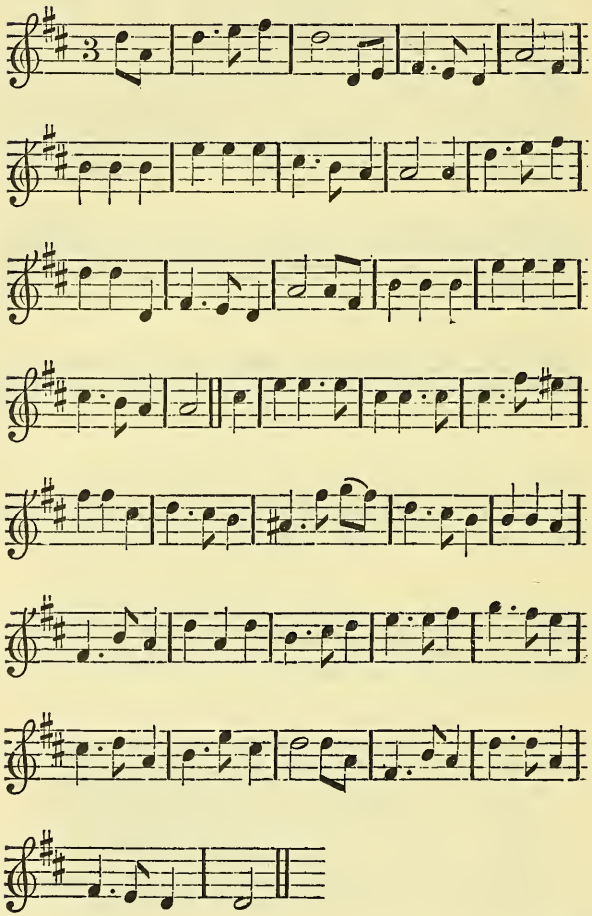
Wou'd *Jockey* knew how muckle I lue,
Did I less Art, or did he shew,
More Nature, how bleast I'd be;
I'd not have reason to complain,
That I lue'd now in vain,
Gen he more a Man was,
I'd be less a coy Lass,
Had the raw young Loon weel try'd me.

A Song *in the Comedy call'd* Justice Buisy, *or the* Gentleman Quack: *Set by Mr.* John Eccles, *Sung by Mrs.* Bracegirdle.



NO, no ev'ry Morning my Beauties renew,
Where-ever I go, I have Lovers enough;
I Dress and I Dance, and I Laugh and I Sing,
Am lovely and lively, and gay as the Spring:
I Visit, I Game, and I cast away Care,
Mind Lovers no more, than the Birds of the Air,
Mind Lovers no more, than the Birds of the Air.

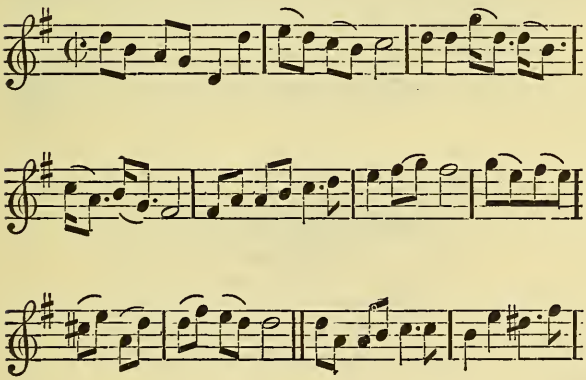
A SONG. *Set by Mr.* WILLIS.

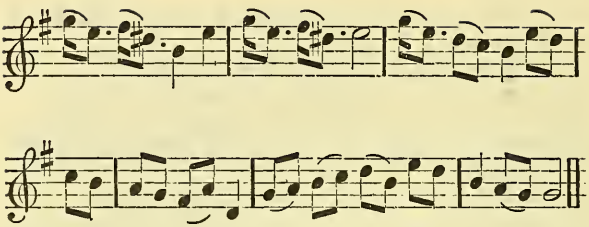


Now

NOW my Freedom's regain'd, and by *Bacchus* I swear,
All whining dull whimsys of Love I'll cashire :
The Charm's more engaging in Bumpers of Wine,
Then let *Chloe* be Damn'd, but let this be Divine :
Whilst Youth warms thy Veins, Boy embrace thy full Glasses,
Damn *Cupid* and all his poor Proselyte Asses ;
Let this be thy rule *Tom*, to square out thy Life,
And when Old in a Friend, thou'lt live free from all Strife,
Only envied by him that is plagu'd with a Wife.

A Scotch Song, *the Words by Mr.* Peter Noble, *Set by Mr.* John Wilford.

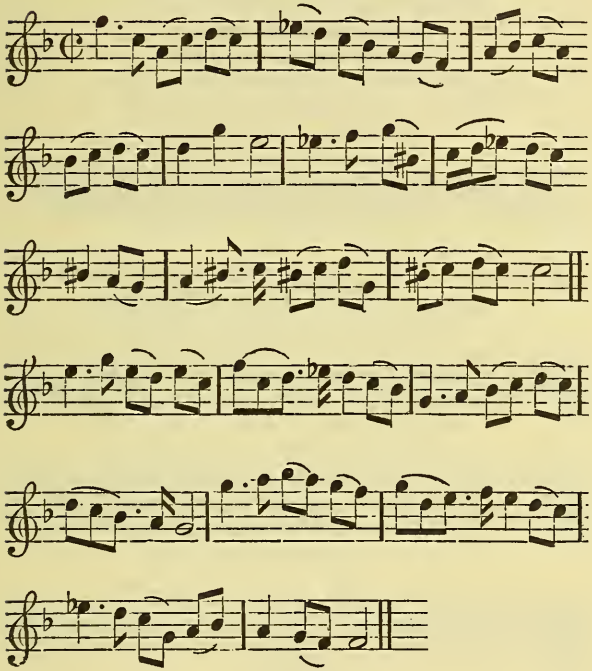




BONNY *Scottish* Lads that keens me weel,
Lith ye what, ye what good Luck Ise fun;
Moggey is mine own in spight o'th' De'el,
I alone her Heart has won:
Near St. *Andrew's* Kirk in *London* Town,
There Ise, Ise met my Dearest Joy;
Shinening in her Silken Hued and Gown,
But ne'er ack, ne'er ack she prov'd not Coy.

Then after many Compliments,
Streight we gang'd into the Kirk;
There full weel she tuck the documents,
And flang me many pleasing Smirk:
Weel I weat that I have gear enough,
She's have a Yode to ride ont;
She's neither drive the Swine, nor the Plough,
Whatever does betide ont.

A New SONG *in the Play call'd,* a DUKE and no DUKE. *Sung by Mrs.* CIBBER.

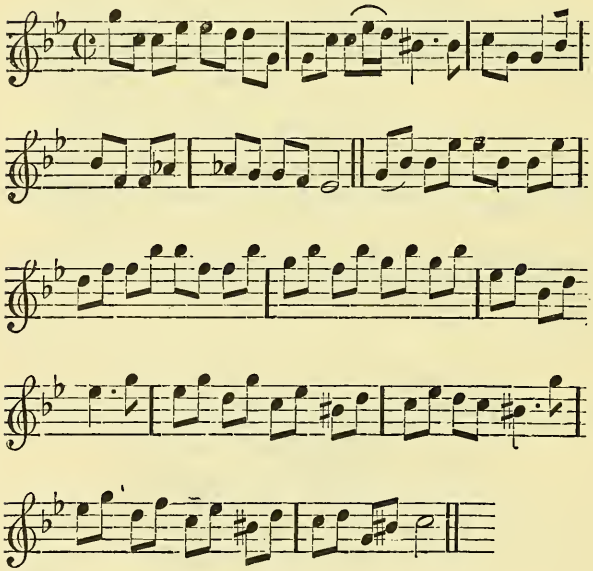


DAMON if you will believe me,
'Tis not sighing o'er the Plain;
Songs nor Sonnets can't relieve ye,
Faint Attempts in Love are vain:
Urge but home the fair Occasion,
And be Master of the Field;
To a powerful kind Invasion,
'Twere a Madness not to yield.

Tho'

Tho' she vow's she'll ne'er permit ye,
Says you're rude, and much to blame;
And with Tears implores your pity,
Be not merciful for shame:
When the first assault is over,
Chloris time enough will find;
This so fierce and Cruel Lover,
Much more gentle, not so kind.

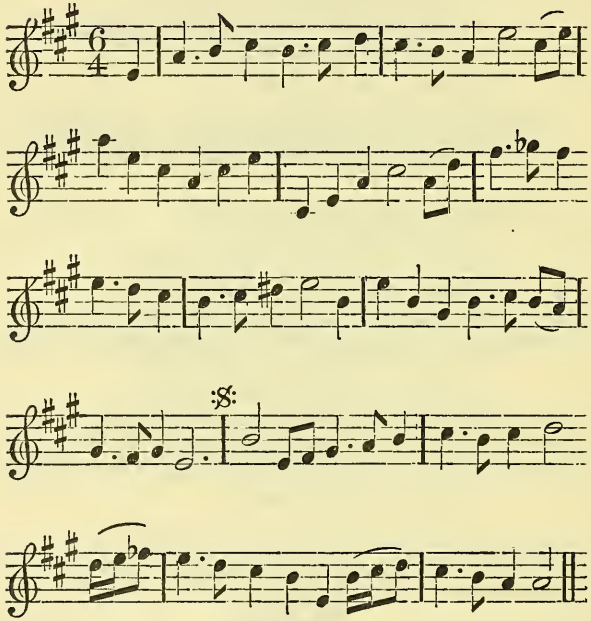
A SONG. *The Words made to a Tune of the late Mr.* Henry Purcell's.



DRUNK I was last Night that's poss,
My Wife began to Scold;
Say what I cou'd for my Heart's Blood,
Her Clack she wou'd not hold:
Thus her Chat she did begin,
Is this your time of coming in;
The Clock strikes One, you'll be undone,
If thus you lead your Life:
My Dear said I, I can't deny,
But what you say is true;
I do intend, my Life to mend,
Pray lends the Pot to Spew.

Fye, you Sot, I ne'er can bear,
To rise thus e'ery Night;
Tho' like a Beast you never care,
What consequence comes by't:
The Child and I may starve for you,
We neither can have half our due;
With grief I find, you're so unkind,
In time you'll break my Heart:
At that I smil'd, and said dear Child,
I believe your in the wrong;
But if't shou'd be you're destiny,
I'll sing a merry Song.

The Gelding the Devil. Set by Mr. Tho. Wroth.



I Met with the Devil in the shape of a Ram,
Then over and over the Sow-gelder came;
I rose and halter'd him fast by the Horns,
And pick'd out his Stones, as you would pick out Corns;
Maa, quoth the Devil, with that out he slunk,
And left us a Carkass of Mutton that stunk.

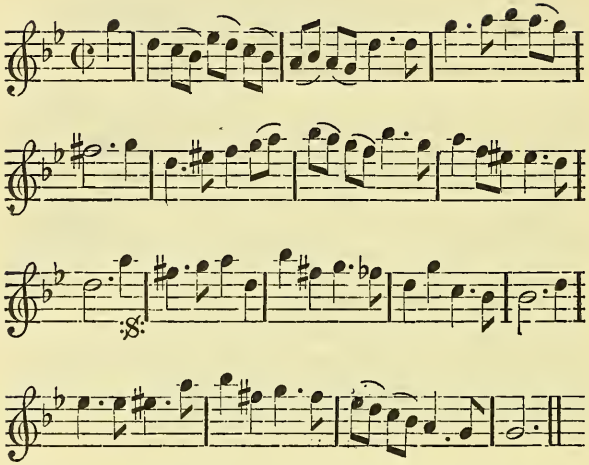
I chanc'd to ride forth a Mile and a half,
Where I heard he did live in disguise of a Calf;
I bound him and Gelt him e'er he did any evil,
For he was at the best but a young sucking Devil:
Maa, yet he cries, and forth he did steal,
And this was sold after for excellent Veal.

Some half a Year after in the Form of a Pig,
I met with the Rogue, and he look'd very big;
I caught at his Leg, laid him down on a Log,
E'er a Man could Fart twice, I made him a Hog:
Huh, huh quoth the Devil, and gave such a Jerk,
That a *Jew* was Converted and eat of that Pork.

In Woman's attire I met him most fine,
At first sight I thought him some Angel divine;
But viewing his crab Face I fell to my Trade,
I made him forswear ever acting a Maid:
Meaw, quoth the Devil, and so ran away,
Hid himself in a Fryer's old Weeds as they say.

I walked along and it was my good chance,
To meet with a Black-coat that was in a Trance;
I speedily grip'd him and whip'd off his Cods,
'Twixt his Head and his Breech, I left little odds:
O, quoth the Devil, and so away ran,
Thou oft will be curst by many a Woman.

A SONG.



WHEN *Jemmy* first began to love,
He was the finest Swain;
That ever yet a Flock had drove,
Or Danc'd upon the Plain:
'Twas then that I, woe's me poor heart,
My Freedom threw away;
And finding sweets in every part,
I could not say him nay.

For ever when he spake of Love,
He wou'd his Eyes decline;
Each Sigh he gave a Heart wou'd move,
Good faith, and why not mine:
He'd press my Hand, and Kiss it oft,
His silence spoke his Flame;
And whilst he treated me thus soft,
I wish'd him more to blame.

Some-

Sometimes to feed my Flock with his,
Jemmy wou'd me invite;
Where he the finest Songs would Sing,
Me only to Delight:
Then all his Graces he display'd,
Which were enough I trow;
To conquer any Princely Maid,
So did he me I trow.

But now for *Jemmy* I must Mourn,
He to the Wars must go;
His Sheephook to a Sword must turn,
Alack what shall I do?
His Bagpipes into Warlike sounds,
Must now converted be;
His Garlands into fearful Wounds,
Oh! what becomes of me?

A Song; *to the Tune of* Woobourn *Fair.*

Vol. 4. Pag. 330.

JILTING is in such a Fashion,
And such a Fame,
Runs o'er the Nation,
There's never a Dame
Of highest Rank, or of Fame,
Sir, but will stoop to your Caresses,
If you do but put home your Addresses:
It's for that she Paints, and she Patches,
All she hopes to secure is her Name, Sir.

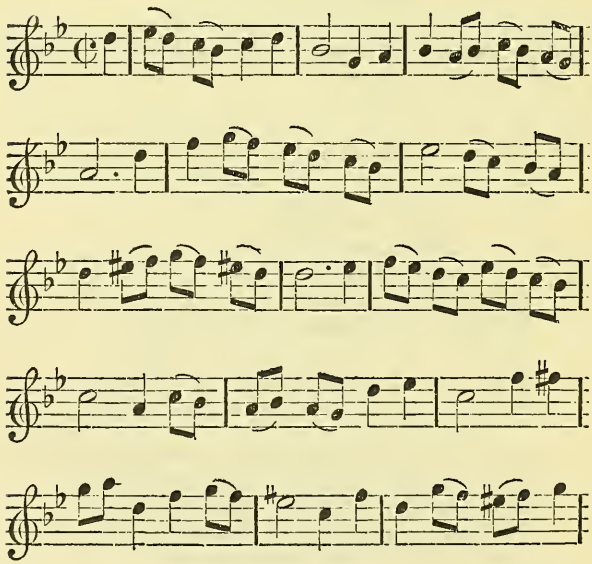
But when you find the Love fit comes upon her,
Never trust much to her Honour;
Tho' she may very high stand on't,
Yet when her love is Ascendant,
Her Vertue's quite out of Doors

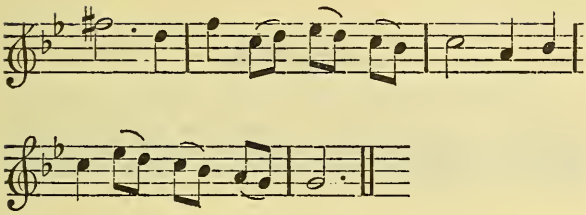
High

High Breeding, rank Feeding,
With lazy Lives leading,
In Ease and soft Pleasures,
And taking loose Measures,
With Play-house Diversions,
And Midnight Excursions,
With Balls Masquerading,
And Nights Serenading,
Debauch the Sex into Whores, Sir.

A SONG.

Set by Mr. PACK.



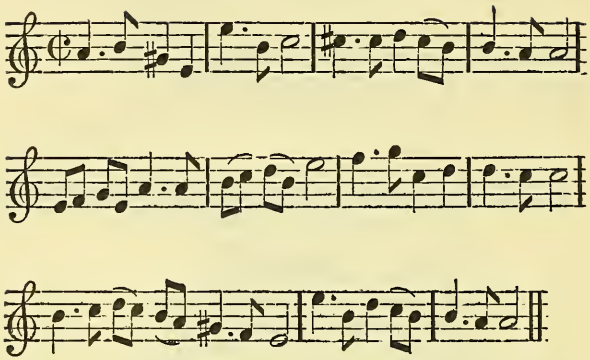


FAREWEL ungrateful Traytor,
Farewel my Perjur'd Swain:
Let never injur'd Creature,
Believe a Man again:
The pleasure of possessing,
Surpasses all expressing;
But Joys too short a Blessing,
And love too long a Pain:
But Joys too short a Blessing,
And Love too long a Pain.

'Tis easie to deceive us,
In pity of your Pain;
But when we Love, you leave us,
To rail at you in vain:
Before we have descry'd it,
There is no Bliss beside it;
But she that once has try'd it,
Will never Love again.

The Passion you pretended,
Was only to obtain;
But when the Charm is ended,
The Charmer you disdain:
Your Love by ours we measure,
'Till we have lost our Treasure;
But dying is a Pleasure,
When living is a Pain.

A SONG.



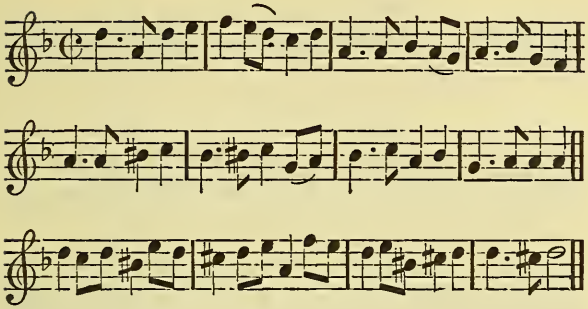
YOU I Love by all that's true,
More than all things here below;
With a Passion far more great,
Than e'er Creature loved yet:
And yet still you cry forbear,
Love no more, or Love not here.

Bid the Miser leave his Ore,
Bid the Wretched sigh no more;
Bid the Old be young again,
Bid the *Nun* not think of Man:
Sylvia thus when you can do,
Bid me then not think on you.

Love's not a thing of Choice, but Fate,
What makes me Love, that makes you Hate:
Sylvia you do what you will,
Ease or Cure, Torment or Kill:
Be Kind or Cruel, False or True,
Love I must, and none but you.

A SONG.

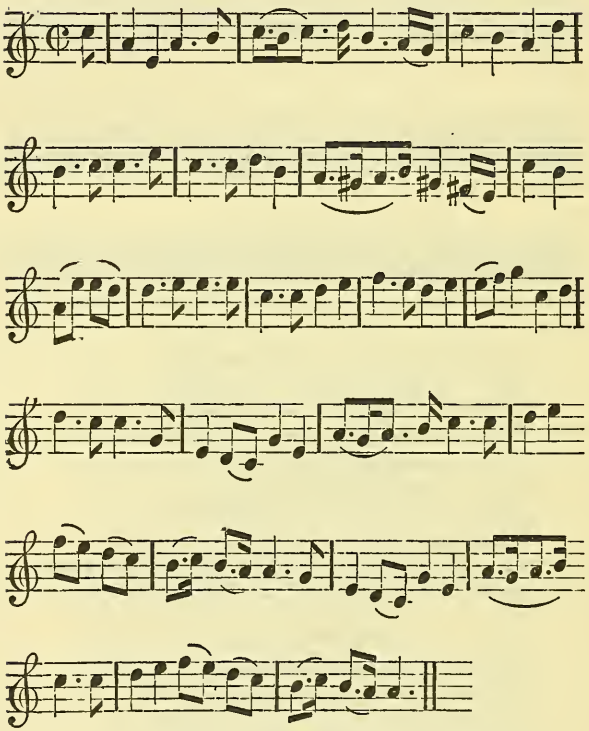
Note: *You must Sing* 8 *lines to the first Strain.*



LET's be merry blith and jolly,
Stupid Dulness is a Folly;
'Tis the Spring that doth invite us,
Hark, the chirping Birds delight us:
Let us Dance and raise our Voices,
Every Creature now rejoyces;
Airy Blasts and springing Flowers,
Verdant Coverings, pleasant Showers:
Each plays his part to compleat this our Joy,
And can we be so dull as to deny.

Here's no foolish surly Lover,
That his Passions will discover;
No conceited fopish Creature,
That is proud of Cloaths or Feature:
All things here serene and free are,
They're not Wise, are not as we are;
Who acknowledge Heavens Blessings,
In our innocent Caressings:
Then let us Sing, let us Dance, let us Play,
'Tis the Time is allow'd, 'tis the Month of *May.*

A New SONG, *the Words by Mr.* J. C. *Set to Musick by Dr.* Prettle.



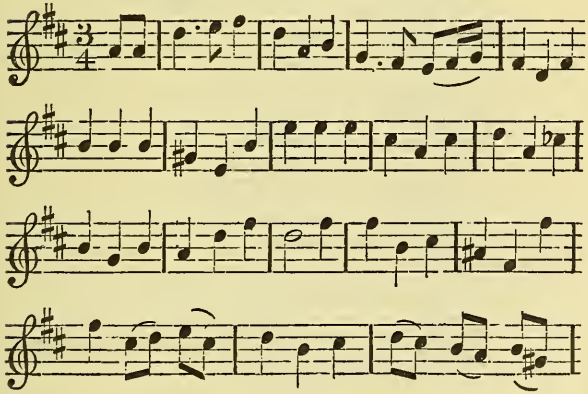
NO *Phillis*, tho' you've all the Charms,
Ambitious Woman can desire ;
All Beauty, Wit, and Youth that warms,
Or sets our foolish Hearts on fire :

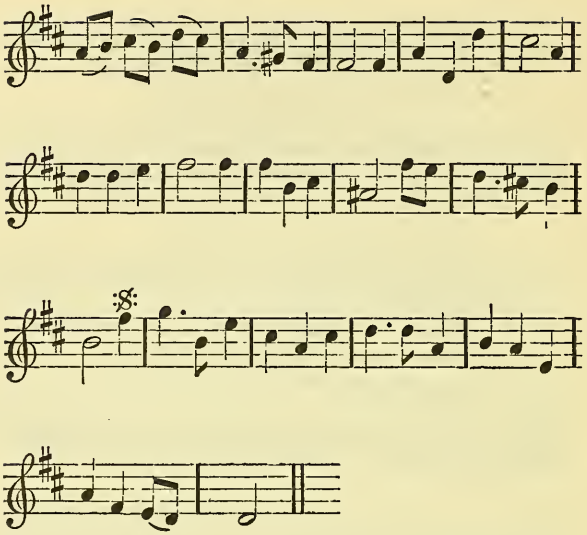
Yet

Yet you may practice all your Arts,
In vain to make a Slave of me;
You ne'er shall re-engage my Heart,
Revolted from your Tyranny:
You ne'er shall re-engage my Heart,
Revolted from your Tyranny.

When first I saw those dang'rous Eyes,
They did my Liberty betray;
But when I knew your Cruelties,
I snatch'd my simple Heart away:
Now I defy your Smiles to win,
My resolute Heart, no pow'r th'aye got;
Tho' once I suck'd their Poyson in,
Your Rigour prov'd an Antidote.

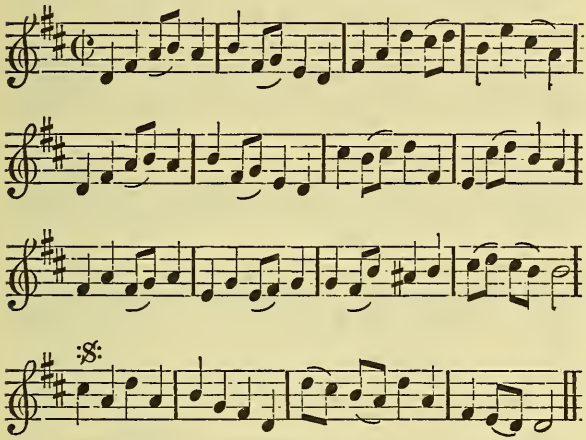
The Epilogue to the Island Princes, *Set by Mr.* Clark, *Sung by Mrs.* Lindsey, *and the Boy.*





NOW to you ye dry Wooers,
Old Beaus, and no doers,
So doughty, so gouty,
So useless and toothless,
Your blindless, cold kindness,
Has nothing of Man ;
Still doating, or gloating,
Still stumbling, or fumbling,
Still hawking, still baulking,
You flash in the Pan :
Unfit like old Brooms,
For sweeping our Rooms,
You're sunk and you're shrunk,
Then repent and look to't ;
In vain you're so upish, in vain you're so upish.
You're down ev'ry foot.

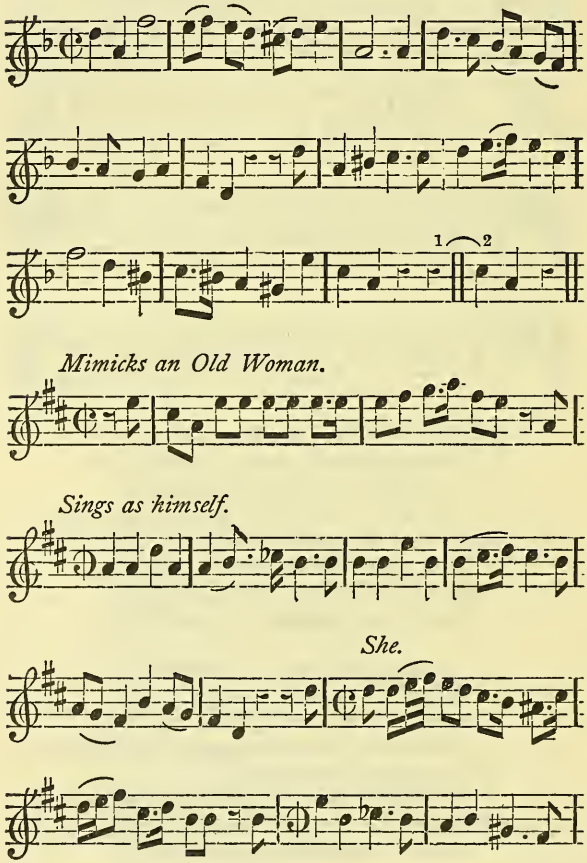
A Scotch Song, *Set by Mr.* R. Brown.

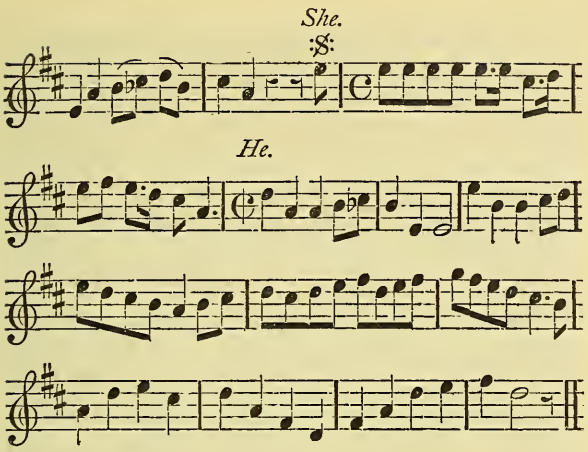


JOCKEY loves his *Moggy* dearly,
He gang'd with her to *Perth* Fair;
There we Sung and Pip'd together,
And when done, then down I'd lay her:
I so pull'd her, and so lull'd her,
Both o'erwhelm'd with muckle Joy;
Mog. kiss'd *Jockey*, *Jockey Moggy*,
From long Night to break of Day.

I told *Mog.* 'twas muckle pleasing,
Moggey cry'd she'd do again such;
I reply'd I'd glad gang with thee,
But 'twould wast my muckle Coyn much:
She lamented, I relented,
Both wish'd Bodies might increase;
Then we'd gang next Year together,
And my Pipe shall never cease.

A SONG, *in the* Lucky Younger Brother, *or, the* Beau Defeated; *Set by Mr.* John Eccles, *and Sung by Mr.* BOWMAN.

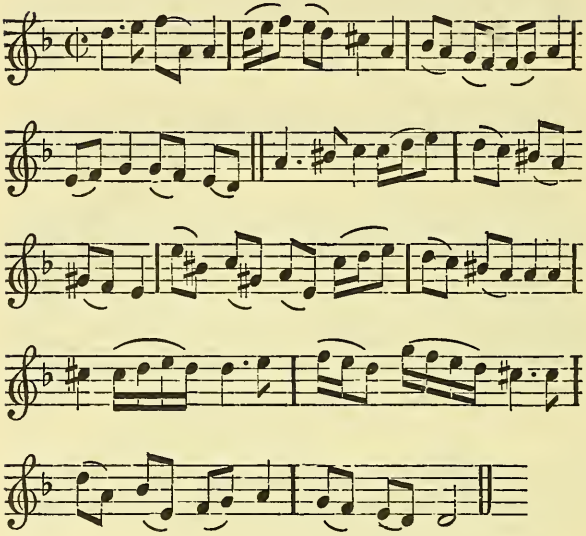




DELIA tir'd *Strephon* with her Flame,
While languishing, while languishing she view'd him;
The well dress'd Youth despis'd the Dame,
But still, still; but still the old Fool pursu'd him:
Some pity on a Wretch bestow,
That lyes at your Devotion;
Perhaps near fifty Years ago,
Perhaps near fifty Years ago,
I might have lik'd the Motion.

If you, proud Youth, my Flame despise,
I'll hang me in my Garters;
Why then make hast to win the Prize,
Among loves foolish Martyrs:
Can you see *Delia* brought so low,
And make her no Requitals?
Delia may to the Devil go, *Delia* may to the Devil,
Devil go, to the Devil, Devil, Devil, Devil Devil,
Devil go for *Strephon;*
Stop my Vitals, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop my Vitals.

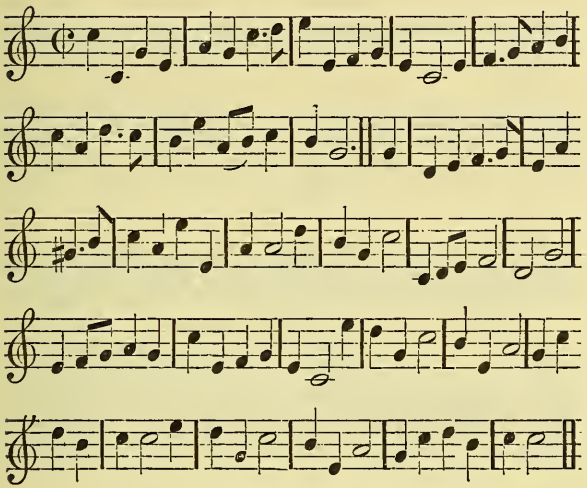
A SONG, *Set by Mr.* John Weldon.



SWAIN thy hopeless Passion smother,
Perjur'd *Cælia* loves another;
In his Arms I saw her lying,
Panting, Kissing, Trembling, Dying:
There the Fair deceiver swore,
As once she did to you before.

Oh! said you, when She deceives me,
When that Constant Creatures leave me;
Isis Waters back shall fly,
And leave their *Ouzy* Channels dry:
Turn your VVaters, leave your Shore,
For perjur'd *Cælia* loves no more.

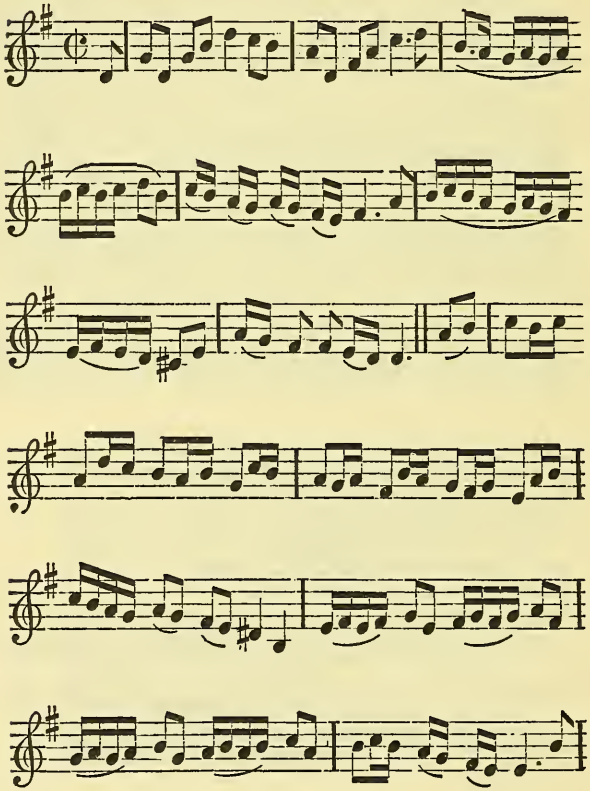
A SONG *in the Comedy call'd the* BITER, *Set by Mr.* John Eccles, *and Sung by Mr.* Cook.

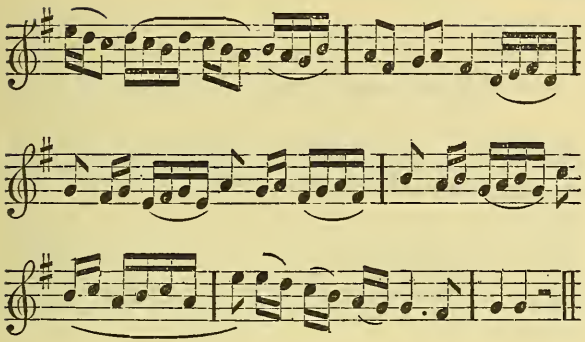


CHLOE blush'd and frown'd and swore,
And push'd me rudely from her;
I call'd her Faithless, Jilting VVhore,
To talk to me of Honour:
But when I rose and wou'd be gone,
She cry'd nay, whither go ye?
Young *Damon* saw, now we're alone,
Do, do, do what you will, do what you will with *Chloe:*
Do what you will, what you will, what you will with *Chloe,*
Do what you will, what you will, what you will with *Chloe.*

A

A SONG *in* Rinaldo *and* Armida : *Set by Mr.* John Eccles. *Sung by Mr.* Gouge.





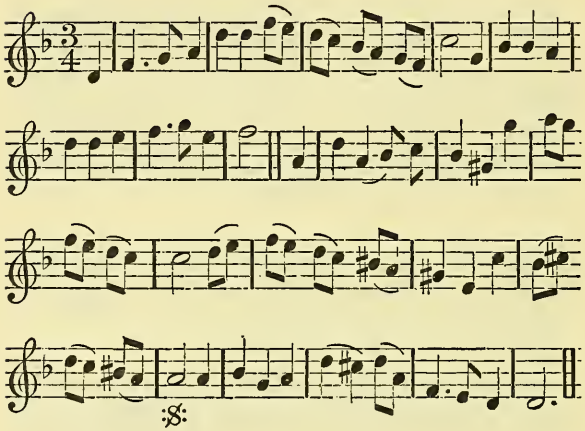
THE Jolly, Jolly Breeze,
That comes whistling through the Trees;
From all the blissful Regions brings,
Perfumes upon its spicy Wings:
With its wanton motion curling,
Curling, curling, curling the crystal Rills,
Which down, down, down, down the Hills,
Run, run, run, run, run o'er Golden gravel purling.

A Song *on the* Punch Bowl. *To the foregoing Tune.*

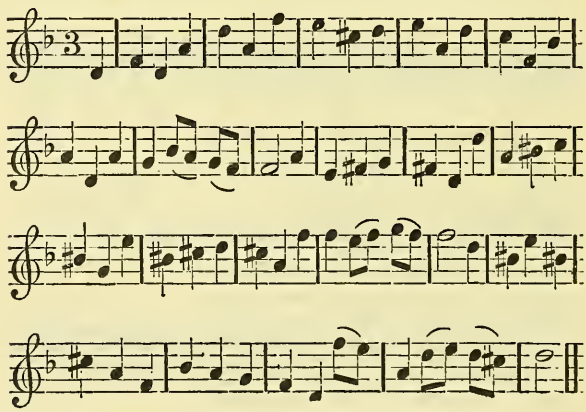
THE Jolly, Jolly Bowl,
That does quench my thirsty Soul;
When all the mingling Juice is thrown,
Perfum'd with fragrant Goar Stone:
With it's wanton Toast too, curling,
Curling, curling, curling, curling the Nut-brown Riles,
Which down, down, down, down by the Gills,
Run through ruby Swallows purling.

The

The PROLOGUE *in the* Island-Princess, *Set and Sung by Mr.* LEVERIDGE.



Brisk.

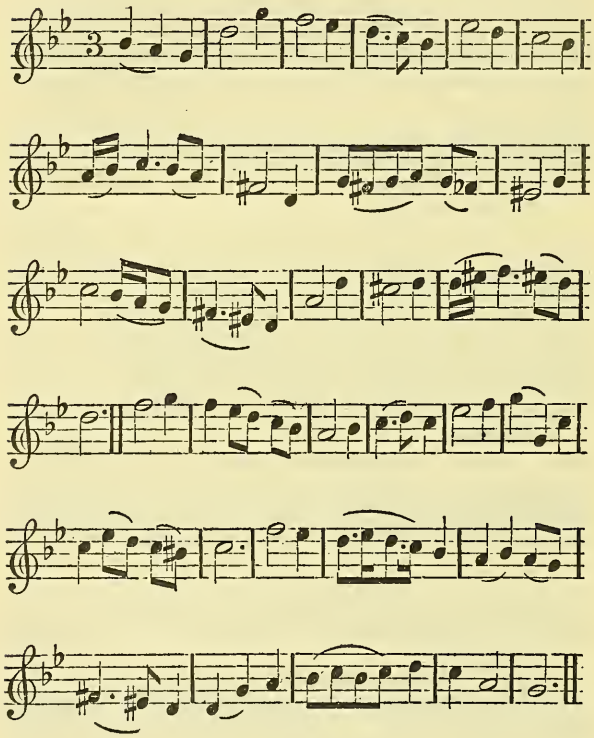


YOu've been with dull Prologues here banter'd so long,
They signify nothing, or less than a Song;
To sing you a Ballad this Tune we thought fit,
For Sound has oft nickt you, when Sence could not hit:
Then Ladies be kind, and Gentlemen mind,
Wit Capers, play Sharpers, loud Bullies, tame Cullies,
Sow grumblers, Wench Fumblers give ear ev'ry Man:
Mobb'd Sinners in Pinners, kept Foppers, Bench-hoppers,
High-Flyers, Pit-Plyers, be still if you can:
You're all in Damnation, you're all in Damnation for Leading the Van.

Ye Side-Box Gallants, whom the vulgar call Beaus,
Admirers of Self, and nice Judges of Cloaths;
Who now the War's over cross boldly the Main,
Yet ne'er were at Seiges, unless at Campaign:
Spare all on the Stage, Love in every Age,
Young Tattles, Wild Rattles, Fan-Tearers, Mask-Fleerers,
Old Coasters, Love boasters, who set up for Truth:
Young Graces, Black Faces, some Faded, some Jaded,
Old Mothers, and others, who've yet a Colt's Tooth:
See us Act that in Winter, you'd all Act in Youth.

You Gallery Haunters, who love to lye snug,
And maunch Apples or Cakes, while some Neighbour you hugg;
Ye lofties, Genteels, who above us all sit,
And look down with Contempt, on the Mob in the Pit,
Here's what you like best, Jigg, Song and the rest,
Free Laughers, close Graffers, dry Jokers, old Soakers,
Kind Cousins, by Dozens, your Customs don't break:
Sly Spouses with Blouses, grave Horners, in Corners,
Kind No-wits, save Poets, clap 'till your Hands ake,
And tho' the Wits Damn us, we'll say the Whims take.

A SONG *Set by Mr.* JOHN BARRETT, *and Sung by Mrs.* LINDSEY.



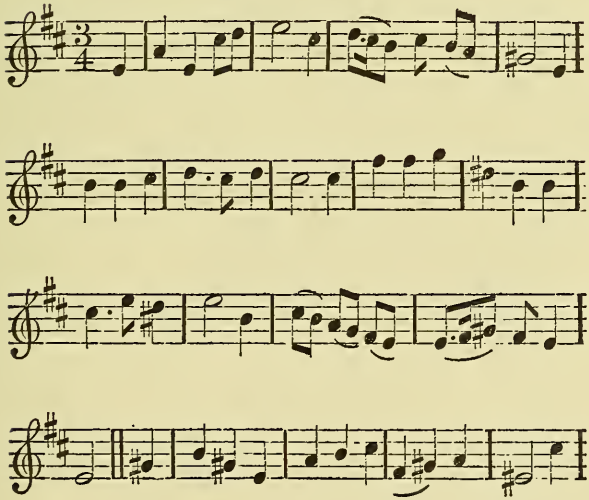
CÆLIA hence with Affectation,
Hence with all this careless Air;
Hypocrisy is out of Fashion,
With the Witty and the Fair:

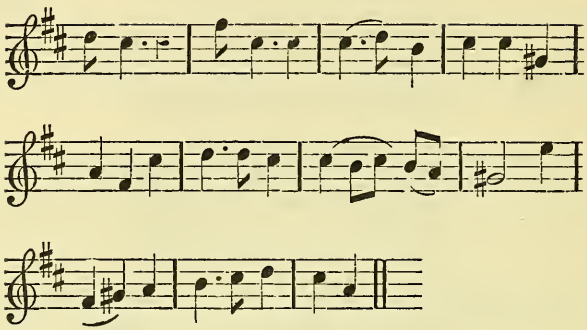
Nature

Nature all thy Arts discloses,
While the Pleasures she supplies;
Paint thy glowing Cheeks with Roses,
And inflame thy sparkling Eyes.

Foolish *Cælia* not to know,
Love thy Int'rest and thy Duty;
Thou to love alone dost owe,
All thy Joy, and all thy Beauty:
Mark the tuneful Feather'd kind,
At the coming of the Spring;
All in happy Pairs are joyn'd,
And because they love they Sing.

A Song, *Set by Mr.* CLARK.





HOW often have I curs'd that sable Deceit,
For making me wish and admire ;
And rifle poor *Ovid* to learn to intreat,
When Reason might check my desire :
For sagely of late it has been disclos'd,
There's nothing, nothing conceal'd uncommon ;
No Miracles under a Mask repos'd,
When knowing *Cynthia's* a Woman.

Tho' Beauty's great Charms our Sences delude,
'Tis the Centre attracts our Needle ;
And Love's a Jest when thought to intrude,
The design of it to unriddle :
A Virgin may show strange coyness in Love,
And tell you Chimera's of Honour ;
But give her her Wish, the Man she approves,
No Labour he'll have to win her.

FINIS.

VOLUME VI

WIT and MIRTH:
OR
PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY

EDITED BY
THOMAS D'URFEY

IN SIX VOLUMES
VOLUME VI

FOLKLORE LIBRARY PUBLISHERS, INC.
NEW YORK
1959

AN

Alphabetical TABLE

OF THE

SONGS

Contain'd in this

BOOK.

A	Pag.
AS Amoret *and* Thyrsis *lay*,	30
As unconcern'd and free as Air,	33
As I am a Sailor,	41
And now, now the Duke's March,	47
Aurelia *now one Moment lost*,	48
After the pangs of fierce Desire,	78
A Pox on the Fool,	119
A Young Man lately in our Town,	180
All Joy to Mortals,	181
A Pox on the Times,	184
A Pox on such Fools! let the	186
As Cupid many Ages past,	188
All Christians that have Ears to hear,	202
As at Noon Dulcina *rested*,	206
A Dean and Prebendary,	213

An Alphabetical TABLE.

A World that's full of Fools and Mad-men, 229
Astutus Constabularius, 237
Amor est Pegma, 239
Abroad as I was walking, I'spy'd 247
A Pedlar proud as I heard tell, 248
A Young Man and a Maid, 251
All own the Young Sylvia *is* 261
A Swain in despair, 262
As I came down the hey Land Town, 275
A Jolly young Grocer *of* London Town, 286
As it befel upon one time, 289
A Taylor good Lord, in the Time of Vacation, 292
A Comely Dame of Islington, 296
Ah! how happy's he, 303
A Little Love may prove a Pleasure, 307
At the Change as I was a walking, 324
All you that must take a leap in the Dark, 327
Alphonzo, *if you Sir,* 339
A Worthy London *Prentice,* 342
At the break of Morning light, 357

B

BELINDA's *pretty, pretty pleasing Form* 11
Blush not redder than the Morning, 195
Banish my Lydia *these* 203
Beauty, like Kingdoms not for one, 217
Beneath a cool Shade Amaryllis 270
Boasting Fops who court the Fair, 314

C

COME *here's a good Health,* 8
Cupid *make your Virgins tender,* 17
Corinna *I excuse thy Face,* 34
Chloe *found Love for his* Psyche 49
Coy Belinda *may discover,* 52
Corinna *'tis you that I Love,* 54
Come buy my Greens and Flowers, 124
Cælia's *bright Beauty all others transcend,* 157
Come from the Temple, away to the Bed, 198
Come all that are dispos'd 255
Chloris, *can you* 299

Cælia *be not too complying*, 306
Clasp'd in my dear Melinda's *Arms*, 318
Come Cælia *come, let's sit and* 325

D

DO not rumple my Top-knot, 55
Day was spent and Night 208
Dear Catholick *brother* 277
Dear Mother I am Transported, 278
Despairing besides a clear stream, 363

E

ERE Phillis *with her looks did kill*, 321

F

FLY, fly ye lazy Hours, 24
Fye Amaryllis, *cease to grieve*, 27
Fairest Isle, all Isles excelling, 56
Fye Jockey, *never prattle*, 77
Forgive me Cloe *if I dare*, 175
Fortune is blind and Beauty unkind, 242
From Father Hopkins, 245
Fickle Bliss, fantastick Treasure, 259
Fill the Glass fill, fill, 280
Farewel my useless Scrip, 320
Fates I defie, I defie your Advances, 345
Farewel Chloe, *O farewel*, 365

G

GOD Prosper long our Gracious Queen, 4
Go, go, go, go falsest of thy Sex, 288
Good morrow Gossip Joan, 315

H

HOW long, how long shall I pine 14
Hang this whining way of Wooing 58
Here's the Summer sprightly, gay, 59
How happy's the Husband, 73
Having spent all my Coin, 169

How

How happy, how happy is she, 176
Hang the Presbyters Gill, 182
Honest Shepherd, since 182
How happy's that Husband who after 205
How is the World transform'd 257
Hub ub, ub, boo; 281
Had I but Love, 304
How happy are we, 319
Hear Chloe *hear,* 356
How happy's he who weds a Wife, 370
How Charming Phillis *is, how Fair,* 372

I

IF I hear Orinda *Swear,* 21
Just coming from Sea, 35
If ever you mean to be kind, 75
I know her false, 76
I am come to lock all fast, 78
In vain Clemene *you bestow,* 80
If Wine be a Cordial 82
I fain wou'd find a passing, 139
If I should go seek the 141
I seek no more to shady coverts, 166
I try'd in Parks and Plays, 173
In a Flowry Myrtle Grove, 196
I am a Jolly Toper, 200
I'll tell you all, both great 233
I am a cunning Constable, 236
I Courted and Writ, 253
I'll tell thee Dick *where I have* 282
I am a poor Shepherd undone, 284
I Love to Madness, rave t' enjoy, 285
I'll press, I'll bless thee Charming 297
I'm vext to think that Damon 317
I have a Tenement to Let, 355

K

KEN you, who comes here, 18

L

LET not Love, let not Love on me, 23
Liberia's *all my Thought* 51

Let Mary *live long*, 84
Lerinda *complaineth that* 85
Lay by your Pleading, 191
Love's Pow'r in my Heart 204
Let's wet the whistle of the 224
Let's Sing as one may say 226
Lucinda *has the de'el and all*, 232
Love is a Bauble, 238
Lais *when you* 295
Lorenzo *you amuse the Town*, 302
Love's Passion never knew 305
Let those Youths who Freedom 333
Lavia *would, but dare not venture*, 353
Love, the sweets of Love, 368

M

MARLBOROUGH's *a brave Commander*, 9
My dear Corinna *give me leave*, 81
May her blest Example chace, 97
My Dear and only Love, 122
My Nose is the largest of all 131
My Nose is the Flattest of all 132
Mortals learn your Lives to 161
Mirtillo, *whilst you patch* 169
My Friend thy Beauty 294
Must Love, that Tyrant of the 315
My Theodora *can those Eyes*, 337

N

NOW *dry up thy Tears*, 40
No, no, poor suffering Heart, 90
New Pyramid's raise, 99
Never sigh, but think of kissing, 103
Now, now the Queen's Health, 116
Noble King Lud, 134
Now I'm resolv'd to Love no more 312
Not your Eyes Melania *move me*, 322
Now, now the Night's come, 349
Now Jockey *and* Moggy *are ready*, 350

O

OH! *my Panting, panting Heart*, 25
Over the Mountains, 86

Oh how Happy's he, who from, 105
Oh! the mighty pow'r of Love, 162
Oh the Charming Month of May, 344
Oh Roger *I've been to see* Eugene, 346
Of all the handsome Ladies, 348

P

PHILLIS *lay aside your Thinking,* 107
Pish fye, you're rude Sir, 108
Phillis, *I can ne'er forgive it,* 187
Poor Sawney *had marry'd a Wife,* 268

R

ROOM *for Gentlemen,* 136
Retire old Miser, 209
Richest Gift of lavish Nature, 264

S

SHE *met with a Country-man,* 31
Stand clear, my Masters, 62
Sometimes I am a Tapster new, 91
She went Apparell'd neat and fine, 95
Say cruel Amoret, *how long,* 112
Such command o'er my Fate 113
Sit you merry Gallants, 145
Since Phillis *swears Inconstancy,* 194
Some in the Town go betimes 197
Suppose a Man does all he can, 210
Sors sine visu, 244
See bleeding at your Feet 311
Since Tom's *in the Chair, and every one here* 340
Such a happy, happy, Life, 362

T

TO *meet her* Mars *the Queen of Love,* 19
Thus Damon *knock'd at* Cælia's *Door,* 37
The World is a Bubble and full of 38
Through the cold shady Woods, 44
The gordian Knot, 88
There Dwelt a Widow in this Town, 93

There was an Old Man, 100
There is a Thing which in the light 106
There's not a Swain, 110
Tormenting Beauty leave my Breast, 111
Tell me why so long, 114
'Tis a foolish mistake, 115
Tell me, tell me, charming 128
Tho' thou'rt ugly and Old, 143
Tho' you make no return, 149
The King is gone to Oxon *Town,* 158
Tho' I love and she knows it, 167
There was three Travellers, 177
Troy *had a breed of brave* 218
There's none so Pretty 222
The Ordinance a-board 250
That scornful Sylvia's *Chains* 260
Tom *Tinker's my true love,* 265
To you Fair Ladies now at Land, 272
Then come kind Damon *come* 323
The Night is come that will, 330
There's a new set of Rakes, 330
Tho' Begging is an Honest Trade, 338
The Rosey Morn lukes blith and Gay 360
The Restauration now's the Word, 361

U

UNDERNEATH the Castle Wall, 120
Unguarded lies the wishing Maid 129
Vobis magnis parvis dicam 234

W

WHILST Phillis *is Drinking,* 13
War, War and Battle now no more, 15
What shall I do, I am undone, 121
When Wit and Beauty, 151
When Sylvia *was kind,* 153
What, Love a crime, 154
When I have often heard young Maids, 156
What state of Life can be, 163
When Jockey *first I saw,* 165
When Dido *was a* Carthage *Queen,* 192
We merry Wives of Windsor, 211

Wo'as me poor Lass! what mun 263
When on her Eyes, 267
With sighing and wishing, 271
What sayest thou, 287
What shall I do, I've lost my Heart, 299
When I was in the low Country, 300
Walk up to Virtue Strait, 301
When first I lay'd Siege to my Chloris, 308
Why alas do you now leave me, 309
When Beauty such as yours, 310
When crafty Fowlers would 313
Who can Dorinda's *Beauty view,* 326
When embracing my Friends, 354
Why will Clemene *when I gaze,* 372

Y

YE Commons and Peers, 1
You guess by my wither'd Face, 172
You Friends to Reformation, 215
Young Strephon *and* Phillis, 220
Young Strephon *he has Woo'd* 241
You Ladies draw near, 329
You tell me Dick *you've lately,* 331
Your Melancholy's all a Folly, 334

Z

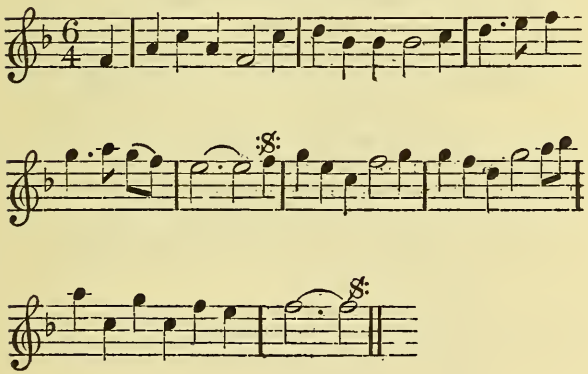
Z--DS Madam return me my Heart, 147

Pills

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

VOL. VI.

A BALLAD *on the Battle of* AUDENARD.
Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



YE Commons and Peers,
Pray lend me your Ears,
I'll Sing you a Song if I can;
How *Lewis le Grand*,
Was put to a Stand,
By the Arms of our Gracious Queen ANN.

How his Army so great,
Had a total Defeat,
Not far from the River of *Dender;*
Where his Grand-Children twain,
For fear of being slain,
Gallop'd off with the Popish Pretender.

To a Steeple on High,
The Battle to Spy,
Up Mounted these clever young Men;
And when from the Spire
They saw so much Fire,
They cleverly came down again.

Then a Horse-back they got,
All upon the same spot,
By advice of their Cousin *Vendosme;*
O Lord! cry'd out he
Unto young *Burgundy*,
Wou'd your Brother and you were at Home.

Just so did he say
When without more delay,
Away the young Gentry fled;
Whose Heels for that Work
Were much lighter than Cork,
But their Hearts were more heavy than Lead.

Not so did behave
The young *Hannover* brave
In this bloody Field I assure ye;
When his War-Horse was shot,
Yet he matter'd it not,
But charg'd still on Foot like a Fury.

When Death flew about
Aloud he call'd out,
Ho! you Chevalier of St. GEORGE;
If you'll never stand
By Sea nor by Land,
Pretender, that Title you forge.

Thus

Thus boldly he stood,
As became that high Blood,
Which runs in his Veins so blue;
This Gallant young Man
Being kin to Queen ANN,
Fought as were she a Man, she wou'd do.

What a Racket was here,
(I think 'twas last Year)
For a little ill Fortune in *Spain;*
When by letting 'em Win,
We have drawn the Putts in
To lose all they are worth this Campaign.

Tho' *Bruges* and *Ghent*,
To the Monsieur we lent,
With Interest he soon shall repay 'em;
While *Paris* may Sing,
With her sorrowful King
De Profundis, instead of *Te Deum.*

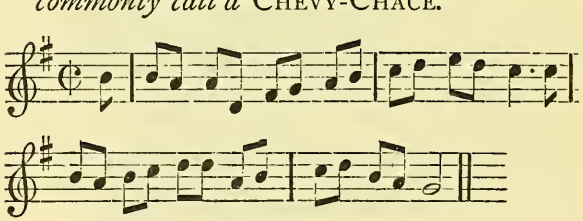
From their Dream of Success,
They'll awaken we guess
At the sound of Great *Marlborough's* Drums;
They may think if they will
Of *Almanza* still,
But 'tis *Blenheim* wherever he comes.

O *Lewis* perplex'd,
What General's next?
Thou hast hitherto chang'd 'em in vain;
He has beat 'em all round,
If no new ones are found,
He shall Beat the old over again.

We'll let *Tallard* out
If he'll take t'other bout;
And much he's improv'd let me tell ye,
With *Nottingham* Ale,
At every Meal,
And good Pudding and Beef in his Belly.

As Losers at Play,
Their Dice throw away,
While the Winner he still Wins on;
Let who will Command,
Thou hadst better Disband,
For Old Bully thy Doctors are gone.

A Happy Memorable BALLAD, *On the Fight near* Audenard, *between the Duke of* Marlborough, *of* Great-Britain; *and the Duke of* Vendosme, *of* France. *As also the strange and wonderful Manner how the Princes of the Blood Royal of* France, *were found in a Wood. In allusion to the* Unhappy Memorable SONG *commonly call'd* CHEVY-CHACE.



GOD Prosper long our Gracious Queen,
Our Lives and Safeties all:
A woful Fight of late their did
Near *Audenard* befal.

To drive the *French* with Sword and Gun,
Brave *Marlborough* took his Way;
Ah! woe the Time that *France* beheld
The Fighting of that Day.

The

The Valiant Duke to Heaven had swore,
Vendosme shou'd pay full dear,
For *Ghent* and *Bruges*, e'er his Fame
Should reach his Master's Ear.

And now with Eighty Thousand bold,
And chosen Men of Might;
He with the *French* began to wage
A sharp and bloody Fight.

The Gallant *Britains* swiftly ran,
The *French* away to Chase;
On *Wednesday* they began to fight,
When Day-light did decrease.

And long before high-Night, they had
Ten Thousand *Frenchmen* slain;
And all the Rivers Crimson flow'd,
As they were dy'd in grain.

The *Britains* thro' the Woods pursu'd,
The nimble *French* to take;
And with their Cries the Hills and Dales,
And every Tree did shake.

The Duke then to the Wood did come,
In hopes *Vendosme* to meet;
When lo! the Prince of *Carignan*
Fell at his Grace's Feet.

Oh! Gentle Duke forbear, forbear,
Into that Wood to shoot;
If ever pity mov'd your Grace,
But turn your Eyes and look:

See where the Royal Line of *France*,
Great *Lewis's* Heirs do lie;
And sure a Sight more pitious was
Ne'er seen by Mortal Eye.

What Heart of Flint but must relent,
Like Wax before the Sun:
To see their Glory at an end,
E'er yet it was begun.

Whenas our General found your Grace,
Wou'd needs begin to Fight:
As thinking it wou'd please the Boys,
To see so fine a Sight.

He straightway sent them to the Top
Of yonder Church's Spire;
Where they might see, and yet be safe
From Swords and Guns, and Fire.

But first he took them by the Hand,
And kiss'd them e'er they went;
Whilst Tears stood in their little Eyes,
As if they knew th' Event.

Then said, he would with Speed return,
Soon as the Fight was done;
But when he saw his Men give Ground,
Away he basely run,

And left these Children all alone,
As Babes wanting Relief;
And long they wandred up and down,
No Hopes to chear their Grief.

Thus Hand in Hand they walk'd, 'till
At last this Wood they spy'd;
And when they saw the Night grow dark,
They here lay down and cry'd.

At this the Duke was inly mov'd,
His Breast soft Pity beat;
And so he straightway ordered
His Men for to Retreat.

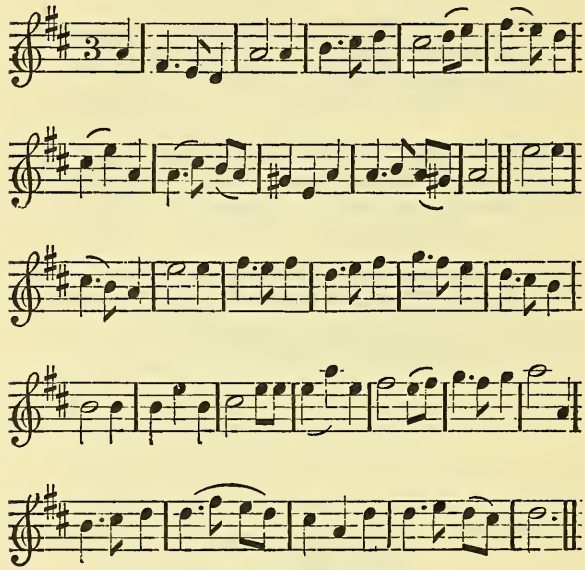
And now, but that my Pen is blunt,
I might with ease relate;
How Fifteen Thousand *French* were took,
Besides what found their Fate.

Nor should the Prince of *Hannover*
In silence be forgot;
Who like a Lyon fought on Foot,
After his Horse was shot.

And what strange Chance likewise befel,
Unto these Children dear:
But that your Patience is too much
Already tir'd, I fear.

And so God Bless the Queen and Duke,
And send a lasting Peace:
That Wars and foul Debate henceforth
In all the World may cease.

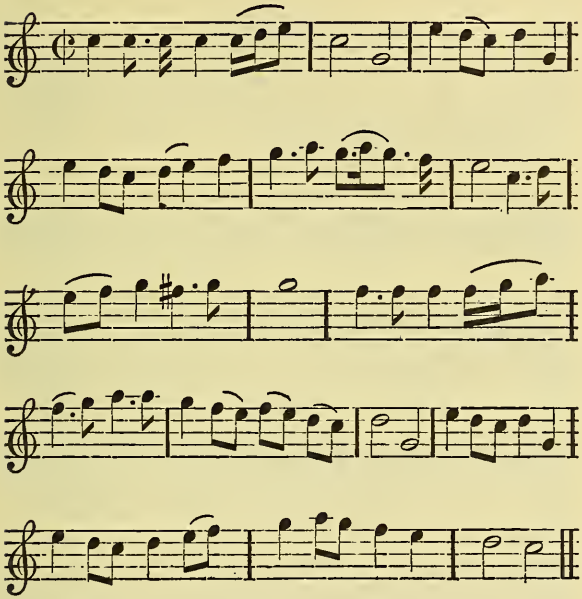
The Duke of Marlborough's *Health. Set by Mr.* R. Cox.



COME, here's a good Health, the Duke I do mean,
That bravely Fought, that bravely Fought for his Nation and Queen,
May his Fate still be,
That Conquer shall he
Till the Nation with Peace it be Crown'd;
Come Lads never think,
But his Health let's Drink,
And Sing his Great Praise, and Sing his Great Praise whilst Bumpers pass Round.

The

The Duke of Marlborough's *HEALTH.*

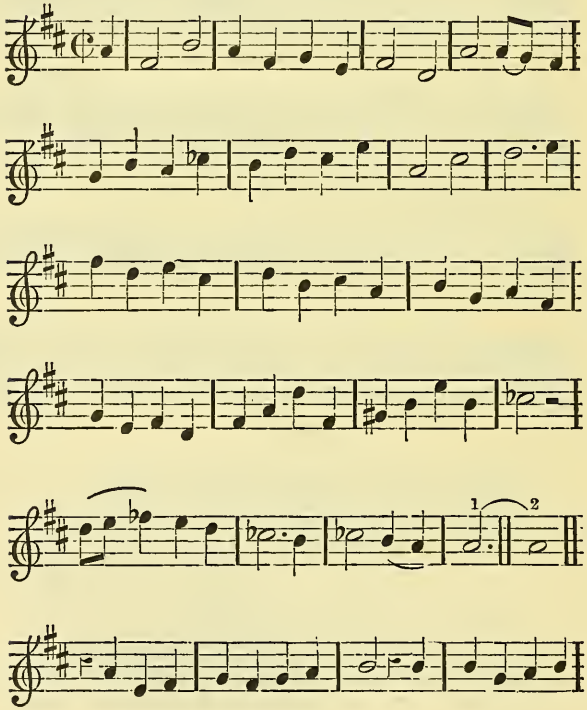


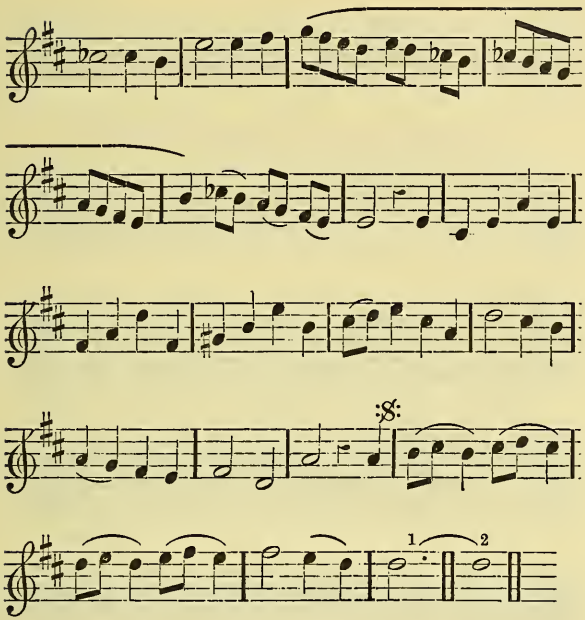
Marlborough's a brave Commander,
He Conducts us into the Field;
As bold as *Alexander*,
He'll Dye before he'll yield:

Sound the Trumpet Sound, Boys,
Let each Man stand his Ground, Boys;
Ne'er let us flinch, nor give back an Inch,
And so let his Health go round, Boys.

A SONG.

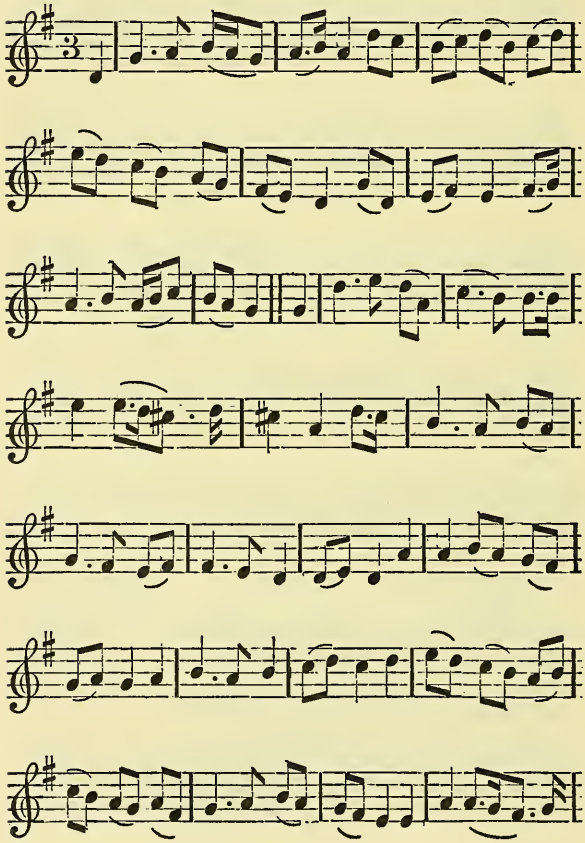
Set by Mr. JOHN ECCLES, *and Sung by Mr.* GOUGE, *in the Farce call'd,* Women will have their Wills.

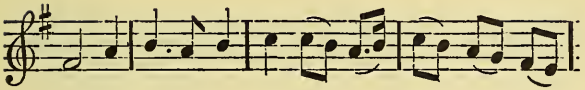


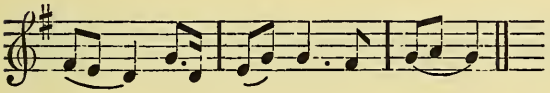


BELINDA's pretty, pretty, pleasing Form,
Does my happy, happy, happy, happy Fancy charm :
Her prittle-prattle, tittle-tattle's all engaging, most obliging ;
Whilst I'm pressing, clasping, kissing,
Oh ! oh ! how she does my Soul alarm :
There is such Magick in her Eyes,
Such Magick in her Eyes, in her Eyes,
Does my wond'ring Heart Surprise :
Her prinking, nimping, twinking, pinking,
Whilst I'm courting, for transporting,
How like an Angel, She panting lies, She panting lies.

A SONG *on a Ladies Drinking.*

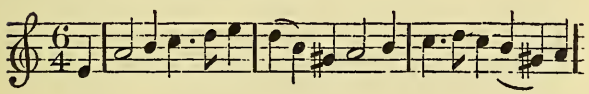


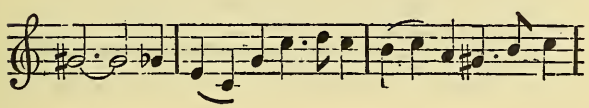


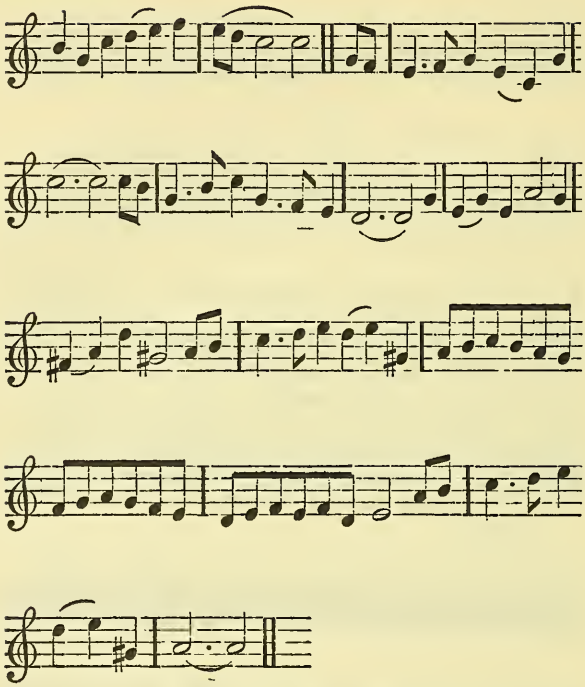


WHilst *Phillis* is Drinking, Love and Wine in alliance,
With Forces United, bids resistless defiance;
Each touch of her Lip, makes Wine sparkle Higher,
And her Eyes by her Drinking, redouble the Fire:
Her Cheeks grow the brighter, recruiting their Colour,
As Flowers by sprinkling revive with fresh Odour;
Each Dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond curing,
And the Liquor like Oil makes the flame more enduring.

The first SONG, *Sung by Mr.* PRINCE, *in the* Maid in the Mill.

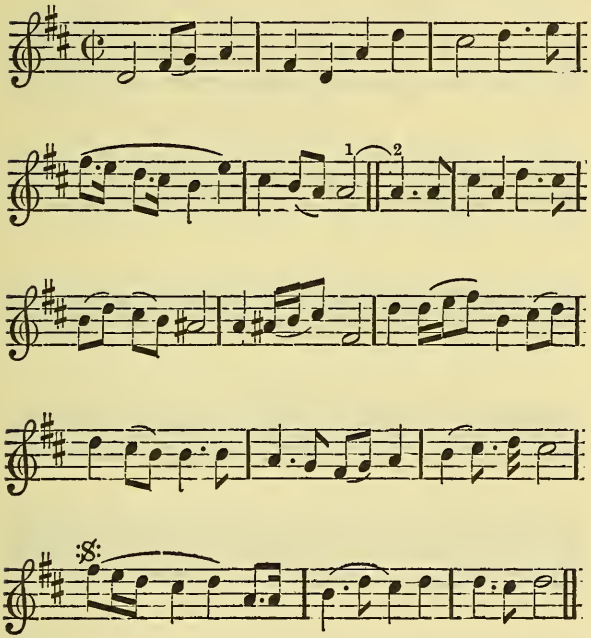






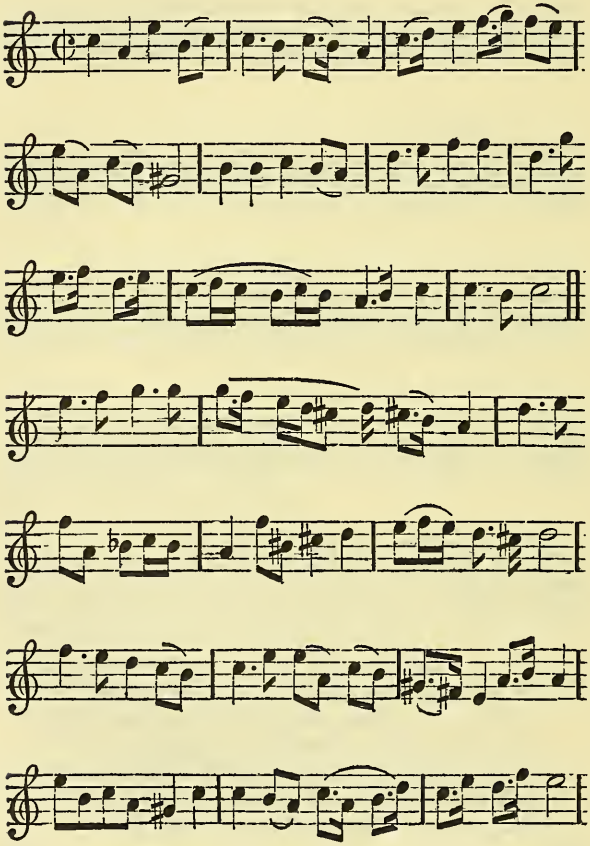
HOW long, how long shall I pine for Love?
How long shall I sue in vain?
How long, how long like the Turtle Dove,
Must I heavily thus complain?
Shall the Sails of my Love stand still,
Shall the grist of my Hopes be unground?
Oh fye, oh fye, oh fye, oh fye let the Mill,
Let the Mill go round, let the Mill, let the Mill go round.

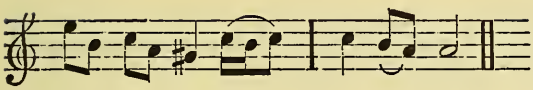
A SONG *Sung at* HOLMSE's *Booth in* Bartholomew Fair, *Set by Mr.* JOHN BARRETT.



WAR, War and Battle now no more,
Shall your thun'dring Cannons roar;
No more, no more of War complain,
Peace begins, Peace begins her *Halcyon* Reign:
For now the Tow'ring Bird of *Jove*,
Stoops, stoops to the gentle Billing *Dove*.

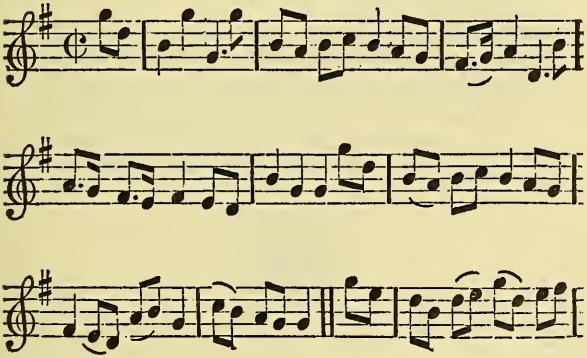
A SONG *Set by Mr.* Daniel Purcell, *and Sung at the* Theatre *Royal in* DRURY-LANE.

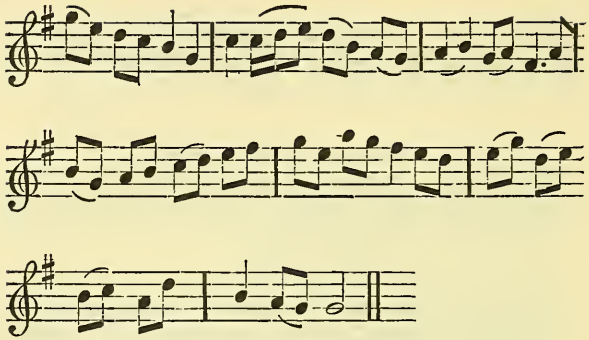




CUPID make your Virgins tender,
Make 'em easy to be won;
Let 'em presently surrender,
When the Treaty's once begun:
Such as like a tedious Wooing,
Let 'em cruel Damsels find:
But let such as wou'd, as wou'd be doing,
Prithee, prithee, prithee *Cupid* make 'em kind,
Prithee, prithee *Cupid* make 'em kind.

A Scotch SONG, *Sung by Mrs.* Willis *at the* THEATRE.

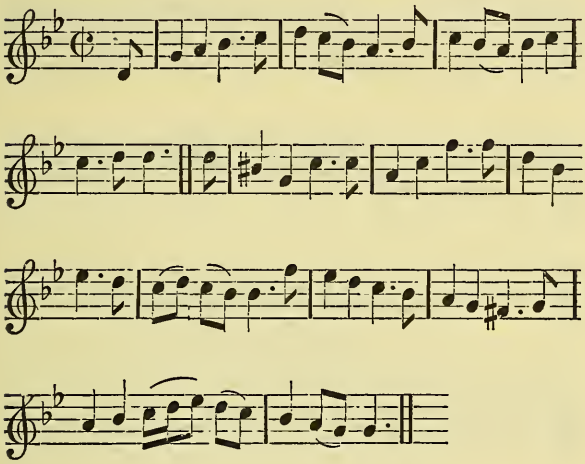




KEN you, who comes here,
The Laird of aw the Clan;
Whom Ise Love but fear,
Because a muckle Man:
But what if he's Great,
He descends from his State,
And receive him, receive him as you can.

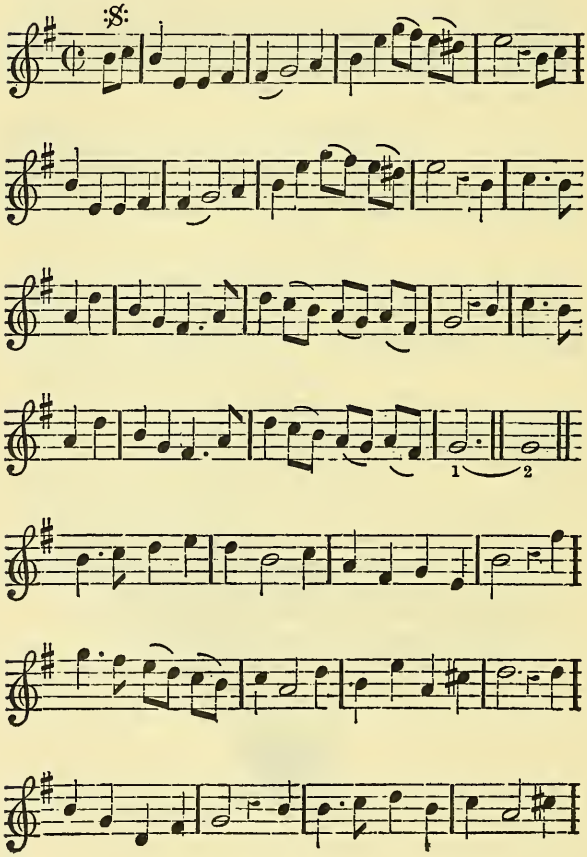
Come my Bonny Blith Lads,
Shew your best Lukes and Plads,
Our Laird is here;
Whom we shou'd Love,
And who shou'd approve,
Our Respect as well as Fear,
For the Laird is here whom we Love and Fear.

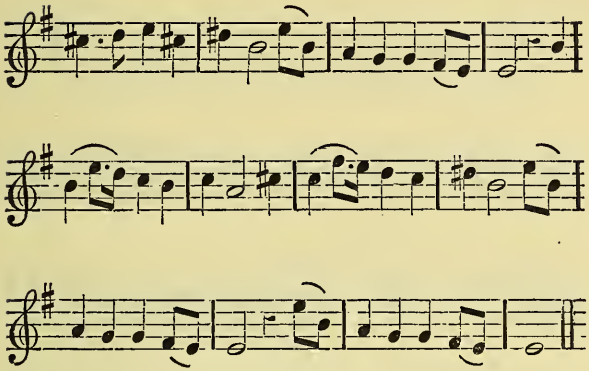
A SONG *in the Loves of* MARS *and* VENUS *Set by Mr.* J. Eccles, *Sung by Mrs.* Hudson.



TO meet her *Mars* the Queen of Love,
Comes here adorn'd with all her Charms;
The Warriour best the Fair can move,
And crowns his Toils in Beauty's Arms:
The Warriour best the Fair can move,
And crowns his Toils in Beauty's Arms.

A SONG *in the Comedy call'd Love betray'd, Sung by Mrs.* Bracegirdle, *Set by Mr.* John Eccles.

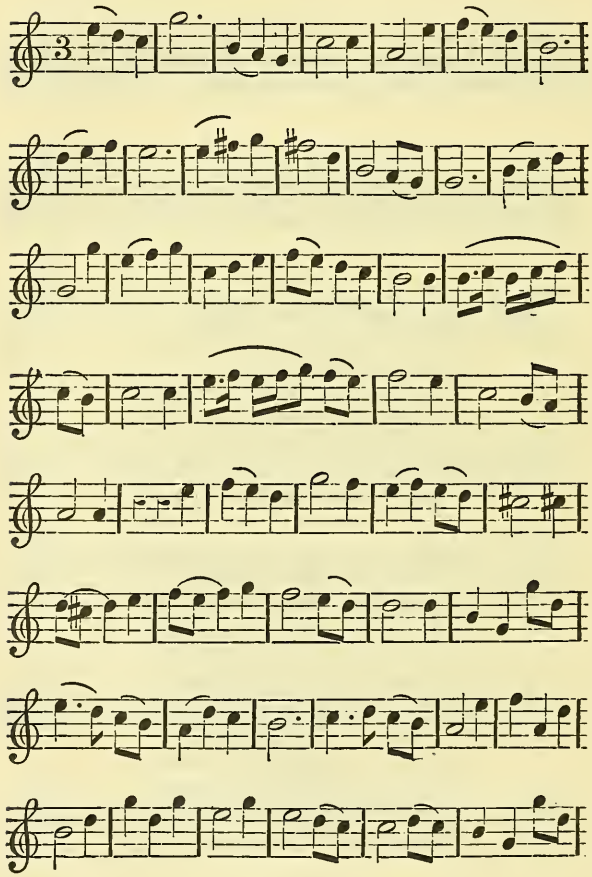


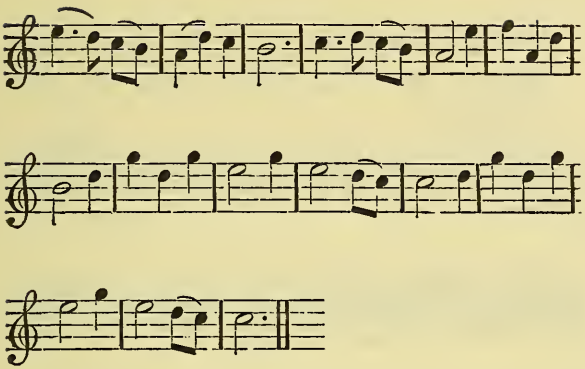


IF I hear *Orinda* Swear,
She cures my Jealous Smart;
If I hear *Orinda* Swear,
She cures my Jealous Smart:
The Treachery becomes the Fair,
And doubly Fires my Heart;
The Treachery becomes the Fair,
And doubly Fires my Heart.

Beauty's Strength and Treasure,
In Falshood still remain;
She gives the greatest Pleasure,
That gives the greatest Pain,
That gives the greatest Pain:
She gives the greatest Pleasure,
She gives the greatest Pleasure,
That gives the greatest Pain:
She gives the greatest Pleasure,
She gives the greatest Pleasure,
That gives the greatest Pain,
That gives the greatest Pain.

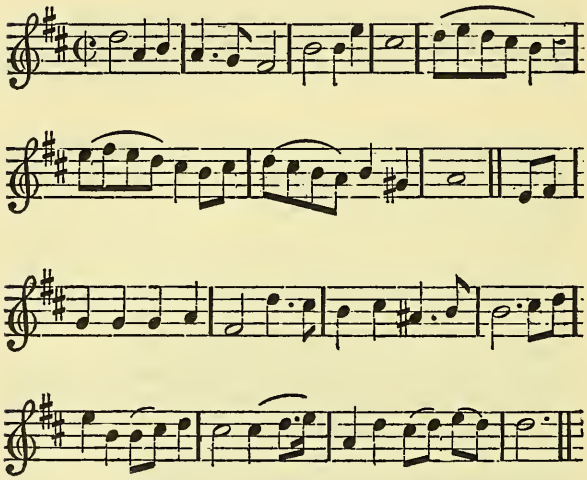
A SONG *in the* Funeral, *Sung by Mrs.* Harris, *Set by Mr.* Daniel Purcel.





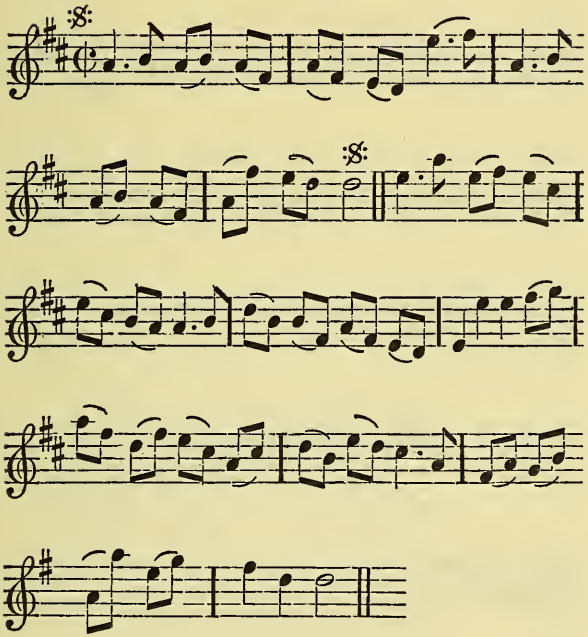
LET not Love, let not Love on me, on me bestow,
Soft Distress, soft Distress and tender Woe;
I know none, no, no, no, none but substantial Blisses,
Eager Glances, eager Glances, solid Kisses:
I know not what the Lover feign,
Of finer Pleasure mixt with Pain:
Then prithee, prithee give me gentle Boy,
None of thy Grief, but all, all, all, all, but all, all, all, all, all, all the Joy;
But all, all, all, all, all, all the Joy.
Prithee give me, prithee give me gentle Boy,
None of thy Grief, but all, all, all, all, but all, all, all, all, all, all the Joy,
But all, all, all, all, all, all the Joy.

A SONG *in the Loves of* MARS *and* VENUS, *Set by Mr.* J. ECCLES, *Sung by Mr.* Morgan.



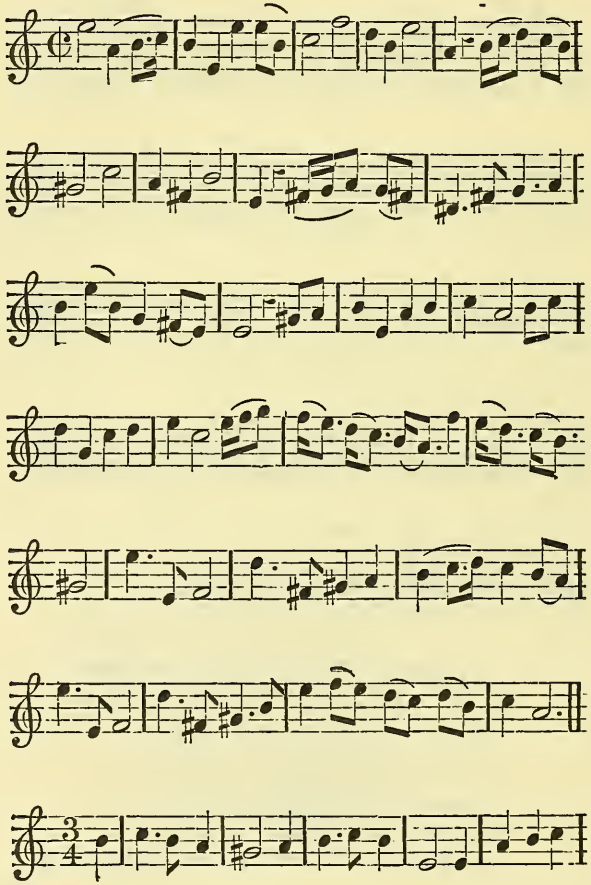
FLY, fly ye lazy Hours, hast, bring him here,
Swift, swift as my fond Wishes are;
When we Love, and Love to Rage,
Ev'ry Moment seems an Age:
When we Love, and Love to Rage,
Ev'ry Moment seems an Age.

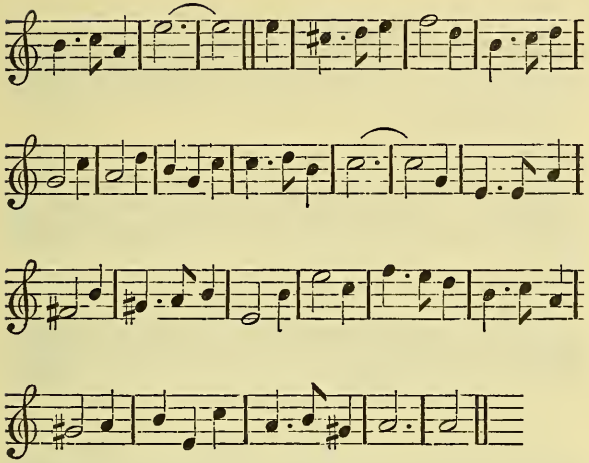
A Scotch SONG, *Sung by Mrs.* BALLDEN.



OH! my Panting, panting Heart,
Why so Young, and why so sad?
Why does Pleasure seem a Smart,
Or I wretched while I'm Glad?
Oh! Lovers Goddess, who wert form'd,
From Cold and Icy, Icy Seas;
Instruct me why I am thus warm'd!
And Darts at once can wound and please.

A SONG *Set by Mr.* John Eccles, *Sung by Mrs.* HODGSON.

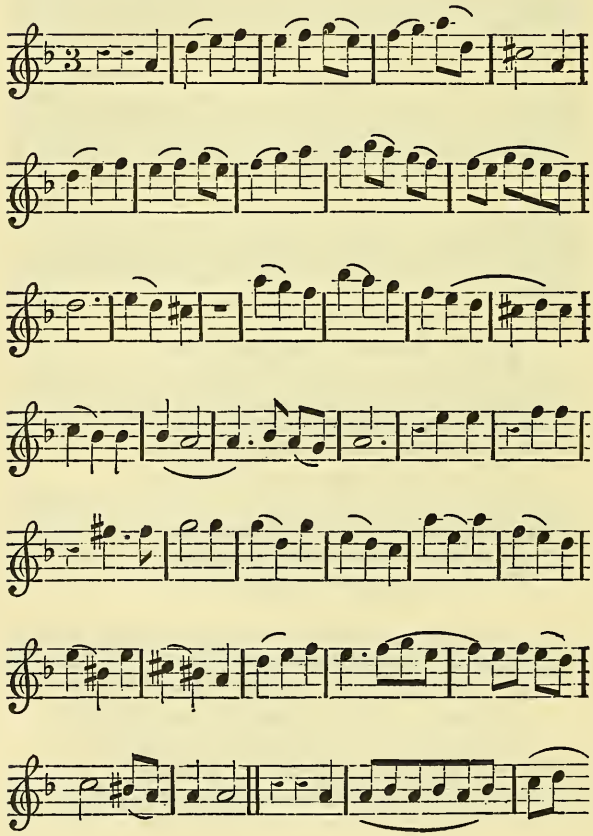


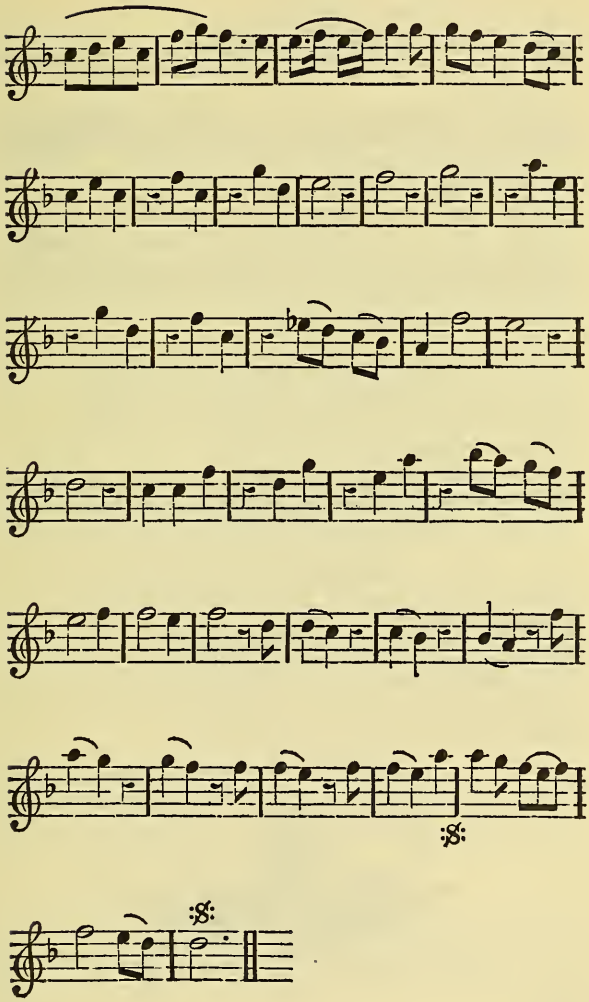


FYE *Amarillis*, cease to grieve,
Fye, fye, fye, fye cease, cease to grieve,
Fye, fye, fye, fye, cease, cease to grieve,
For him thou never canst retrieve ;
Wilt thou Sigh for one that flies thee,
Wilt thou Sigh for one that flies thee,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, Scorn the wretch,
Scorn the wretch, that Love denies thee,
Scorn the wretch, scorn the wretch,
That Love, that Love denies thee.

Call Pride to thy aid, and be not afraid,
Of meeting a Swain that is kind ;
As handsome as he, perhaps he may be,
At least, at least a more Generous Mind :
As handsome as he, perhaps he may be,
At least a more Generous Mind,
At least a more Generous Mind.

A SONG *in the Comedy call'd,* The Old Batchelour, *Set by Mr.* HENRY PURCELL.



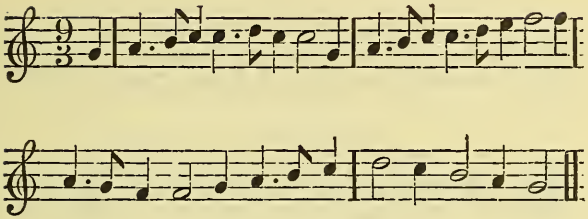


AS *Amoret* and *Thyrsis* lay,
As *Amoret* and *Thyrsis* lay ;
Melting, melting, melting, melting the Hours in gentle play,
Joyning, joyning, joyning Faces, mingling Kisses,
Mingling kisses, mingling kisses, and exchanging harmless Blisses :
He trembling cry'd with eager, eager hast,
Let me, let me, let me feed, oh ! oh ! let me, let me,
Let me, let me feed, oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! let me, let me, let me, let me Feed as well as Tast,
I dye, dye, dye, I dye, dye, I dye,
I dye, if I'm not wholly Blest.

The fearful Nymph reply'd forbear,
I cannot, dare not, must not hear ;
Dearest *Thyrsis* do not move me,
Do not, do not, if you Love me :
O let me still, the Shepherd said,
But while she fond resistance made,
The hasty Joy in struggling fled.

Vex'd at the Pleasure she had miss'd,
She frown'd and blush'd, and sigh'd and kiss'd,
And seem'd to moan, in sullen Cooing,
The sad miscarriage of their Wooeing :
But vain alass ! were all her Charms,
For *Thyrsis* deaf to Love's Alarms,
Baffled and fenceless, tir'd her Arms.

A SONG.



SHE met with a Country-man,
In the middle of all the Green;
And *Peggy* was his Delight,
And good Sport was to be seen.

But ever she cry'd brave *Roger*,
I'll drink a whole Glass to thee;
But as for *John* of the Green,
I care not a Pin for him.

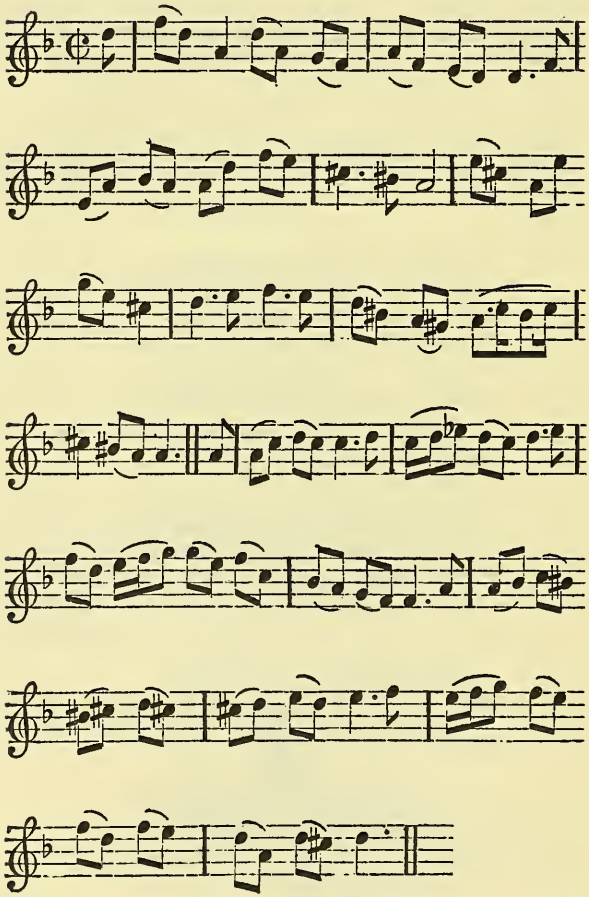
Bulls and Bears, and Lyons, and Dragons,
And O brave *Roger* a *Cauverly;*
Piggins and Wiggins, Pints and Flaggons,
O brave, *&c.*

He took her by the middle,
And taught her by the Flute;
Well done brave *Roger* quoth she,
Thou hast not left thy old Wont.
But ever she cry'd, *&c.*

He clap'd her upon the Buttock,
And forth she let a Fart;
My Belly quoth she is eased by thee,
And I thank thee *Roger* for't.

Love's

Love's Conquest.

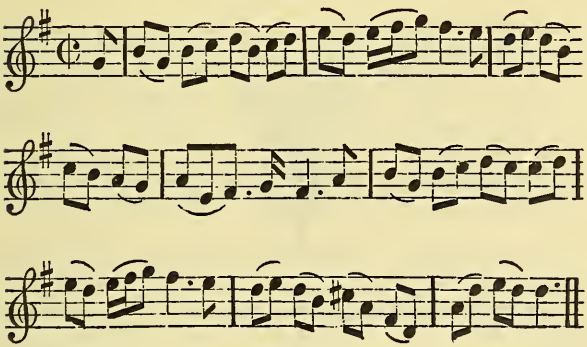


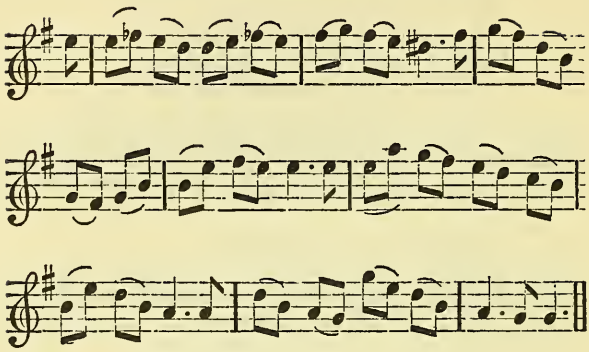
As

AS unconcern'd and free as Air,
I did retain my Liberty;
Laugh'd at the Fetters of the Fair,
And scorn'd a beauties Slave to be:
'Till your bright Eyes surpriz'd my Heart,
And first inform'd me how to Love;
Then Pleasure did invade each Part,
Yet to conceal my Flame I strove.

As *Indians* at a distance pay,
Their awful reverence to the Sun:
And dare not 'till he'll bless the Day,
Seem to have any thing begun:
Thus I rest, 'till your Smiles invite,
My Looks and Thoughts I do constrain;
And tremble to express Delight,
Unless you please to ease my Pain.

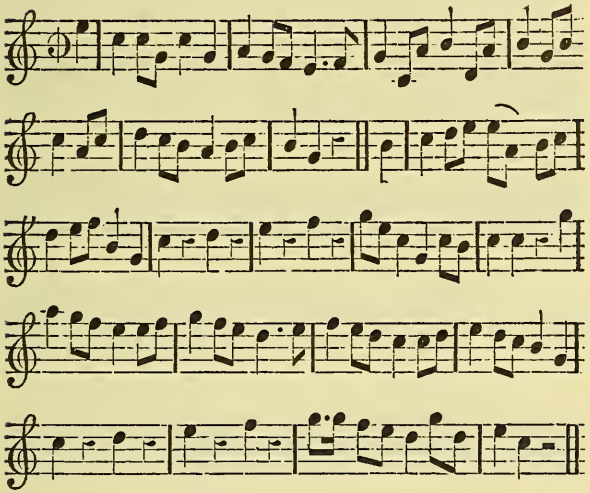
A SONG *in the Comedy call'd, the* Wife's Excuse. *By* H. P.





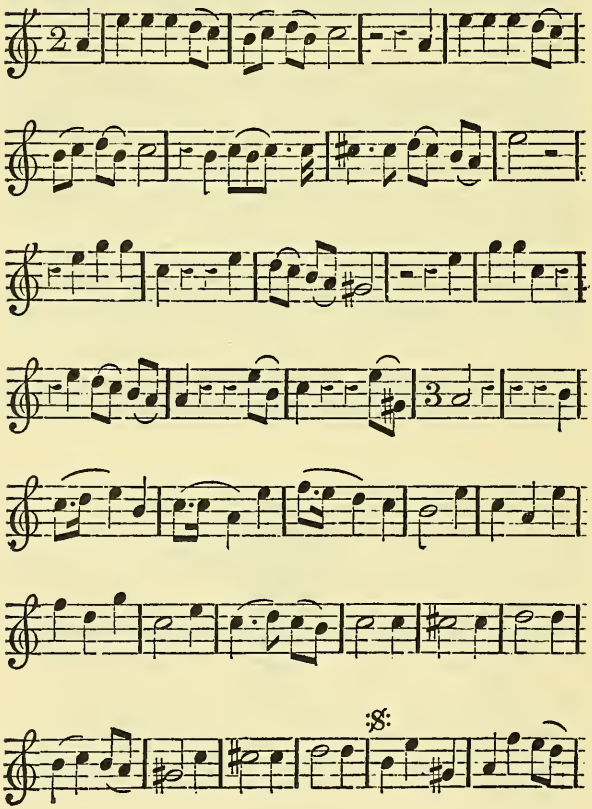
CORINNA I excuse thy Face,
Those erring Lines, which Nature drew;
When I reflect that ev'ry Grace,
Thy Mind adorns, is just and true:
But oh! thy Wit what God hast sent,
Surprising, Airy, unconfin'd;
Some wonder sure *Apollo* meant,
And shot himself into thy Mind.

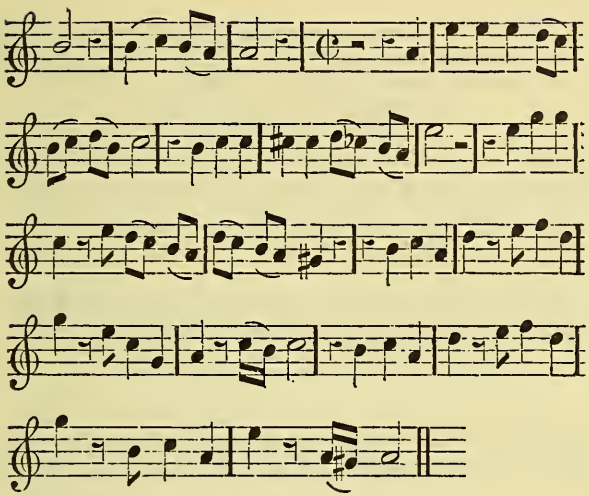
The Sailors SONG *in the Subscription* Musick, *Set by Mr.* Weldon, *Sung by Mr.* Dogget.



JUST coming from Sea, our Spouses and we,
We Punch it, we Punch it, we Punch it,
We Punch it, we Punch it a Board with Couragio ;
We Sing Laugh and Cling, and in Hammocks we swing,
And Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey my brave Boys Bonviago :
We Sing Laugh and Cling, and in Hammocks we swing,
We Sing Laugh and Cling, and in Hammocks we swing,
And Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, my brave Boys Bonviago.

The Serenading SONG *in the* Constant Couple, *or a Trip to the* Jubilee; *Written by Mr.* G. FARQUHAR, *Set by Mr.* D. Purcell, *Sung by Mr.* FREEMAN.



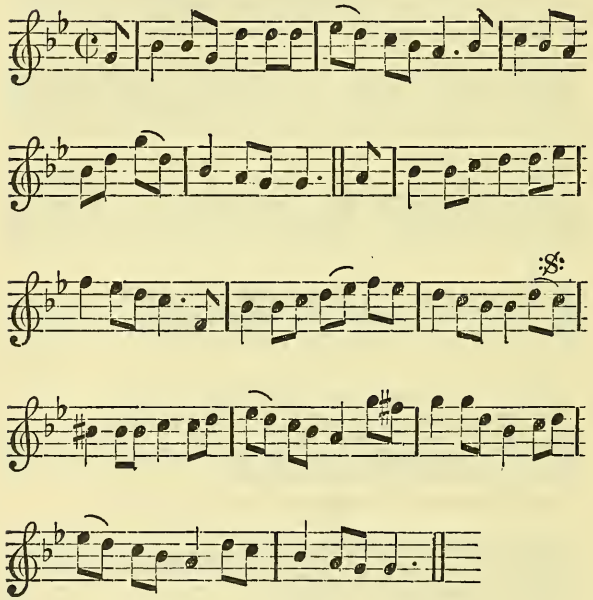


THUS *Damon* knock'd at *Cœlia's* Door,
Thus *Damon* knock'd at *Cœlia's* Door,
He sigh'd and begg'd, and wept and swore,
The sign was so, She answer'd no,
The sign was so, She answer'd no, no, no, no.

Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd,
No *Damon* no, no, no, no, no, I am afraid;
Consider *Damon* I'm a Maid,
Consider *Damon* no, no, no, no, no, no, no, I'm a Maid.

At last his Sighs and Tears made way,
She rose and softly turn'd the Key;
Come in said she, but do not, do not stay,
I may conclude, you will be rude;
But if you are you may:
I may conclude, you will be rude,
But if you are you may.

A 'Squire's Choice; or the Coy Lady's Beauty by him admir'd.



THE World is a Bubble and full of Decoys,
Her glittering Pleasures are flattering Toys;
The which in themselves no true Happiness brings,
Rich Rubies, nay Diamonds, Chains, Jewels and Rings:
They are but as Dross, and in Time will decay,
So will Virgin Beauty, so will Virgin Beauty,
Tho' never so gay.

Then

Then boast not young *Phillis* because thou art Fair,
Soft Roses and Lillies more beautiful are,
Than ever thou wast, when they in their Prime,
And yet do they fade in a very short time :
All temporal Glories in time will decay,
So will Virgin Beauty, so will Virgin Beauty,
Tho' never so gay.

Since all things are changing and nothing will last,
Since Years, Months, and Minutes thy Beauty will blast,
Like Flowers that fade in the fall of the Leaf,
Afford me thy Favour and pity my Grief:
E'er thy Youth and Beauty does clearly depart,
For thou art my Jewel, for thou art my Jewel,
The Joy of my Heart.

I value not Riches, for Riches I have,
I value not Honour, no Honour I crave ;
But what thou art able to bless me withal,
And if by thy Frowns to Despair I should fall :
Then Farewel those Joys which so long I have sought,
To languish in Sorrow, to languish in Sorrow,
Alass ! I am brought.

I come not to flatter, as many have done,
Afford me a Smile, or my Dear I shall run
Distracted, as being disturbed in Mind,
Then now, now, or never be loving and kind :
This Day thou canst cherish my sorrowful State,
To morrow sweet Jewel, to morrow sweet Jewel,
It may be too late.

You know that young Women has rail'd against Men,
And counted them false and base flatterers, when
We find that your Sexs are as cruel to us,
Or else you would never have Tortur'd me thus :
As now you have done by your Darts of Disdain,
You know that I love you, you know that I love you,
Yet all is in vain.

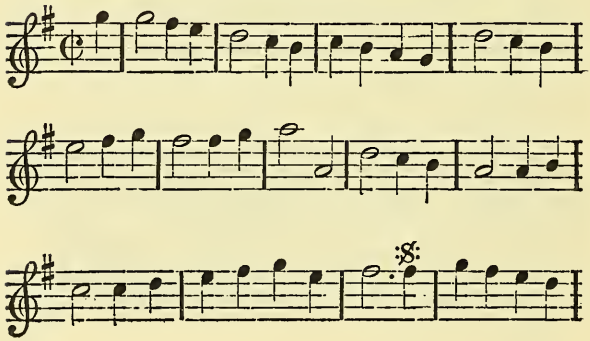
The

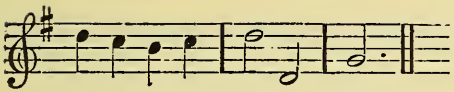
The Damsels Answer, To the same Tune.

NOW dry up thy Tears, and no longer exclaim,
Against thy Fair beautiful *Phillis* by Name ;
Who never as yet was acquainted with Love,
Yet here I declare by the Powers above :
I cannot be Cruel to one that is True,
Wherefore bid thy Sorrows, wherefore bid thy Sorrows
For ever adieu.

With all the Affections that Words can express,
I freely surrender, and can do no less ;
When as I consider in e'ery Degree,
How loyal and faithful thou hast been to me,
I cannot be Cruel to one that is True,
And so bid thy Sorrows, and so bid thy Sorrows
For ever adieu.

The Jolly SAILOR's Resolution.





AS I am a Sailor, 'tis very well known,
And I've never as yet had a Wife of my own;
But now I am resolved to Marry if I can,
To show my self a Jolly, Jolly brisk young Man,
Man, Man,
To show my self a Jolly, Jolly brisk young Man.

Abroad I have been, and since home I am come,
My Wages I have took, 'tis a delicate Sum;
And now Mistress Hostess begins to flatter me,
But I have not forgot her former Cruelty,
ty, ty,
But I have not forgot her former Cruelty.

Near *Lymehouse* she liv'd, where I formerly us'd,
I'll show you in brief how I once was abus'd,
After in her House I had quite consumed my store,
But kick me if I ever, ever feast her more,
more, more,
But kick me if I ever, ever feast her more.

I came to her once with abundance of Gold,
And as she that beautiful Sight did behold;
She said with a Kiss thou art welcome *John* to me,
For I have shed a Thousand, Thousand Tears for thee,
Thee, thee,
For I have shed a Thousand, Thousand Tears for thee.

Her flattering Words I was apt to believe,
And then at my Hands she did freely receive;
A Ring which she said she would keep for *Johnny's*
sake,
She wept for Joy as if her very Heart wou'd break:
Break, break,
She wept for Joy as if her very Heart wou'd break.

We feasted on Dainties and drank of the best,
Thought I with my Friends I am happily blest;

For

For Punch, Beer and Brandy they Night and Day did call,
And I was honest *Johnny*, *Johnny* pay for all:
All, all,
And I was honest *Johnny*, *Johnny* pay for all.

They ply'd me so warm, that in troth I may say,
That I scarce in a Month knew the Night from the Day;
My Hostess I kiss'd, tho' her Husband he was by,
For while my Gold and Silver lasted, who but I:
I, I,
For while my Gold and Silver lasted, who but I.

They said I should Marry their dear Daughter *Kate*,
And in Token of Love I presented her strait:
With a Chain of Gold, and a rich costly Head,
Thus *Johnny*, *Johnny*, *Johnny* by the Nose was lead:
Lead, lead,
Thus *Johnny*, *Johnny*, *Johnny* by the Nose was lead.

This Life I did lead for a Month and a Day,
And then all my Glory begun to decay:
My Money was gone, I quite consum'd my Store,
My Hostess told me in a Word, she would not Score,
Score, Score,
My Hostess told me in a Word, she would not Score.

She frown'd like a Fury, and *Kate* was Coy,
A Kiss or a Smile I no more must enjoy,
Nay, if that I call'd but for a Mug of Beer,
My Hostess she was very Deaf and could not hear,
hear, hear,
My Hostess she was very Deaf and could not hear.

But that which concern'd me more than the rest,
My Money it was gone, and she'd needs have me Prest;
Aboard of the Fleet, then I in a Passion flew,
And ever since I do abhor the Canting Crew,
Crew, Crew,
And ever since I do abhor the canting Crew.

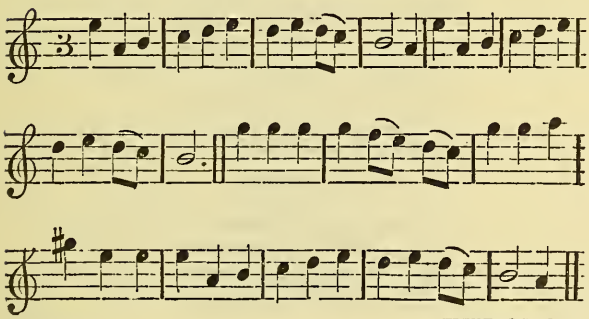
Now

Now having replenish'd my Stock once again,
My Hostess and Daughter I vow to refrain
Their Company quite, and betake my self to a Wife,
With whom I hope to live a sober Life,
  Life, Life,
With whom I hope to live a sober Life.

Then in came a Damsel as fresh as a Rose,
He gave her a Kiss, and began for to close,
In Courting, and said, canst love an honest Tar,
Who for this Six or Seven Years has travell'd far,
  Far, far,
Who for this Six or Seven Years has travell'd far.

His offer was noble, his Guineas was good,
And therefore the innocent Maid never stood
To make a Denial, but granted his Request,
And now she's with a jolly Sailor, Sailor blest.
  Blest, blest,
And now she's with a jolly Sailor, Sailor blest.

CUPID'S *Courtesie.*



THROUGH

THROUGH the cold shady Woods,
As I was ranging,
I heard the pretty Birds,
Notes sweetly changing:
Down by the Meadow's side,
There runs a River
A little Boy I spy'd
With Bow and Quiver.

Little Boy tell me why
Thou art here diving?
Art thou some Run-away;
And hast no abiding?
I am no Run-away,
Venus my Mother,
She gave me leave to play,
When I came hither.

Little Boy go with me,
And be my servant,
I will take care to see
For thy preferment:
If I with thee should go,
Venus would chide me,
And take away my Bow,
And never abide me.

Little Boy let me know,
What's thy Name termed,
That thou dost wear a Bow,
And go so arm'd:
You may perceive the same,
With often changing;
Cupid it is my Name,
I live by ranging.

If *Cupid* be thy Name,
That shoot at Rovers;
I have heard of thy Fame,
By wounded Lovers:

Should

Should any languish that
Are set on fire;
By such a naked Brat,
I much admire.

If thou dost but the least,
At my Laws grumble;
I'll pierce thy stubborn breast,
And make thee humble,
If I with Golden Dart,
Wound thee but surely,
There's no Physitians Art,
That e're can cure thee.

Little Boy with thy Bow,
Why dost thou threaten;
It is not long ago
Since thou wast beaten:
Thy wanton Mother, fair
Venus will chide thee;
When all thy Arrows are gone,
Thou may'st go hide thee.

Of powerful shafts you see,
I am well stored;
Which makes my Deity,
So much adored:
With one poor Arrow now,
I'll make thee shiver;
And bend unto my Bow,
And fear my Quiver.

Dear little *Cupid* be,
Courteous and kindly;
I know thou can'st not see,
But shootest blindly:
Altho' thou call'st me blind,
Surely I'll hit thee;
That thou shalt quickly find,
I'll not forget thee.

Then

Then little *Cupid* caught,
His Bow so nimble;
And shot a fatal shaft,
Which made him tremble:
Go tell thy Mistress dear,
Thou canst discover;
What all the Passions are,
Of a dying Lover.

And now this gallant Heart
Sorely lies bleeding;
He felt the greatest smart,
From Love proceeding;
He did her help implore,
Whom he affected,
But found that more and more,
Him she rejected.

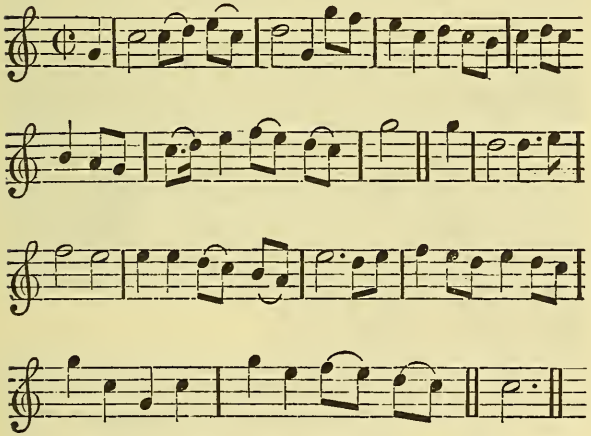
For *Cupid* with his Craft,
Quickly had chosen,
And with a Leaden shaft,
Her Heart had frozen:
Which caus'd this Lover more,
Daily to languish;
And *Cupid's* Aid implore,
To heal this Anguish.

He humble pardon crav'd
For his Offence past;
And vow'd himself a Slave,
And to love stedfast;
His Prayers so ardent were,
Whilst his Heart panted,
That *Cupid* lent an ear,
And his suit granted.

For by his present plaint,
He was regarded;
And his adored Saint,
His Love rewarded:

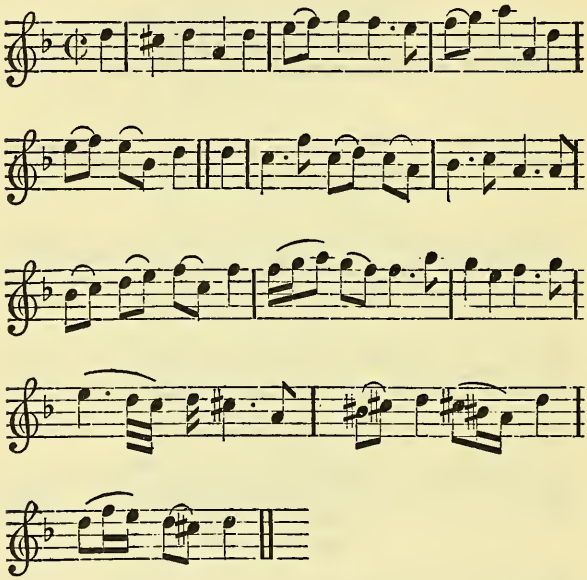
And now they live in Joy,
Sweetly embracing,
And left the little Boy,
In the Woods chasing.

The Duke of GLOUCESTER's *March, Set by Dr.* BLOW.



AND now, now the Duke's March,
Let the Haut-boys play;
And his Troops in the Close,
Shall Huzza, Huzza, Huzza:
And now, now the Duke's March,
Let the Haut-boys play;
And his Troops in the Close,
Shall Huzza, Huzza, Huzza.

A SONG *Sung at* RICHMOND *New Wells, the Words by* M. S. *Set by Mr.* MORGAN.

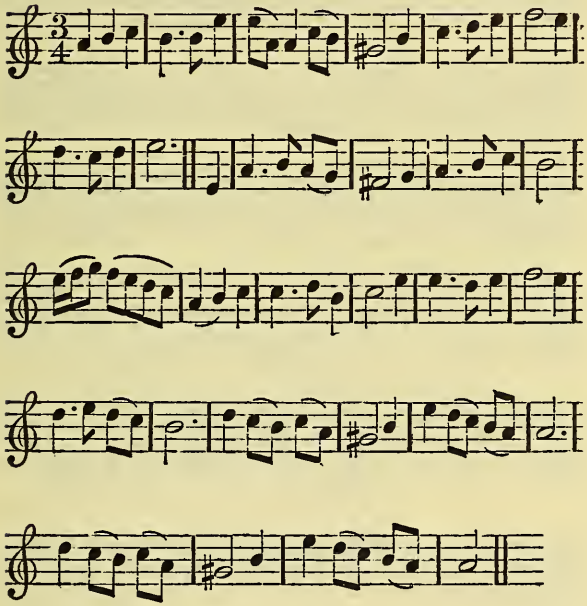


AURELIA now one Moment lost,
A thousand Sighs may after cost;
Desires may oft return in vain,
But Youth will ne'er return again:
Desires may oft return in vain,
But Youth will ne'er return again.

The fragrant sweets which do adorn,
The glowing blushes of the Morn;
By Noon are vanish'd all away,
Then let *Aurelia* live to Day.

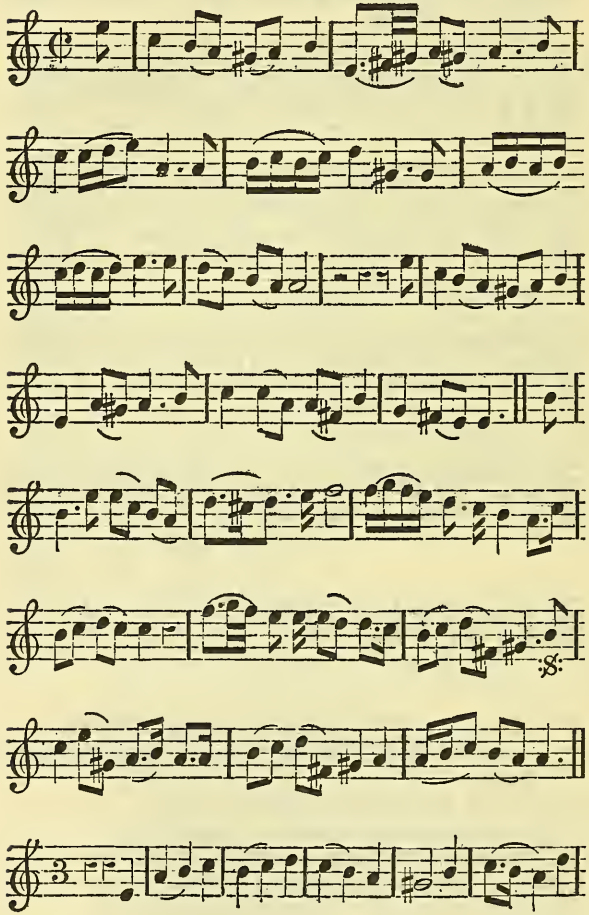
The

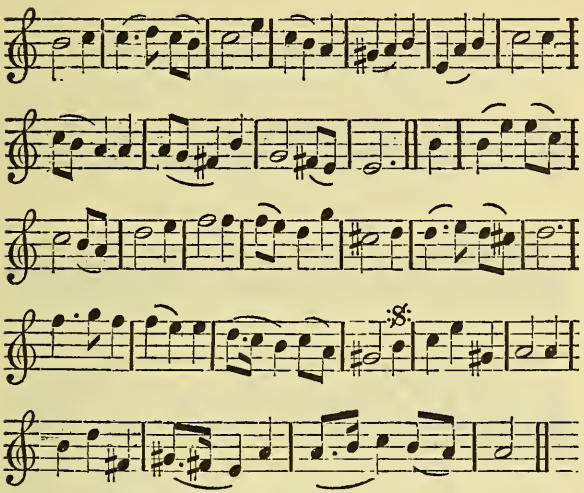
A SONG *Sung by Mrs.* PRINCE *in the* Agreeable Disappointment. *Sett by Mr.* JOHN ECCLES.



CHLOE found Love for his *Psyche* in Tears,
She play'd with his Dart, and smil'd at his Fears,
fears ;
'Till feeling at length the Poison it keeps,
Cupid he smiles, and *Chloe* she weeps :
'Till feeling at length the Poison it keeps,
Cupid he smiles, and *Chloe* she weeps,
Cupid he smiles, and *Chloe* she weeps.

A SONG. *Set by Mr.* JOHN BARRETT.

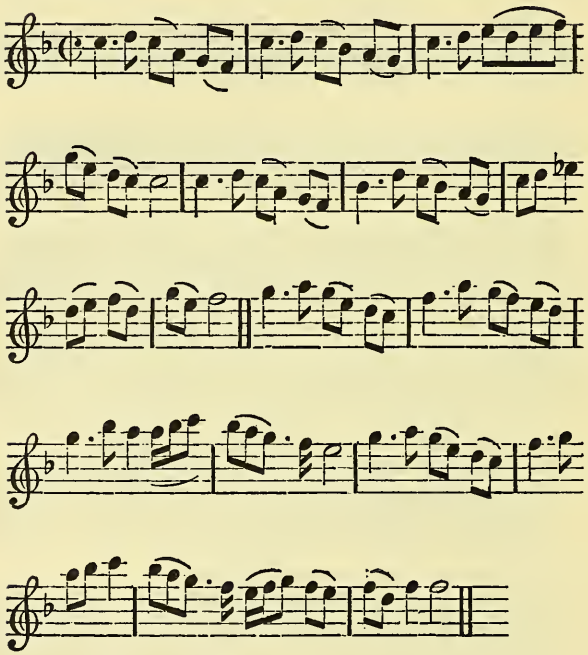




LIBERIA's all my Thought and Dream,
She's all, all, all, she's all, all, all, my Pleasure and my Pain :
Liberia's all that I esteem,
And all I fear is her Disdain,
Her Wit, her Humour and her Face,
Please beyond all I felt before :
Oh ! Why can't I Admire her less,
Or dear *Liberia*, or dear *Liberia* love me more !

Like Stars all other Female Charms,
Ne'er touch my Heart, but Feast my Eyes ;
For she's the only Sun that Warms,
With her alone I'd live and dye :
Immortal Pow'rs whose Work Divine,
Inspires my Soul with so much Love ;
Grant your *Liberia* may be mine,
And then, then, then, then, and then, then I share your Joys above.

Coy BELINDA, *and False* AMINDOR.

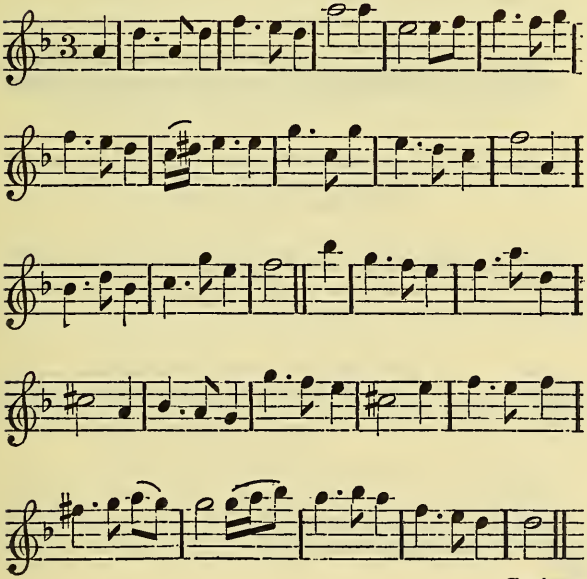


COY *Belinda* may discover,
Love is nothing but a Name;
'Tis not Beauty warms the Lover,
When he tells her of his Flame:
But she keeps a greater Treasure,
Binds and Bonds inflame his Heart;
Charms that flow with tides of Pleasure,
More obey'd than *Cupid's* Dart.

False

False *Amintor* leave Dissembling,
Tell her plainly you are Poor;
Hence are all your Sighs and Tremblings,
When you talk of your Amour:
Tho' you Sigh, and tho' you Languish,
'Till she gives herself away;
Then you soon forget your Anguish,
And *Belinda* must obey.

An Amorous Address to the charming CORINNA.

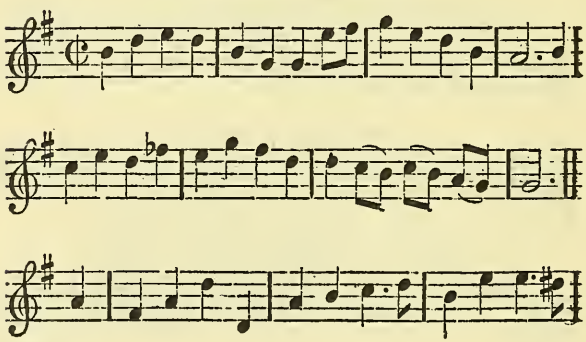


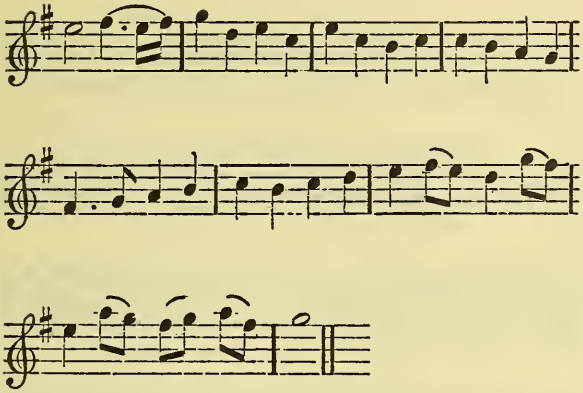
Corinna

CORINNA 'tis you that I Love,
And love with a Passion, a Passion so great;
That death a less Torment would prove,
Than either your Frown or your hate:
So soft and prevailing your Charms,
In vain I should strive to retreat;
Oh! then let me live in your Arms,
Or dye in Despair at your Feet.

In vain I may pray to Love's Powers,
To ease me and pity my Pain;
Since the Heart that I sue for is yours,
Who all other Powers disdain:
Like a *Goddess* you Absolute reign,
You alone 'tis can save or kill;
To whom else then should I complain,
Since my fate must depend on your will.

The Coy Lass dress'd up in her best Commode and Top-knot.

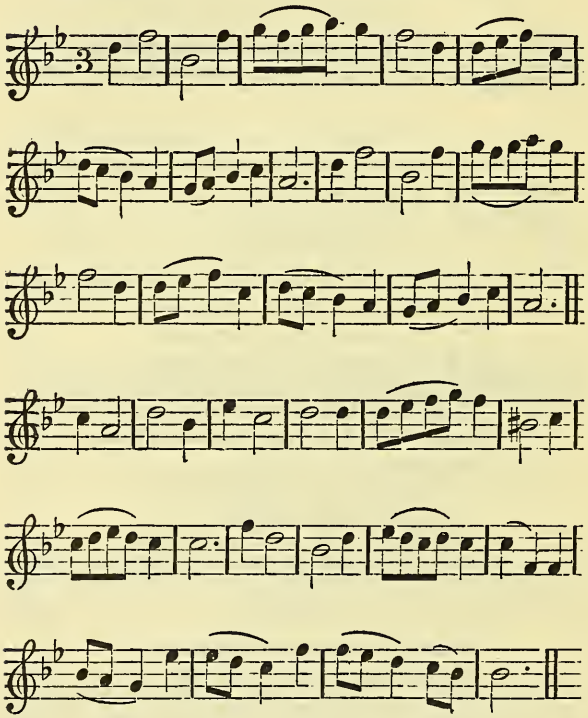




DO not rumple my Top-knot,
I'll not be kiss'd to Day ;
I'll not be hawl'd and pull'd about,
Thus on a Holy-day :
Then if your Rudeness you don't leave,
No more is to be said ;
See this long Pin upon my Sleeve,
I'll run up to the Head :
And if you rumple my head Gear,
I'll give you a good flurt on the Ear.

Come upon a Worky-day,
When I have my old Cloaths on ;
I shall not be so nice nor Coy,
Nor stand so much upon :
Then hawl and pull, and do your best,
Yet I shall gentle be :
Kiss hand, and Mouth, and feel my Breast,
And tickle to my Knee :
I won't be put out of my rode,
You shall not rumple my Commode.

A SONG *in the Dramatick* OPERA *of* KING ARTHUR. *Written by Mr.* DRYDEN.



FAIREST Isle, all Isles excelling,
Seat of pleasures, and of Love;
Venus here, will chuse her dwelling,
And forsake her *Cyprian Grove.*

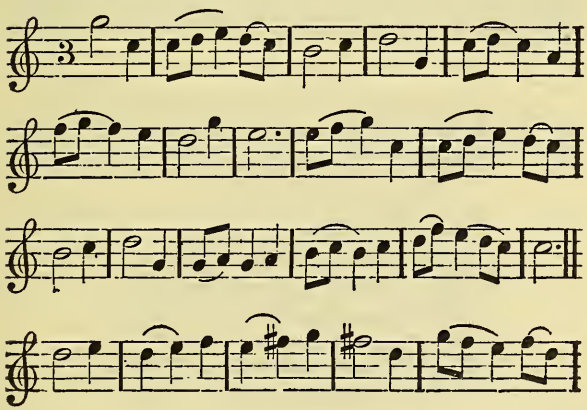
Cu-

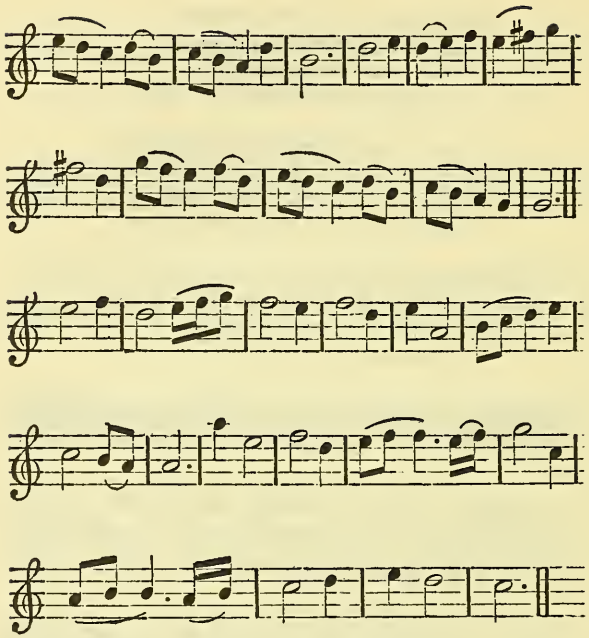
Cupid from his fav'rite Nation,
Care and Envy will remove;
Jealousy that poisons Passion,
And Despair that dies for Love.

Gentle murmurs sweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the fire of Love;
Soft Repulses, kind Disdaining,
Shall be all the Pains you prove.

Every Swain shall pay his Duty,
Grateful every Nymph shall prove;
And as these excel in Beauty,
Those shall be renown'd for Love.

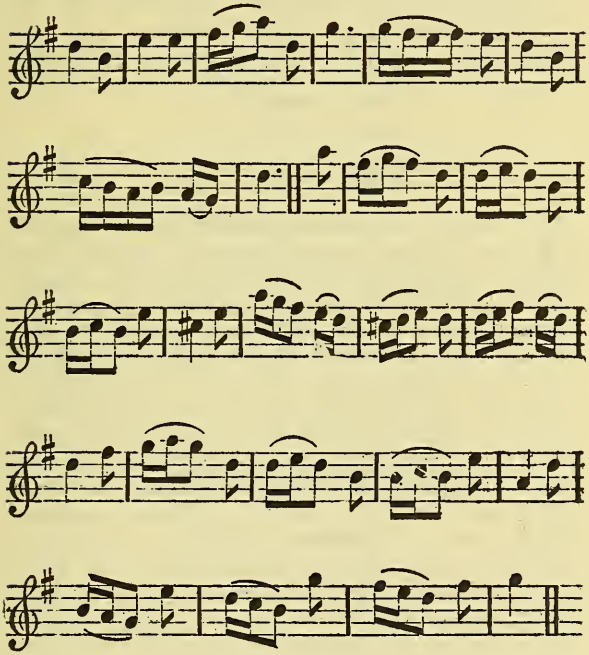
A SONG *in the Comedy call'd the* (Wives Excuse: *Or*, Cuckolds make themselves.) *Sung by Mrs.* BUTLER.





HANG this whining way of Wooing,
Loving was design'd a sport;
Sighing, talking without doing,
Makes a sily Idol court:
Don't believe that Words can move her,
If she be not well inclin'd;
She herself must be the Lover,
To perswade her to be kind:
If at last she grants the Favour,
And consents to be undone;
Never think your Passion gave her,
To your wishes, but her own.

A SONG *in the Opera call'd the* (Fairy Queen,) *Sung by Mr.* PATE.



HERE's the Summer sprightly, gay,
Smiling, wanton, fresh and fair:
Adorn'd with all the Flowers of *May*,
Whose various sweets perfume the Air,
Adorn'd with all the Flowers of *May*,
Whose various sweets perfume the Air.

A DOG *of* WAR:

Or, The Travels of DRUNKARD, *the famous Curr of the Round* WOOLSTAPLE *in* WESTMINSTER. *His Services in the* NETHERLANDS, *and lately in* FRANCE, *with his return home.*

The ARGUMENT.

AN Honest, Well-knowing, and well-known Souldier, (whose Name for some Reasons I conceal) dwelt lately in Westminster, *in the round Woolstaple, he was a Man only for Action, but such Actions as Loyalty did always justifie, either for his Prince, Country, or their dear and near Friends or Allies, in such noble designs he would and did often with Courage and good Approvement employ himself in the Low-countries, having always with him a little black Dog, whom he called* Drunkard; *which Curr would (by no means) ever forsake or leave him. But lately in these French Wars, the Dog being in the Isle of* RHEA, *where his Master (valiantly fighting) was Unfortunately slain, whose death was griev'd for by as many as knew him; and as the Corps lay dead, the poor loving Masterless Dog would not forsake it, until an English Souldier pull'd off his Masters Coat, whom the Dog followed to a Boat, by which means he came back to* Westminster, *where he now remains. Upon whose Fidelity, (for the love I owed his deceased Master) I have writ these following Lines, to express my Addiction to the Proverb,* Love me and Love my Dog.

To

To the Reader.

READER if you expect
from hence,
An overplus of Wit
or Sence,
I deal with no such
Traffique:

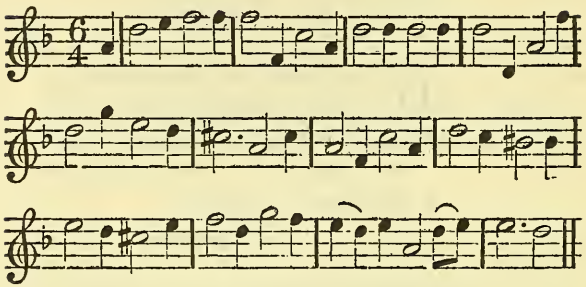
Heroicks *and*
Iambicks *I,*
My Buskinde Muse hath
laid them by,
Pray be content with
Saphicke.

Drunkard *the Dog my*
Patron is,
And he doth love me
well for this,
Whose Love I take for
Guerdon;

And he's a Dog of Mars
his Train
Who hath seen Men and
Horses slain,
The like was never
heard on.

DRUN-

DRUNKARD *or the faithful Dog of War.*



STand clear, my Masters
'ware your Shins,
For now to Bark my
Muse begins,
Tis of a Dog, I
write now:
Yet let me tell you
for excuse,
That Muse or Dog, or
Dog or Muse,
Have no intent to
bite now.

In Doggrel Rhimes my
Lines are writ,
As for a Dog I thought
it fit,
And fitting best his
Carkass.
Had I been silent as
a Stoick,
Or had I writ in
Verse Heroick,
Then had I been a
Stark Ass.

Old

Old *Homer* wrote of
Frogs and Mice,
And *Rabblaies* wrote of
Nits and Lice,
And *Virgil* of
a Flye:
One wrote the Treatise
of the Fox,
Another prais'd the
Frenchman's Pox,
Whose praise was but
a Lye.

Great *Alexander* had
a Horse,
A famous Beast of
mighty force
Yecleap'd *Buce-*
phalus:
He was a stout and
sturdy Steed,
And of an exc'lent Race
and Breed,
But that concerns
not us.

I list not write the
Baby praise
Of Apes, or Owls, or
Popingeys,
Or of the Cat
Grammalkin:
But of a true and trusty
Dog,
Who well could fawn,
But never cog,
His Praise my Pen must
walk in.

And

And *Drunkard* he is
falsely nam'd,
For which that Vice he
ne'er was blam'd,
For he Loves not God
Bacchus:
The Kitchin he esteems
more dear,
Than Cellars full of
Wine or Beer,
Which oftentimes doth
wreck us.

He is no Mastiff, huge
of Lim,
Or Water-spaniel, that
can Swim,
Nor Blood-Hound nor
no Setter:
No Bob-tail Tyke, or
Trundle-tayl,
Nor can he Partridge spring
or Quail,
But yet he is much
better.

No Dainty Ladies
fisting-Hound,
That lives upon our
Britain Ground,
Nor Mungrel Cur or
Shogh:
Should Litters or whole
Kennels dare,
With Honest *Drunkard*
to compare,
My Pen writes, *marry*
fough.

The

The Otter-Hound, the
Fox-Hound, nor
The swift Foot Grey-Hound
car'd he for,
Nor *Cerberus* Hell's
Bandogg;
His Service proves them
Curs and Tikes,
And his Renown a
Terror strikes,
In Water-Dog and
Land-Dog.

'Gainst brave *Buquoy*, or
stout *Dampiere*,
He durst have Bark'd
without Fear,
Or 'gainst the hot
Count *Tilly:*
At *Bergen* Leaguer and
Bredha,
Against the Noble
Spinola,
He shew'd himself not
silly.

He serv'd his Master
at commands,
In the most Warlike
Netherlands,
In *Holland*, *Zeeland*,
Brabant:
He to him still was
true and just,
And if his fare were but
a Crust,
He patiently would
knab on't.

He durst t have stood
Stern *Ajax* Frown,
When Wise *Ulysses*
talk'd him down
In grave *Diebus*
illis;
When he by cunning
prating won
The Armour from
fierce Tellamon,
That 'longed to
Achilles.

Brave *Drunkard*, oft on
God's dear Ground,
Took such poor Lodging
as he found,
In Town, Field, Camp
or Cottage;
His Bed but cold, his
Dyet thin,
He oft in that poor case
was in,
To want both Meat and
Pottage.

Two rows of Teeth for
Arms he bore,
Which in his Mouth he
always wore,
Which serv'd to fight and
feed too:
His grumbling for his
Drum did pass,
And barking (lowd) his
Ordnance was,
Which help'd in time of
need too.

His

His Tail his Ensign
he did make,
Which he would oft display
and shake,
Fast in his Poop
uprear'd:
His Powder hot, but
somewhat dank,
His Shot in (scent) most
dangerous rank,
Which sometimes made him
feared.

Thus hath he long serv'd
near and far,
Well known to be a
Dog of War,
Though he ne'er shot with
Musket:
Yet Cannons roar or
Culverings,
That whizzing through
the welkin sings,
He slighted as a
Pus-Cat.

For Guns, nor Drums,
nor Trumpets clang,
Nor hunger, cold, nor
many a pang,
Could make him leave his
Master:
In Joy, and in
Adversity,
In Plenty, and in
Poverty,
He often was a
Taster.

Thus serv'd he on the
Belgia Coast,
Yet ne'er was heard to
brag or boast,
Of Services done by
him:
He is no Pharisee
to blow,
A Trumpet, his good
Deeds to show,
'Tis pity to bely
him.

At last he Home return'd
in Peace,
Till Wars, and Jars, and
Scars increase
'Twixt us, and *France*,
in malice:
Away went he and
crost the Sea,
With's Master, to the
Isle of *Rhea*,
A good way beyond
Callice.

He was so true, so good,
so kind,
He scorn'd to stay at Home
behind,
And leave his Master
frustrate;
For which could I like
Ovid write,
Or else like *Virgil* could
indite,
I would his Praise
illustrate.

I wish my Hands could
never stir,
But I do love a
thankful Curr,
More than a Man
ingrateful:
And this poor Dog's
Fidelity,
May make a thankless
Knave descry,
How much that Vice is
hateful.

For why, of all the
Faults of Men,
Which they have got from
Hell's black Den,
Ingratitude the
worst is:
For Treasons, Murders,
Incests, Rapes,
Nor any Sin in
any shapes,
So bad, nor so
accurst is.

I hope I shall no
Anger gain,
If I do write a word
Or twain,
How this Dog was
distressed;
His Master being
wounded dead,
Shot, cut and slash'd, from
Heel to Head,
Think how he was
oppressed.

To lose him that he
loved most,
And be upon a Foreign
Coast,
Where no Man would
relieve him:
He lick'd his Masters
Wounds in Love,
And from his Carkass
would not move,
Altho' the sight
did grieve him.

By chance a Souldier
passing by,
That did his Masters
Coat espy,
And quick away he
took it:
But *Drunkard* followed
to a Boat,
To have again his Master's
Coat,
Such Theft he could not
brook it.

So after all his wo
and wrack,
To *Westminster* he was
brought back,
A poor half starved
Creature;
And in remembrance of
his cares,
Upon his back he
closely wears
A Mourning Coat by
Nature.

Live

Live *Drunkard*, sober
Drunkard live,
I know thou no offence
wilt give,
Thou art a harmless
Dumb thing;
And for thy love I'll
freely grant,
Rather than thou shouldst
ever want,
Each Day to give thee
something.

Thou shalt be *Stellifide*
by me,
I'll make the *Dog-star*
wait on thee,
And in his room I'll
seat thee:
When *Sol* doth in his
Progress swing,
And in the Dog-days
hotly sing,
He shall not over-
heat thee.

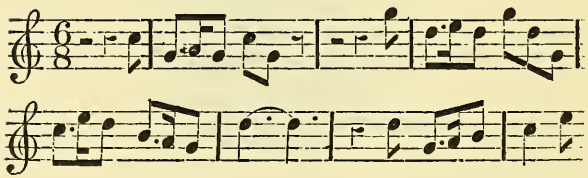
I lov'd thy Master, so
did all
That knew him,
great and small,
And he did well
deserve it:
For he was Honest,
Valiant, Good,
And one that Manhood
understood,
And did till Death
preserve it.

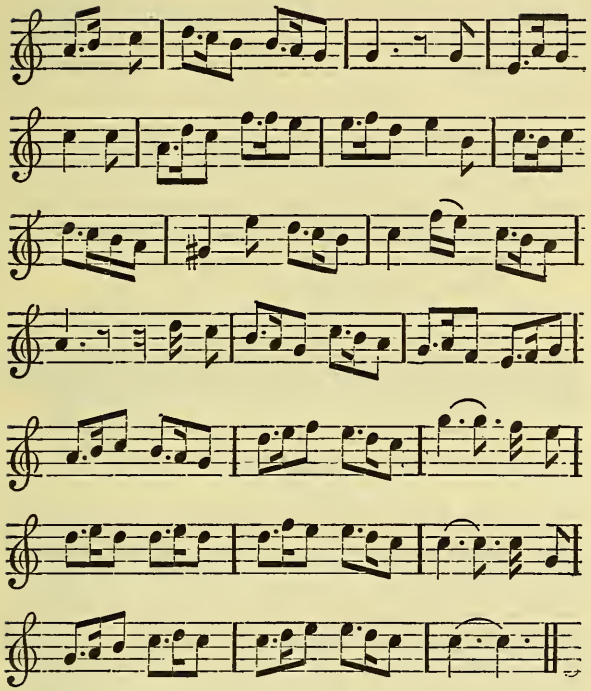
For

For whose sake, I'll
his Dog prefer,
And at the Dog at
Westminster,
Shall *Drunkard* be a
Bencher;
Where I will set a
work his Chops,
Not with bare Bones, or
broken scraps,
But Victuals from my
Trencher.

So honest *Drunkard*
now adieu,
Thy Praise no longer
I'll pursue,
But still my Love is
to thee:
And when thy Life is
gone and spent,
These Lines shall be thy
Monument,
And shall much Service
do thee.

A SONG *Sung by Mrs.* AYLIFF *in the Play call'd* Love Triumphant: *Or*, Nature will Prevail, *Sett by Mr.* HENRY PURCELL.





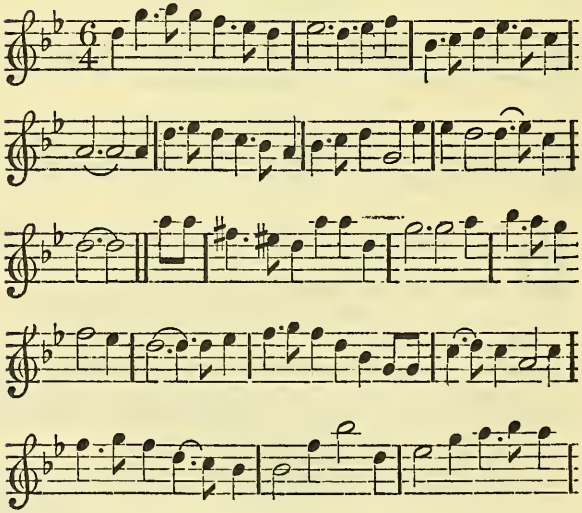
HOW happy's the Husband, how happy's the Husband,
Whose Wife has been try'd, has been try'd,
Not damn'd to the Bed, not damn'd to the Bed of an ignorant Bride;
Secure of what's left, secure of what's left, he ne'er misses the rest,
But where there's enough, enough, enough, but where there's enough, supposes a Feast:
So foreknowing the Cheat,
He escapes the Deceit;

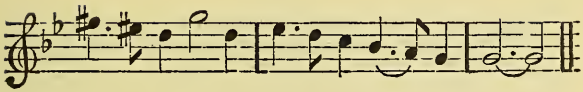
And

And in spight of the Curse he resolves, he resolves to be blest. [be blest.
And in spight of the Curse he resolves, he resolves to
He resolves to be blest, he resolves, he resolves to be blest.

If Children are blessings, his comfort's the more,
Whose Spouse has been known to be fruitful before ;
And the Boy that she brings ready made to his Hand,
May stand him in stead for an Heir to his Land :
Shou'd his own prove a Sot,
When 'tis lawfully got
As when e'er it is so, if it won't I'll be hang'd.

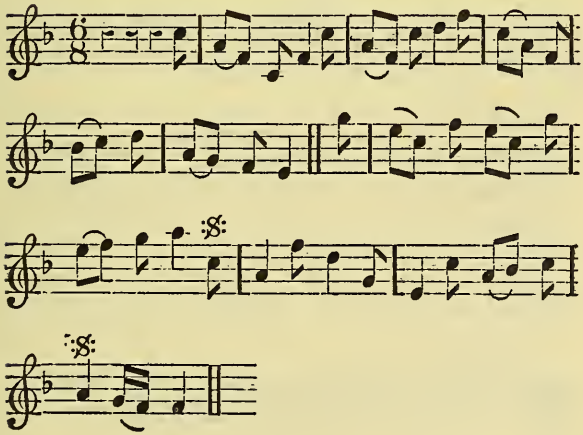
A New SONG, *to the Tune of the Old Batchelor.*





IF ever you mean to be kind,
To me the Favour, the Favour allow;
For fear that to Morrow should alter my Mind,
Oh! let me now, now, now,
If in Hand then a Guinea you'll give,
And swear by this kind Embrace;
That another to Morrow, as you hope to live,
Oh! then I will strait unlace:
For why should we two disagree,
Since we have, we have opportunity.

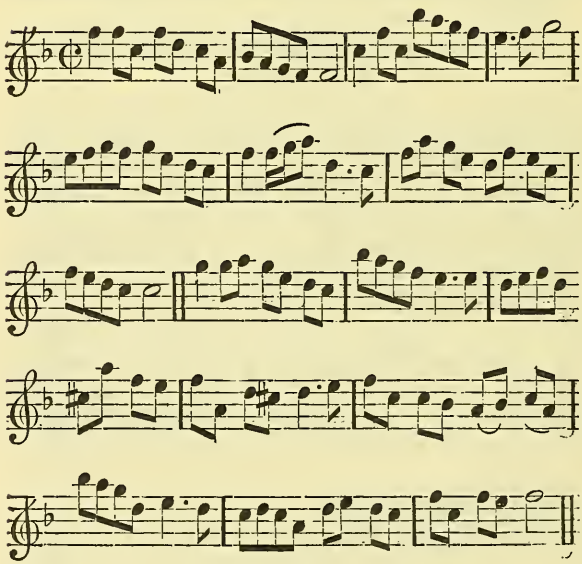
A SONG, *Set to Musick by Mr.* Will. Richardson.



I know her false, I know her base,
I know that Gold alone can move ;
I know she Jilts me to my Face,
And yet good Gods, and yet good Gods I know I Love.

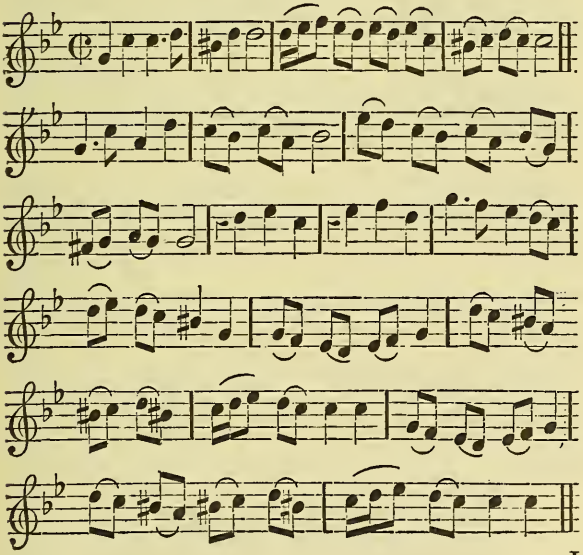
I see too plain and yet am Blind,
Wou'd think her true, while she forsooth ;
To me and to my Rival's kind,
Courts him, courts me, courts him, courts me, and Jilts us both.

A Scotch Song.



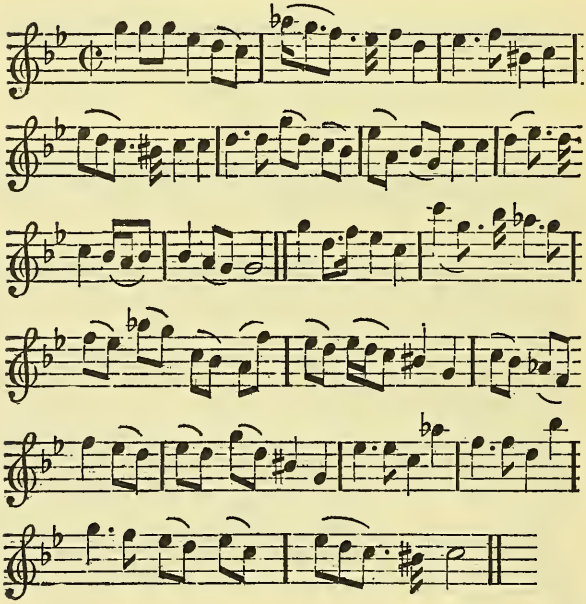
FYE *Jockey* never prattle more so like a *Loon*,
No Rebel e'er shall gar my Heart to Love :
Sawney was a Loyal *Scot* tho' dead and gone,
And *Jenny* in her *Daddy's* way with muckle Joy shall move :
Laugh at the *Kirk-Apostles* & the Canting swarms,
And fight with bonny Lads that love their Monarchy and King,
Then *Jenny* fresh and blith shall take thee in her Arms,
And give thee twanty Kisses, and perhaps a better [thing.

A SONG *in the* Fairy Queen. *Sung by Mrs.* Dyer.



I Am come to lock all fast,
Love without me cannot last:
Love, like counsels of the Wise,
Must be hid from vulgar Eyes;
'Tis holy, 'tis holy, and we must, we must conceal it,
They prophane it, they prophane it, who reveal it,
They prophane it, they profane it, who reveal it.

A New SONG, *Set to the FLUTE.*

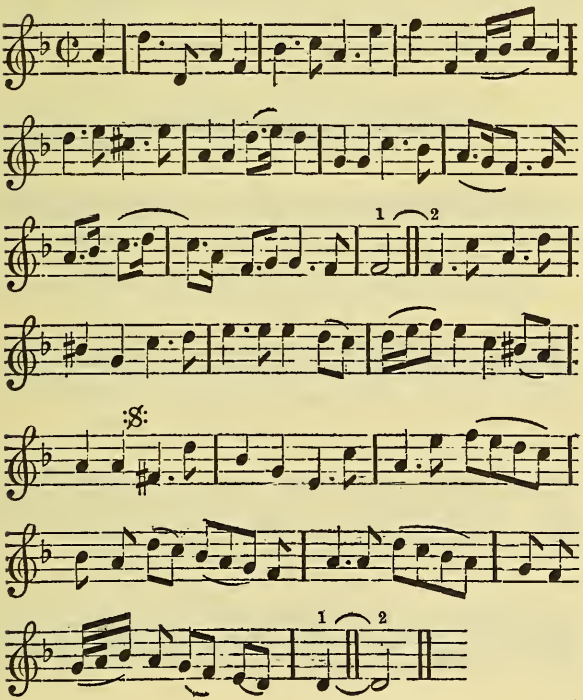


AFTER the pangs of fierce Desire,
The doubts and hopes that wait on Love;
And feed by turns the raging Fire,
How charming must Fruition prove:

When

When the triumphant Lover feels,
None of those Pains which once he bore;
Or when reflecting on his Ills,
He makes his Pleasure, Pleasure more,
He makes his Pleasure, Pleasure more.

A SONG *in the Comedy call'd* Sir Anthony Love: *Or*, The Rambling Lady, *Set by Mr.* HENRY PURCELL.



IN

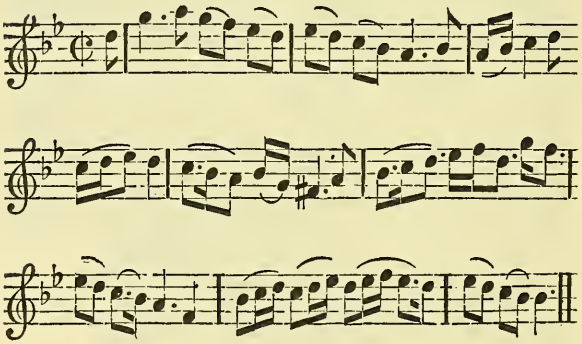
IN vain *Clemene*, you bestow,
The promis'd Empire of your Heart;
If you refuse to let me know,
The wealthy Charms of every part.

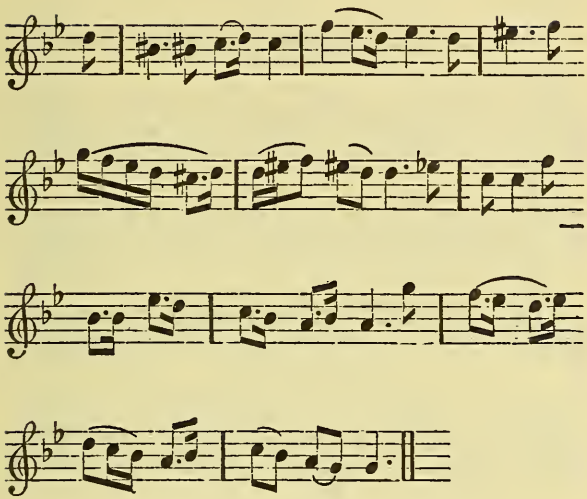
My Passion with your kindness grew,
Tho' Beauty gave the first desire,
But Beauty only to pursue,
Is following a wandring Fire.

As Hills in perspective, suppress,
The free enquiry of the sight:
Restraint makes every Pleasure less,
And takes from Love the full delight.

Faint Kisses may in part supply,
Those eager Longings of my Soul;
But oh! I'm lost, if you deny,
A quick possession of the whole.

A SONG, *Set to Musick by Mr.* GRAVES.

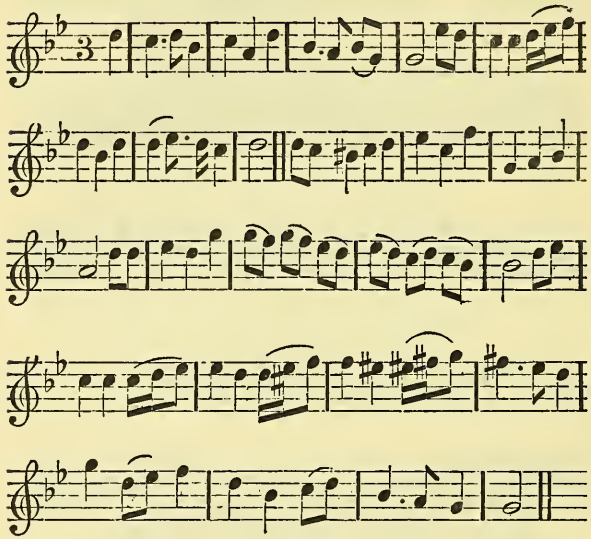




MY dear *Corinna* give me leave,
To gaze, to gaze on her I Love;
The Gods cou'd never, never yet conceive,
Her Worth, tho' from above;
There's none on Earth can equalize,
So sweet, so sweet a Soul as she;
Who ever gains so great a Prize,
Has all, has all that Heav'n can be.

Curse on my Fate, who plac'd me here,
In a Sphere, a Sphere, so much below,
My Love, my Life, my all that's dear;
And yet she must not know:
The torment for her I sustain,
Shall ill, shall ill rewarded be;
When loving, when loving, and not Lov'd again,
Does prove, does prove, a Hell to me.

A Mock Song to If Love's a sweet Passion.

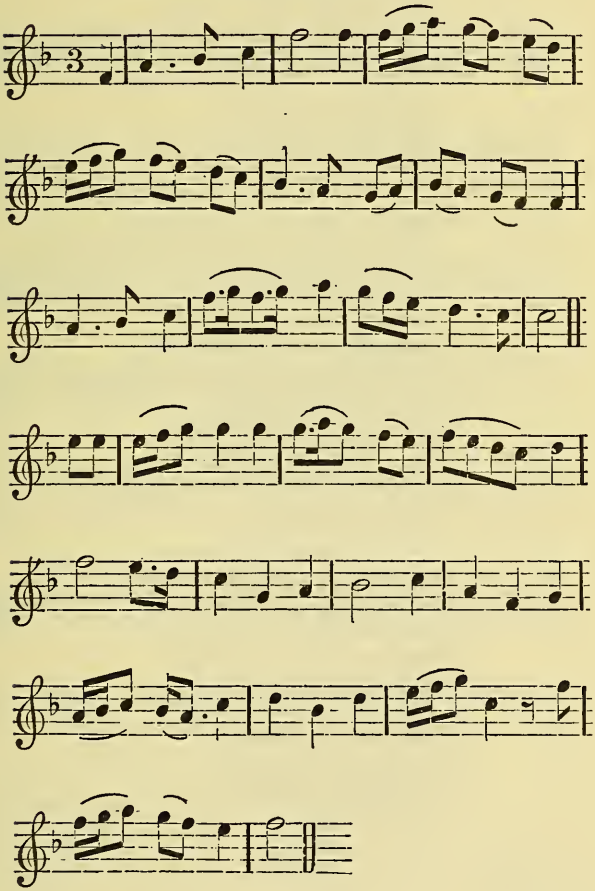


IF Wine be a Cordial why does it Torment?
If a Poison oh! tell me whence comes my Content?
Since I drink it with Pleasure, why should I complain?
Or repent ev'ry Morn when I know 'tis in vain:
Yet so charming the Glass is, so deep is the Quart,
That at once it both drowns and enlivens my Heart.

I take it off briskly and when it is down,
By my jolly Complexion I make my Joy known;
But oh! how I'm blest when so strong it does prove,
By its soveraign heat to expel that of Love:
When in quenching the Old, I creat a new Flame,
And am wrapt in such Pleasures that still want a Name.

The

The LOYAL *Subject's WISH. By Mrs.* ANNE MORCOTT.

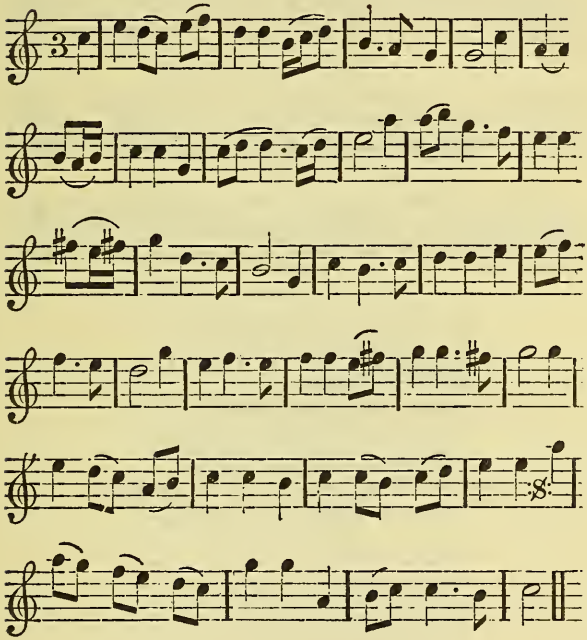


LET *Mary* live long,
She's Vertuous and Witty,
All charmingly Pretty ;
Let *Mary* live long,
And Reign many Years :
Wou'd the Cloud was gone o'er,
That troubles us sore,
When the Sun-shine appears ;
We shall be deliver'd,
We shall be deliver'd,
From fury and fears.

Heavens send the King home,
With Laurels to crown him,
Each Rebel to own him ;
And may he live long,
And Reign many Years :
When the Conquest is plain,
And three Kingdoms regain'd ;
Let his Enemies fall,
Then *Cæsar* shall flourish,
Then *Cæsar* shall flourish,
In spight of them all.

All glorious and gay,
Let the King live for ever :
May he languish never, never :
Like Flowers in *May*,
His Actions smell sweet :
When the Wars are all done,
And he safe in his Throne ;
Trophies lay at his Feet,
With loud Acclamations,
With loud Acclamations,
His Majesty greet.

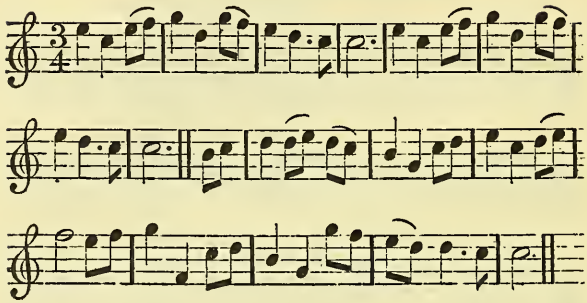
The Shepherdess LERINDA'S *Complaint, by* Walter Overbury, *Gent.*



LERINDA complaineth that *Strephon* is dull,
And that nothing diverting proceeds from his Skull;
But when once *Lerinda* vouchsafes to be kind,
To her long Admirer she'll then quickly find:
Such strange alteration as will her confute,
That *Strephon's* transported, that *Strephon's* transported
That *Strephon's* transported and grown more acute.

Lov

Love will find out the Way.



OVER the Mountains,
And over the Waves;
Over the Fountains,
And under the Graves:
Over Rocks which are steepest,
Which do *Neptune* obey;
Over Floods which are the deepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place,
For the Glow-worm to lie;
Where there is no space,
For receipt of a Flye:
Where the Gnat she dares not venture,
Lest her self fast she lay:
But if Love come he will enter,
And will find out the way.

You may esteem him
a Child by his force;
Or you may deem him
A Coward, which is worse:

But

But if he whom Love doth Honour,
Be conceal'd from the Day;
Set a Thousand Guards upon him
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
Which is too unkind;
And some do suppose him,
Poor Heart to be Blind:
But if ne'er so close you wall him,
Do the best that you may;
Blind Love, if so you call him,
Will find out the way.

Well may the Eagle
Stoop down to the Fist;
Or you may inveagle,
The Phenix of the East:
With Tears the Tyger's moved,
To give over his Prey;
But never stop a Lover,
He will post on his way.

From *Dover* to *Barwick*,
And Nations thro'out;
Brave *Guy* of *Warwick*,
That Champion stout:
With his Warlike behaviour,
Thro' the World he did stray;
To win his *Phillis's* Favour,
Love will find out the way.

In order next enters,
Bevis so brave;
After Adventures,
And Policy grave:
To see whom he desired,
His *Josian* so gay,
For whom his Heart was fired,
Love found out the way.

The

The Second Part, To the same Tune.

THE gordian Knot,
Which true Lovers knit;
Undo you cannot,
Nor yet break it:
Make use of your Inventions,
Their Fancies to betray;
To frustrate your intentions,
Love will find out the way.

From Court to Cottage,
In Bower and in Hall;
From the King unto the Beggar,
Love conquers all:
Tho' ne'er so stout and Lordly,
Strive do what you may;
Yet be you ne'er so hardy,
Love will find out the way.

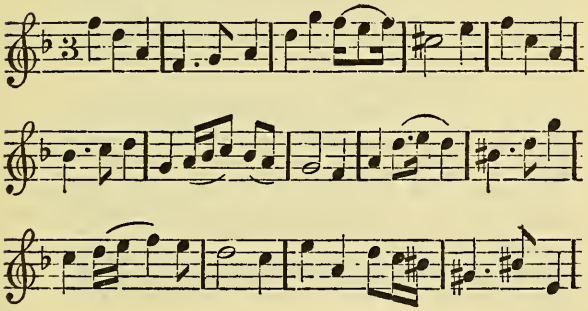
Love hath power over Princes,
Or greatest Emperor;
In any Provinces,
Such is Love's Power:
There is no resisting,
But him to obey;
In spight of all contesting,
Love will find out the way.

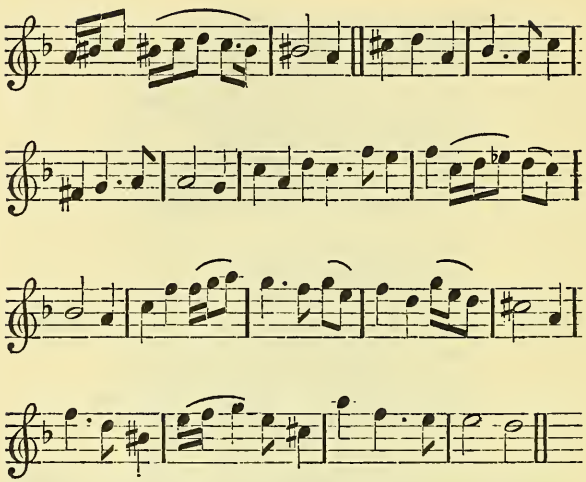
If that he were hidden,
And all Men that are;
Were strictly forbidden,
That place to declare:
Winds that have no abiding,
Pitying their delay;
Will come and bring him tydings,
And direct him the way.

If the Earth should part him.
He would gallop it o're:
If the Seas should overthwart him,
He would swim to the Shore:
Should his Love become a Swallow,
Thro' the Air to stray;
Love would lend Wings to follow,
And would find out the way.

There is no striving,
To cross his intent:
There is no contriving,
His Plots to prevent:
But if once the Message greet him,
That his true Love doth stay;
If Death should come and meet him,
Love will find out the way.

A SONG, *in the Play call'd the Tragedy of* CLEOMENES *the Spartan Heroe: Sung by Mrs.* BUTLER, *Set by Mr.* H. PURCELL.



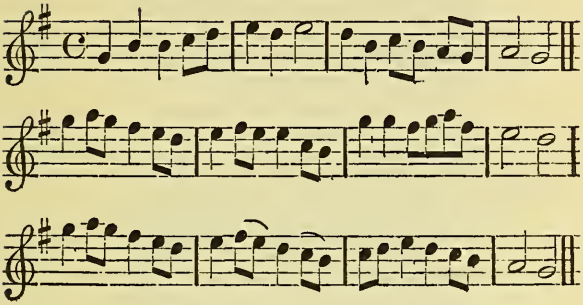


NO, no, poor suffering Heart, no change endeavour;
Chuse to sustain the smart rather than leave her:
My ravish'd Eyes behold such Charms about her,
I can Dye with her, but not live without her,
One tender Sigh of her to see me Languish:
Will more than pay the price of my past Anguish,
Beware, oh cruel Fair how you smile on me,
'Twas a kind look of yours that has undone me.

Love has in store for me one happy Minute,
And she will end my Pain who did begin it;
Then no Day void of Bliss and Pleasures leaving,
Ages shall slide away without perceiving:
Cupid shall guard the Door, the more to please us,
And keep out Time and Death when they would seaze us;
Time and Death shall depart, and say in flying;
Love has found out a way to Live by Dying.

The

The Jolly Trades-men.



SOMETIMES I am a Tapster new,
And skilful in my Trade Sir,
I fill my Pots most duly,
Without deceit or froth Sir :
A Spicket of two Handfuls long,
I use to Occupy Sir :
And when I set a Butt abroach,
Then shall no Beer run by Sir.

Sometimes I am a Butcher,
And then I feel fat Ware Sir ;
And if the Flank be fleshed well,
I take no farther care Sir :
But in I thrust my Slaughtering-Knife,
Up to the Haft with speed Sir ;
For all that ever I can do,
I cannot make it bleed Sir.

Sometimes I am a Baker,
And Bake both white and brown Sir ;
I have as fine a Wrigling-Pole,
As any is in all this Town Sir ;

But

But if my Oven be over-hot,
I dare not thrust in it Sir;
For burning of my Wrigling-Pole,
My Skill's not worth a Pin Sir.

Sometimes I am a Glover,
And can do passing well Sir;
In dressing of a Doe-skin,
I know I do excel Sir:
But if by chance a Flaw I find,
In dressing of the Leather;
I straightway whip my Needle out,
And I tack 'em close together.

Sometimes I am a Cook,
And in *Fleet-Street* I do dwell Sir:
At the sign of the Sugar-loaf,
As it is known full well Sir:
And if a dainty Lass comes by,
And wants a dainty bit Sir;
I take four Quarters in my Arms,
And put them on my Spit Sir.

In Weavering and in Fulling,
I have such passing Skill Sir;
And underneath my Weavering-Beam,
There stands a Fulling-Mill Sir:
To have good Wives displeasure,
I would be very loath Sir;
The Water runs so near my Hand,
It over-thicks my Cloath Sir.

Sometimes I am a Shoe-maker,
And work with silly Bones Sir;
To make my Leather soft and moist,
I use a pair of Stones Sir:
My Lasts for and my lasting Sticks,
Are fit for every size Sir;
I know the length of Lasses Feet,
By handling of their Thighs Sir.

The

The Tanner's Trade I practice,
Sometimes amongst the rest Sir;
Yet I could never get a Hair,
Of any Hide I dress'd Sir;
For I have been tanning of a Hide,
This long seven Years and more Sir;
And yet it is as hairy still,
As ever it was before Sir.

Sometimes I am a Taylor,
And work with Thread that's strong Sir;
I have a fine great Needle,
About two handfulls long Sir.
The finest Sempster in this Town,
That works by line or leisure;
May use my Needle at a pinch.
And do themselves great Pleasure.

The slow Men of LONDON: *Or, the Widow* BROWN. *To the same Tune.*

THERE dwelt a Widow in this Town,
That was both Fair and Lovely;
Her Face was comely neat and brown,
To Pleasure she would move thee:
Her lovely Tresses shin'd like Gold,
Most neat is her Behaviour;
For truth it has of late been told,
There's many strove to have her.
There were three Young Men of this Town;
Slow Men of *London;*
And they'd go Wooe the Widow *Brown*,
Because they would be undone.

The

The one a Taylor was by Trade,
An excellent Occupation;
But Widows Love doth waste and fade,
I find by observation:
The second was a Farrier bold,
A Man of excellent Metal;
His Love to her was never cold,
So firm his Thoughts did settle,
There were, &c.

The third a Weaver was that came,
a Suitor to this Widow;
Her Beauty did his Heart inflame,
Her Thoughts deceit doth shadow,
Widows can dissemble still,
When Young Men come a Wooing;
Yet they were guided by her Will,
That prov'd to their undoing.
There were three, &c.

This Widow had a dainty Tongue,
And Words as sweet as Honey;
Which made her Suitors to her throng,
Till they had spent their Money:
The Taylor spent an Hundred Pound,
That he took up on Credit;
But now her Knavery he hath found,
Repents that are he did it.
These were three, &c.

Threescore Pounds the Farrier had,
Left him by his Father;
To spend this Money he was mad,
His Dad so long did gather:
This Widow often did protest,
She lov'd him best of any;
Thus would she swear, when she did least,
To make them spend their Money.
These were three, &c.

The

The Weaver spent his daily gains,
That he got by his Labour;
Some thirty Pounds he spent in vain,
He borrow'd of his Neighbour:
She must have Sack and Muscadine,
And Claret brew'd with Sugar:
Each Day they feed her chops with Wine,
For which they all might hug her.
These were three, *&c.*

The Second Part, To the same Tune.

SHE went Apparell'd neat and fine,
People well might wonder;
To see how she in Gold did shine,
Her fame abroad did thunder:
A water'd Camlet Gown she had,
A Scarlet Coat belaced
With Gold, which made her Suitors glad,
To see how she was graced.
These were, *&c.*

The Taylor was the neatest Lad,
His Cloaths were oft Perfum'd;
Kind Entertainment still he had,
Till he his 'state consum'd:
The Farrier likewise spent his 'state,
The Weaver often kiss'd her:
But when that they in 'state were Poor,
They sought but still they miss'd her.
These were, *&c.*

The Farrier and the Weaver too,
Were fain to fly the City:
The Widow did them quite undoe,
In faith more was the pity:
She of her Suitors being rid,
A Welchman came unto her:
By Night and Day his suit he ply'd,
Most roughly he did Woo her;

For

For wooing tricks he quite put down,
The Slow-men of *London;*
He over-reach'd the Widow *Brown,*
That had so many undone.

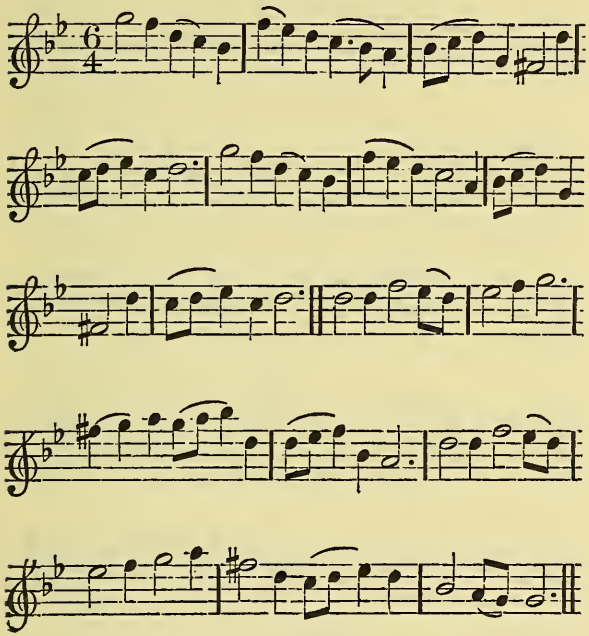
He swore he was a Gentleman,
Well landed in the Country:
And liv'd in Reputation there,
His Name Sir *Rowland Humphry.*
The Widow did believe him then,
And Love unto him granted;
Thus he her Favour did obtain,
Welchmen will not be daunted.
By cunning tricks he quite put down,
The Slow-men of *London:*
That came to Woo this Widow *Brown,*
Because they would be undone.

The Welchman ply'd her Night and Day,
Till to his Bow he brought her;
And bore away the Widow quite,
From all that ever sought her:
She thought to be a Lady gay,
But she was sore deceiv'd:
Thus the Welchman did put down,
The Slow-men of *London:*
For they would Wooe the Widow *Brown,*
Because they would be undone.

Thus she was fitted in her kind,
For all her former Knavery;
The Welchman did deceive her Mind,
And took down all her Bravery:
It had been better she had ta'en,
The Weaver, Smith, or Taylor;
For when she sought for State and Pomp,
The Welchman quite did fail her:
Then learn you Young Men of this Town,
You Slow-men of *London:*
Which way to take the VVidow *Brown,*
For least you all be undone.

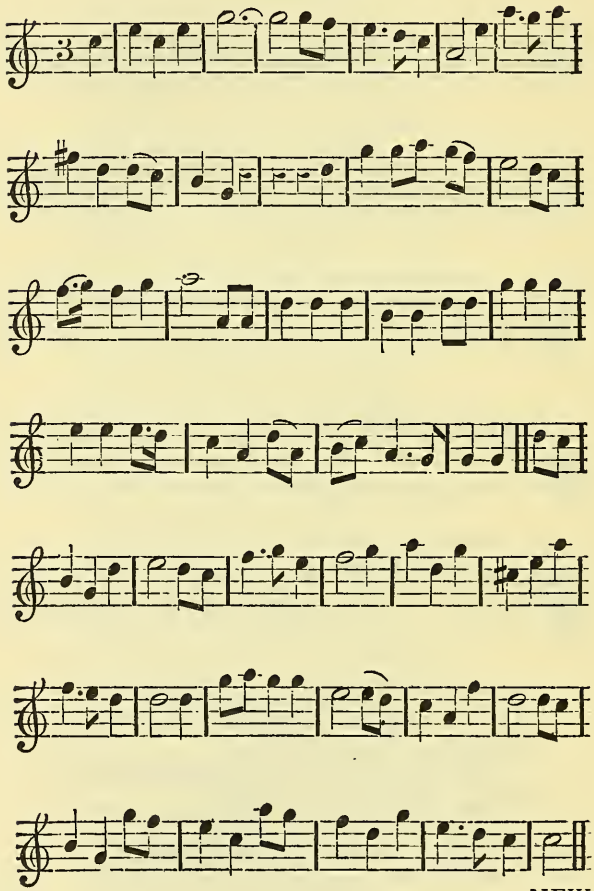
The

The ROYAL Example. By Mr. Henry Purcell.



MAY her blest Example chace
Vice, in Troops out of the Land;
Flying from her awful Face,
Like trembling Ghost when Day's at Hand:
May her Hero bring us Peace,
Won with Honour in the Field:
And our Home-bred Factions cease,
He still our Sword, and she our Shield.

The ROYAL Triumph of BRITAIN'S *Monarch.*



NEW

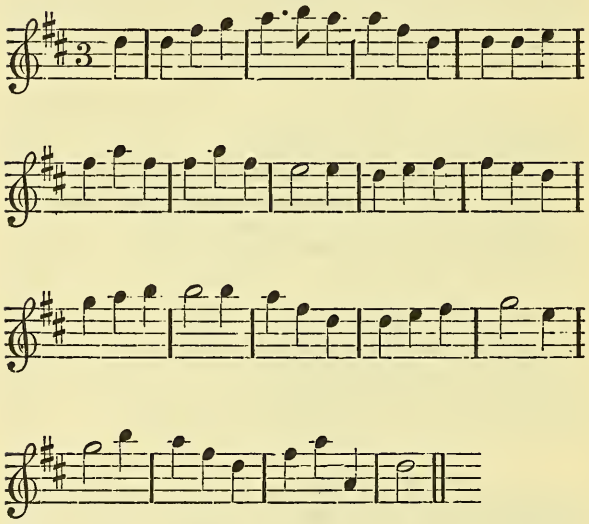
NEW Pyramid's raise,
Bring the Poplar and Bayes,
To Crown our Triumphant Commander;
The *French* too shall run,
As the *Irish* have done,
Like the *Persians*, the *Persians;*
Like the *Persians*, the *Persians*,
Like the *Persians* before *Alexander.*

Had the *Rubicon* been,
Such a Stream as the *Boyn*,
Not *Cæsar*, not *Cæsar* himself had gone on:
King *William* exceeds, great *Cæsar* in Deeds,
More than he did, more than he did,
More than he did, great *Pompey* before.

Tho' born in a State,
Fore-told was his Fate,
That he should be a Monarch ador'd:
One Globe was too small,
To contain such a Soul,
New Worlds must submit to his Sword.

So Great and Benign,
Is our Sov'reign Queen,
Made to share his Empire and Bed;
May she still fill his Arms,
With her lovely soft Charms,
And a Race of King *William's* succeed.

The Jolly BROOM-MAN: *Or, the unhappy BOY turn'd Thrifty.*



THERE was an Old Man, and he liv'd in a Wood,
and his Trade it was making of Broom,
And he had a naughty Boy, *Jack* to his Son,
and he lay in Bed till 'twas Noon, 'twas Noon,
and he lay in Bed till 'twas Noon.

No Father e'er had, so lazy a Lad,
with sleep he his Time did consume,
In Bed where he lay, still every Day,
and would not go cut his green Broom, green Broom,
and would not go cut his green Broom.

The

The Father was vext, and sorely perplext,
with Passion he entered the Room ;
Come Sirrah, he cry'd, I'll liquor your Hide,
if you will not go gather green Broom, greenBroom,
if you will not go gather green Broom.

Jack lay in his Nest, still taking his rest,
and valu'd not what was his Doom,
But now you shall hear, his Mother drew near,
and made him go gather green Broom, green Broom,
and made him go gather green Broom.

Jack's Mother got up, and fell in a Rage,
and swore she would fire the Room,
If *Jack* did not rise, and go to the Wood,
and fetch home a bundle of Broom, green Broom,
and fetch home a bundle of Broom.

This wakened him straight, before it was late,
as fearing the terrible Doom,
Dear Mother, quoth he, have pity on me,
I'll fetch home a Bundle of Broom, green Broom,
I'll fetch home a bundle of Broom.

Then *Jack* he arose, and he slipt on his Cloaths,
and away to the Wood very soon ;
To please the Old Wife, he took a sharp Knife,
and fell to the cutting of Broom, green Broom,
and fell to the cutting of Broom.

Jack follow'd his Trade and readily made,
his Goods up for Country Grooms :
This done, honest *Jack* took them at his Back,
and cry'd, will you buy any Brooms, green Brooms,
and cry'd, will you buy any Brooms.

Then *Jack* he came by a Gentleman's House,
in which was abundance of Rooms ;
He stood at the Door, and began for to roar,
crying, Maids will you buy any Brooms, green Brooms,
crying, Maids will you buy any Brooms.

I tell you they're good, just fetch'd from the Wood,
and fitted for sweeping of Rooms ;
Come handle my Ware, for Girls I declare,
you never had better green Brooms, green Brooms,
you never had better green Brooms.

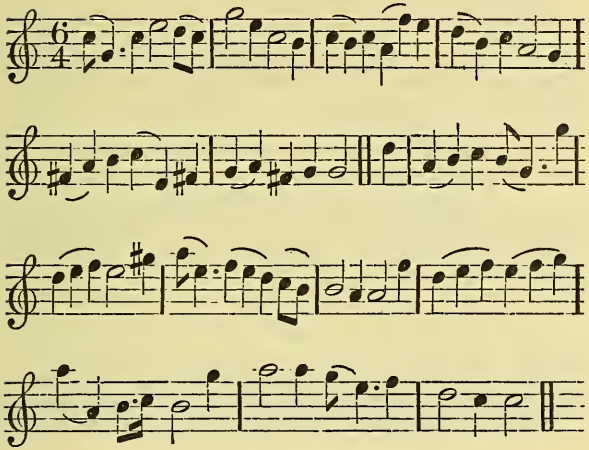
The Maiden did call, the Steward of the Hall,
who came in his Silks and Perfumes,
He gave *Jack* his Price, and thus in a trice,
he sold all his Bundle of Brooms, green Brooms,
he sold all his Bundle of Brooms.

Likewise to conclude, they gave him rich Food,
with Liquor of Spicy Perfumes ;
The hot Boyl'd and Roast, did cause *Jack* to boast,
no Trade was like making of Brooms, green Brooms,
no Trade was like making of Brooms.

For first I am Paid, and then I am made,
right Welcome by Stewards and Grooms,
Here's Money, Meat and Drink, what Trade do you
think
compares with the making of Brooms, green Brooms,
compares with the making of Brooms.

I have a good Trade, more Goods must be made,
to furnish young Lasses and Grooms,
Wherefore I shall lack a Prentice, quoth *Jack*,
I'll teach him the making of Brooms, green Brooms,
I'll teach him the making of Brooms.

A SONG, *the Words and Tune by Mr.* Witt Green.

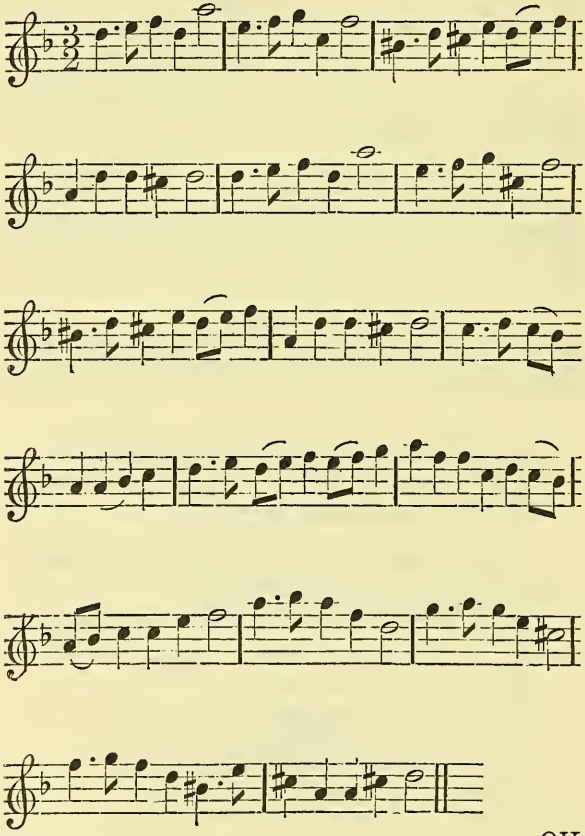


NEVER sigh, but think of kissing,
More, and more, and more of Wishing;
To possess the mighty Blessing,
While they enjoy it they are true,
They'll hug, they'll cling, and heave up too,
But Liberty when once regain'd,
The Favour's to another feign'd.

Why should we then the Sex admire,
For 'twas never their desire,
To maintain a constant Fire;
If oagling, wheedling you'll believe,
They'll hourly study do deceive,
But we will find out better ways,
In Musick, Singing, spend our Days.

The

The LOYAL Delights of a Contented Mind. The Words by Mr. Mumford, *Set by Mr.* H. Purcell.

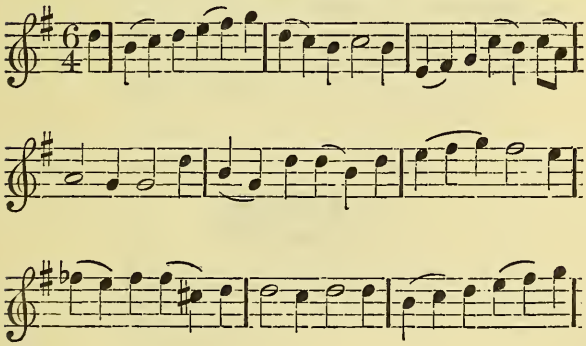


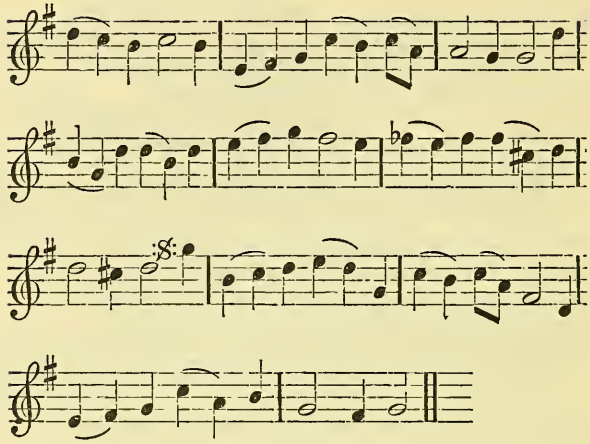
OH

OH how Happy's he, who from Business free,
Can Enjoy his Mistress, Bottle, and his Friend :
Not confin'd to State, nor the Pride of the Great ;
Only on himself, not others doth depend :
Change can never vex him, Faction ne'er perplex him ;
If the World goes well, a Bumper crowns his Joys,
If it be not so than he takes of two ;
Till succeeding Glasses, Thinking doth destroy.

When his Noddle reels, he to *Cælia* steals ;
And by Pleasures unconfin'd runs o'er the Night ;
In the Morning wakes, a pleasing Farewel takes,
Ready for fresh Tipling, and for new Delight :
When his Table's full, oh, then he hugs his Soul ;
And drinking all their Healths, a Welcome doth express :
When the Cloth's removed, then by all approv'd,
Comes the full grace Cup, Queen *Anna's* good success.

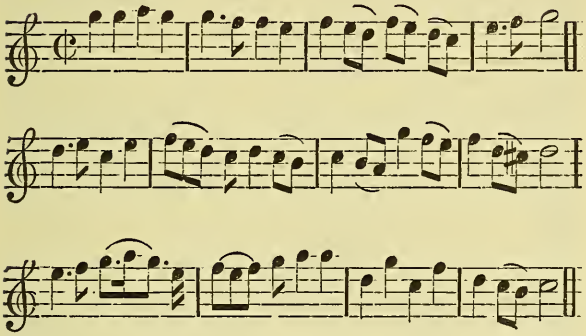
A RIDDLE.





THERE is a Thing which in the light
Is seldom us'd, but in the Night,
It serves the Maiden Female crew,
The Ladies, and the good Wives too:
They us'd to take it in their Hand,
And then it will uprightly stand;
And to a Hole they it apply,
Where by it's good will it could Dye:
It wasts, goes out, and still within,
It leaves it's Moisture thick and thin.

On a LADY *Drinking the Waters, The Words by Sir* GEORGE ETHERIGE. *Set by Mr.* JAMES HART.



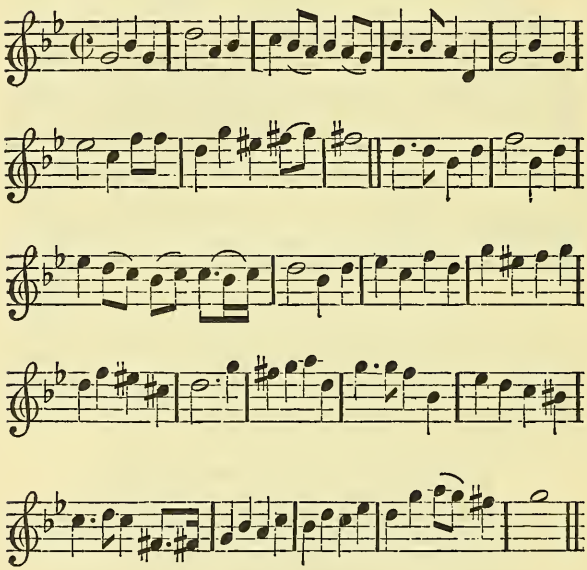
PHILLIS lay aside your Thinking,
Youth and Beauty shou'd be Gay,
Laugh and talk, and mind your Drinking:
Whilst we pass the Time away,
Laugh and talk, and mind your Drinking,
Whilst we pass the Time away.

They ought only to be pensive,
VVho dare not their Grief declare,
Lest their story be offensive,
But still languish in Despair,
Lest their, *&c.*

Yet what more torments your Lovers,
They are Jealous, they obey,
One whose Restless Minds discovers,
She's no less a Slave than they,
One whose, *&c.*

The

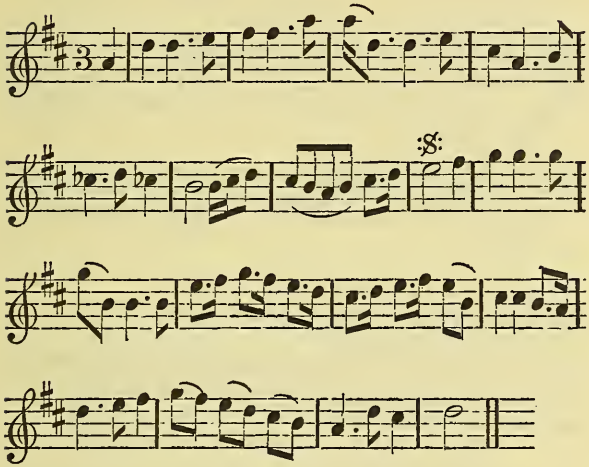
The Lascivious Lover and the coy Lass.



PISH fye, you're rude Sir,
I never saw such idle fooling;
You're grown so lewd Sir,
So debauch'd I hate your ways;
Leave, what are you doing?
I see you seek my ruin,
I'll cry out, pray make no delay,
But take your Hand away;
Ah! good Sir, pray Sir, don't you do so,
Never was I thus abus'd so,
By any Man, but you alone,
Therefore Sir, pray begone.

Ad-

Advice to a Miser. Set by Mr. James Graves.



RETIRE old Miser, and learn to be wiser,
In looking o'er Books ne'er spend all thy Time;
But rather be thinking, of roaring and drinking,
For by those to Promotion thou'lt speedily climb.

Then prithee be Jolly, desert this thy Folly,
Make welcome thy Friends, and ne'er repine;
For when thou art hurl'd into the next VVorld,
Thy Heir I'll engage it in Splendor will shine.

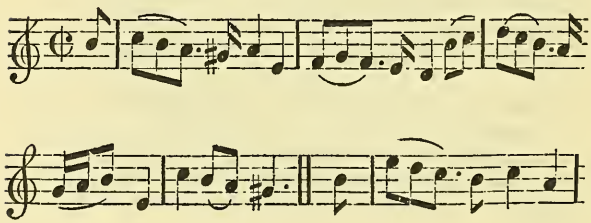
VVhen thy Breath is just vanish'd, his care will be banisht,
And scarce will he follow thy Corps to the Grave;
Then be cautious and wary, for nought but Canary,
He's a Fool that for others himself do's enslave.

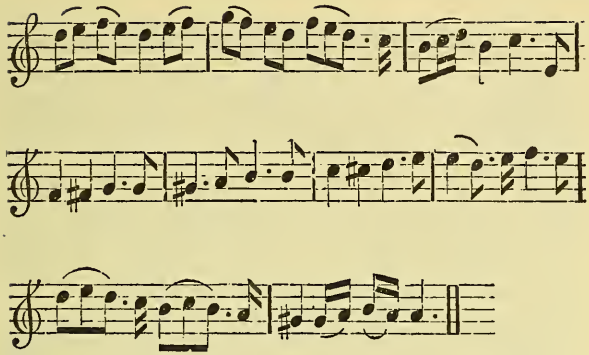
A SONG *in the Play call'd,* Rule a Wife and have Wife. *Set by Mr.* HENRY PURCELL. *Sung by Mrs.* HUDSON.

THERE's not a Swain on the Plain,
VVou'd be blest like me,
Oh! cou'd you but, cou'd you but, cou'd you but, on me smile;
But you appear so severe,
That trembling with fear,
My heart goes pit a pat, pit a pat, pit a pat, all the while.

If I cry must I die, you make no reply,
But look shy, and with a scornful Eye,
Kill me by your cruelty;
Oh! can you be, can you be, can you be, can you be, can you be, can you be, can you be, can you, can you, can you be too hard to me.

A SONG *in the Play call'd the* LANCASHIRE WITCHES. *Sung by Mrs.* HUDSON, *and Set by Mr.* JOHN ECCLES.





TORMENTING Beauty leave my Breast,
In spight of *Cloe* I'll have rest;
In vain is all her Syren Art,
Still longer to hold my troubled Heart:
For I'm resolv'd to break the Chain,
And o'er her Charms the Conquest gain,
And o'er her Charms the Conquest gain.

Insulting Beauty I have born,
Too long your Female Pride and scorn;
Too long have been your Publick Jest,
Your common Theme at ev'ry Feast:
Let others thee, vain Fair, pursue,
VVhilst I for ever bid adieu,
VVhilst I for ever bid adieu.

A SONG *in the Comedy call'd,* The Wives Excuse: *Or,* Cuckolds make themselves. *Sung by Mr.* Mountford. *Set by Mr.* HENRY PURCELL.

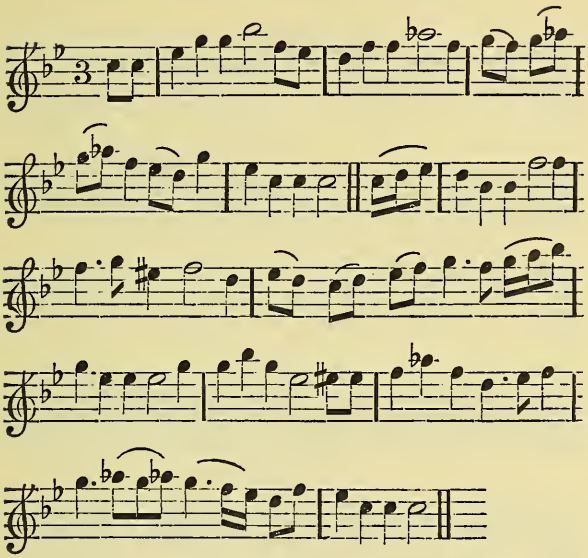
SAY cruel *Amoret*, how long, how long,
In Billet-doux, and humble Song;
Shall poor *Alexis*, shall poor *Alexis*, poor *Alexis* wooe?
If neither VVriting, Sighing, Sighing, Dying,
Reduce you to a soft complying,
Oh, oh, oh, oh, when will you come too.

Full Thirteen Moons are now past o'er,
Since first those Stars I did adore,
That set my Heart on fire:
The conscious Play-house, Parks and Court,
Have seen my sufferings made your sport,
Yet I am ne'er the nigher.

A faithful Lover shou'd deserve,
A better Face, than thus to starve:
In sight of such a Feast;
But oh! if you'll not think it fit,
Your hungry Slave shou'd taste on bit;
Gives some kind looks at least.

The

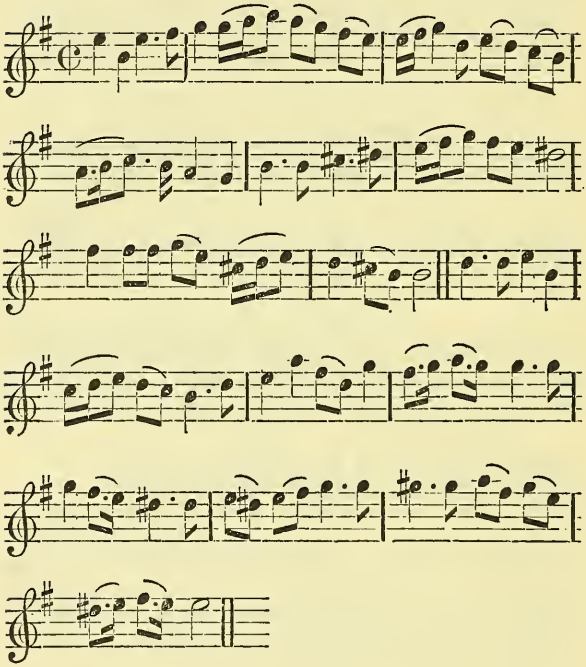
The Double Lover's Request.



SUch command o'er my Fate has your Love or your hate,
That nothing can make me more wretched or great:
VVhilst expiring I lie, to live or to die,
Thus doubtful the Sentence of such I rely:
Your Tongue bids me go, tho' your Eyes say not so,
But much kinder VVords from their Language do flow.

Then leave me not here, thus between Hope and Fear,
Tho' your Love cannot come, let your pity appear;
But this my request, you must grant me at least,
And more I'll not ask, but to you leave the rest;
If my fate I must meet, let it be at your Feet,
Death there with more joy, than else-where I wou'd greet.

A SONG, *Set by Mr.* ROB. KING.



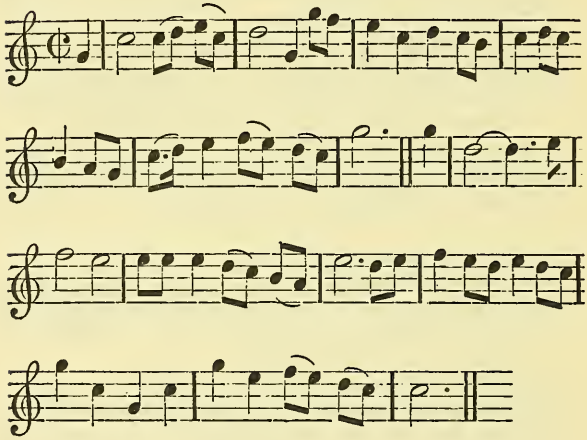
TELL me why so long you try me,
Still I follow, still you fly me;
Will the race be never done,
VVill it be ever but begun:
Could I quit my Love for you,
I'd ne'er love more what e'er I do;
VVhen I speak truth, you think I lie,
You think me false, but say not why.

A SONG, *Set by Mr.* BARINCLOE.

TIs a foolish mistake,
That Riches can speak,
Or e'er for good Rhetoric pass:
To a Fool I confess,
Your Gold may address,
Or else where the Master's an Ass:
To a VVoman of Sense,
'Tis a sordid pretence,
That a Golden Effigies can move her;
No Face on the Coin,
Is half so Divine,
As that of a faithful young Lover.

But Men when they Love,
Their Passion to prove,
From the Court to the dull Country Novice;
To the Fair they're so kind,
First to fathom their Mind,
Next search the Prerogative Office:
No *imprimis* I give,
Then the Fair one they give,
Notwithstanding their strong Protestations;
Till the Lady discover,
No Fortune, no Lover,
Then draws off her fond Inclination,

The valiant SOLDIER'S, *and* SAILOR'S *Loyal Subjects Health, to the* QUEEN, PRINCE *and Noble* COMMANDERS.



NOVV, now the Queen's Health,
And let the Haut-boys play;
VVhilst the Troops on their March shall huzza, huzza, huzza,
Now now the Queen's Health,
And let the Haut-boys play,
VVhilst the Drums and the Trumpets,
Sound from the Shore, huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now now the Prince's Health,
And let the Haut-boys play,
Whilst the Troops on their March, shall huzza, huzza, huzza:

Now

Now now the Prince's Health,
And let the Haut-boys play;
Whilst the Drums and the Trumpets
Sound from the Shore huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now the brave *Eugene's* Health,
Who shews the *French* brave play;
And does March over Rocks, let's huzza, huzza, huzza,
Now the brave *Eugene's* Health,
And let the Haut-boys play;
VVhilst the Drums and the Trumpets
Sounds as they March, huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now now the Duke's Health,
Brave *Marlborough* I say,
Whilst the Cannon do roar, let's huzza, huzza, huzza,
Now now the Duke's Health,
And let the Haut-boys play;
Whilst the Drums and the Trumpets
Sound from the Shore, huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now brave *Ormond's* Health Boys,
Whilst Colours do display:
And the *Britains* in Fight, shall huzza, huzza huzza;
Now brave *Ormond's* Health Boys,
Whilst Colours do display:
And the Drums and the Trumpets
Sound from the Shore huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now Sir *Cloudsly's* Health Boys
And Trumpets sound each Day,
Whilst the Tars with their Caps shall huzza, huzza, huzza.
Now Sir *Cloudsly's* Health Boys,
And Trumpets sound each Day,
Whilst the Thundring Cannon
Loudly do roar huzza, huzza, huzza.

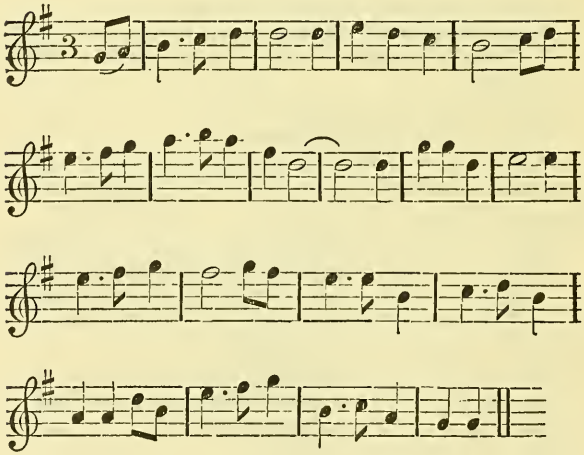
Brave *Peterborough's* Health Boys,
Who boldly makes his way,
While the *French* run let's huzza, huzza, huzza;

Brave

Brave *Peterborough's* Health Boys,
And let the Haut-boys play,
While the Drums and the Trumpets
Sound as they March huzza, huzza, huzza.

Now now brave *Leak's* Health,
Who is sailed away,
For to find the *French* Fleet let's huzzza, huzza, huzza,
Now now brave *Leak's* Health,
Who'll shew the *French* fair play,
While the Drums and the Trumpets,
Sound from on Board, huzza, huzza, huzza.

The BEAU'S *Ballad. Occasioned by the sight of a White Marble* SIDE-TABLE.



A Pox on the Fool,
Who could be so dull,
To contrive such a Table for Glasses:
Which at the first sight,
The Guests must affright,
More by half than their Liquor rejoyces.

'Tis so like a Tomb,
That whoever does come
Can't look on't without thus reflecting;
Heaven knows how soon,
We must lye under one,
And such Thoughts must needs be perplexing.

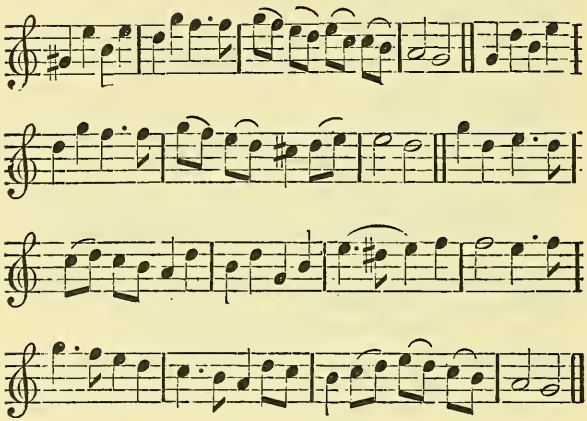
Then away with that Stone.
Break it, throw it down,
To some Church or other, else fling't in:
'Tis fitter by far,
To have a place there,
Than stand here to spoil Mirth and good Drinking.

There Death let it show,
To those who will go,
And Monuments there gaze and stare at;
We come here to live,
And sad Thoughts away drive,
With good store of immortal Claret.

Tho' the Glasses stand there,
They shan't do so here,
'Tis the only kind Lesson that teaches;
Whilst it seems to say,
Life's short, Drink away,
No time o'er your Liquor to Preach is.

Then fill up the Glass,
About let it pass,
Tho' the Marble of death doth remind us;
The Wine shall ne'er die,
Tho' you must and I,
We'll not leave a drop of't behind us.

A SONG.

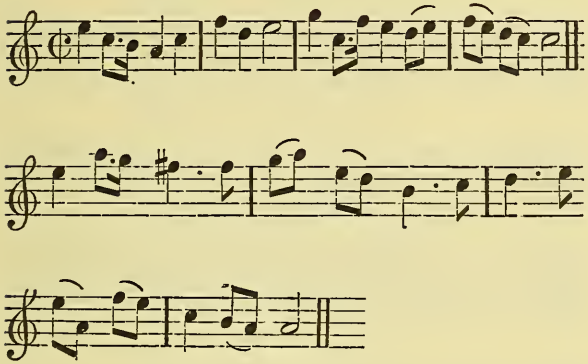


UNderneath the Castle Wall, the Queen of
Love sat mourning,
Tearing of her golden Locks, her red Rose,
Cheeks adorning;
With her Lilly white Hand she smote her Breasts,
And said she was forsaken,
With that the Mountains they did skip,
And the Hills fell all a quaking.

Underneath the rotten Hedge, the Tinkers
Wife sat shiting,
Tearing of a Cabbage Leaf, her shitten A—
A wiping;
With her cole black Hands she scratch'd her A—
And swore she was beshitten,
With that the Pedlars all did skip,
And the Fidlers fell a spitting.

The

The unfortunate Lover. Set by Mr. WILLIS.



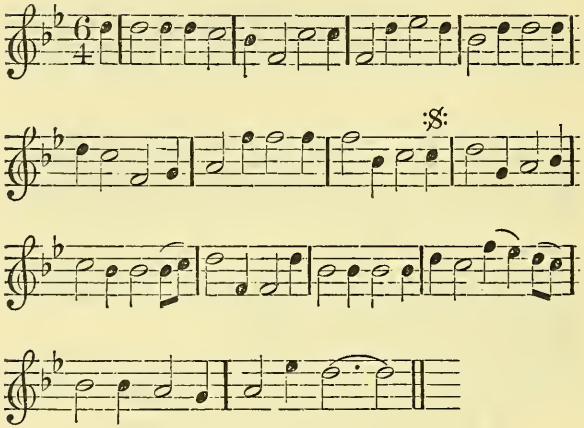
WHAT shall I do, I am undone,
Where shall I fly my self to shun;
Ah! me my self, my self must kill,
And yet I die against my Will.

In starry Letters I behold,
My death is in the Heavens inroll'd,
There find I writ in Skies above,
That I, poor I, must die for Love.

'Twas not my Love deserv'd to die,
Oh no, it was unworthy I;
I for her Love should not have dy'd,
But that I had no worth beside.

Ah me! that Love such Woe procures,
For without her no Life endures;
I for her Virtues did her serve,
Doth such a Love a Death deserve.

A SONG.



MY Dear and only Love take heed,
How thou thy self expose;
And let not longing Lovers feed,
Upon such looks as th ose
I'll Marble Wall thee round about,
And Build without a Door;
But if my Love doth once break out,
I'll never Love thee more.

If thou hast love that thou refine,
And tho' thou seest me not;
Yet paralell'd that Heart of thine
Shall never be forgot:
But if Unconstancy admit,
A Stranger to bear sway;
My Treasure that proves counterfeit,
And he may gain the Day.

I'll

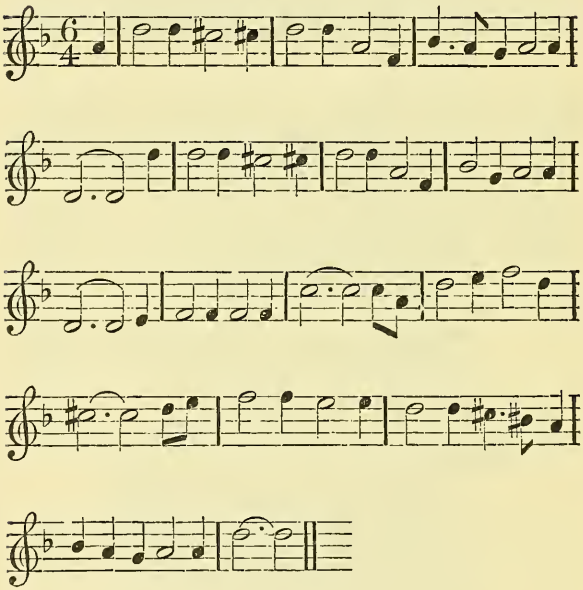
I'll lock my self within a Cell,
And wander under Ground ;
For there is no such Faith in her,
As there is to be found :
I'll curse the Day that e'er thy Face,
My Soul did so betray ;
And so for ever, evermore,
I'll sing Oh well-a-day !

Like *Alexander* I will prove,
For I will reign alone ;
I'll have no Partners in my Love,
Nor Rivals in my Throne :
I'll do by thee as *Nero* did,
When *Rome* was set on fire ;
Not only all relief forbid,
But to the Hills retire.

I'll fold my Arms like Ensigns up,
Thy falshood to deplore ;
And after such a bitter Cup,
I'll never love thee more.

Yet for the Love I bore thee once,
And lest that Love should die ;
A Marble Tomb of Stone I'll write,
The Truth to testifie :
That all the Pilgrims passing by,
May see and so implore ;
And stay and read the reason why,
I'll never love thee more.

The Second Part of the Trader's Medly: Or, The Cries of LONDON.



COME buy my Greens and Flowers fine,
Your Houses to adorn;
I'll grind your Knives, to please your Wives,
And bravely cut your Corns:
Ripe Straw-berries here I have to sell,
With Taffity-Tarts and Pies;
I've Brooms to sell will please you well,
If you'll believe your Eyes.

Here's

Here's Salop brought from Foreign parts,
With dainty Pudding-Pyes;
And Shrewsbury-Cakes, with Wardens bak'd,
I scorn to tell you Lies:
With Laces long and Ribbons broad,
The best that e'er you see;
If you do lack an Almanack,
Come buy it now of me.

The Tinker's come to stop your holes,
And Sauder all your Cracks;
What e'er you think here's dainty Ink,
And choice of Sealing-Wax:
Come Maids bring out your Kitchin-stuff,
Old Rags, or Women's Hair;
I'll sell you Pins for Coney-skins,
Come buy my Earthen-ware.

Here's Limmons of the biggest size,
With Eggs and Butter too;
Brave News they say is come to Day,
If *Jones's* News be true:
Here's Spiggot and fine Wooden-wares,
With Fossets to put in;
I'll bottom all your broken Chairs,
Then pray let me begin.

A Rabbit fat and plump I have,
Young Maidens love the same;
Come buy a Bird, I'm at a word,
Or Pullet of the Game:
I sell the best spice Ginger-Bread,
You ever did eat before;
While Madam *King* her Dumplings,
She crys from Door to Door.

Come buy a Comb, or Buckle fine,
For Girdle of your Lass;
My Oysters too are very new,
With Trumpet sounding glass:

Your

Your Lanthorn-horns I'll make them shine,
And mend them very well;
There's no Jack-line so good as mine,
As I have here to sell.

Come buy my Honey and my Book,
For Cuckolds to peruse;
Your Turnip-man is come again,
To tell his Dames some News:
I've Plumbs and Damsons very fine,
With very good mellow Pears;
Come buy a charming Dish of Fish,
And give it to your Heirs.

Come buy my Figs, before they're gone,
Here's Custards of the best;
And Mustard too, that's very new,
Tho' you may think I Jest:
My Holland-socks are very strong,
Here's Eels to skip and play;
My hot grey-pease buy if you please,
For I come no more to Day.

Old Suits or Cloaks, or Campaign Wigs,
With Rusty Guns or Swords:
When Whores or Pimps do buy my Shrimps,
I never take their words:
Your Chimney clean my Boy shall sweep,
While I do him command;
Card Matches cheap by lump or heap,
The best in all the Land.

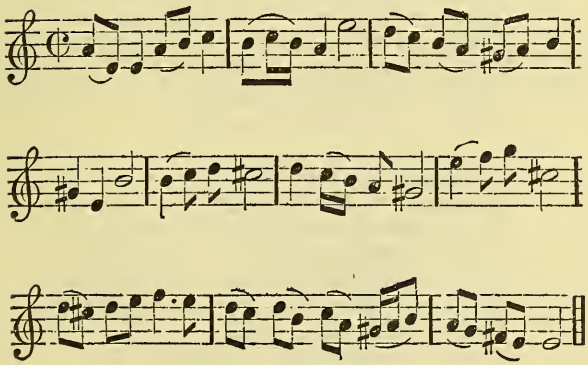
Come taste and buy my Brandy-Wine,
'Tis newly come from *France:*
This Powder now is good I vow,
Which I have got by chance;
New Mackerel the best I have,
Of any in the Town;
Here's Cloath to sell will please you well,
As soft as any Down.

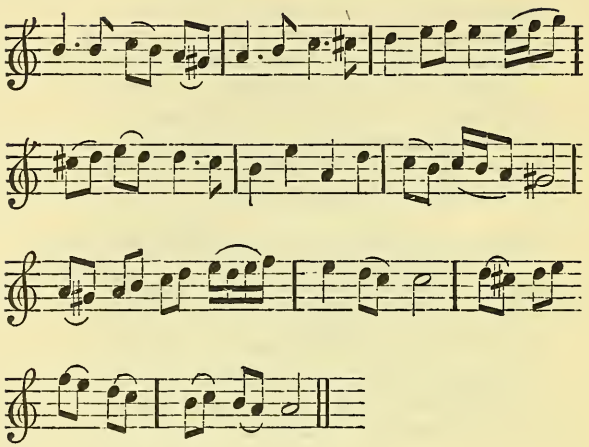
Work

Work for the Cooper, Maids give Ear,
I'll hoop your Tubs and Pails:
And if your sight it is not right,
Here's that that never fails:
Milk that is new come from the Cow,
With Flounders fresh and fair;
Here's Elder-buds to purge your Bloods,
And Onions keen and rare.

Small-coal young Maids I've brought you here,
The best that e'er you us'd;
Here's Cherries round and very sound,
If they are not abus'd;
Here's Pippings lately come from *Kent*,
Pray taste and then you'll buy;
But mind my Song, and then e'er long,
You'll sing it as well as I.

The Lover's CHARM.

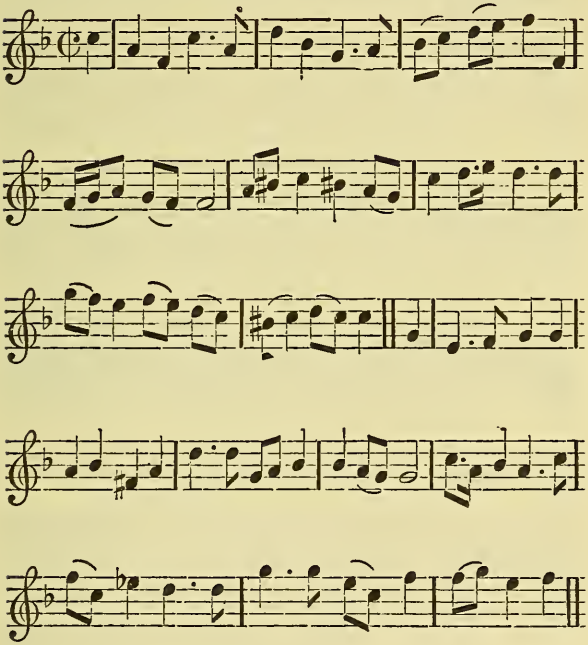




TELL me, tell me, charming Fair,
Why so cruel and severe;
Is't not you, ah! you alone,
Is't not you, ah! you alone,
Secures my wandering Heart your own:
Change, which once the most did please,
Now wants the power to give me ease;
You've fixt me as the Centure sure,
And you who kill alone can cure,
And you who kill alone can cure.

If refusing what was granted,
Be to raise my Passion higher;
Nymph believe me, I ne'er wanted,
Art for to inflame desire:
Calm my Thoughts, serene my Mind,
Still increasing was my Joy,
Till *Lavinia* prov'd unkind,
Nothing could my Peace destroy.

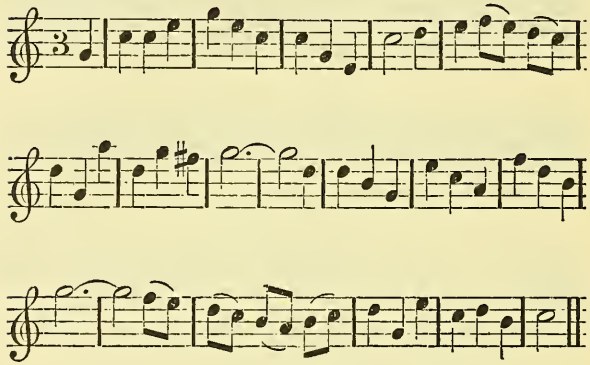
A SONG *in the* Royal Mischief. *Set by Mr.* John Eccles. *Sung by Mr.* Leveridge.



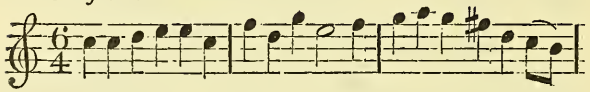
UNGUARDED lies the wishing Maid,
Distrusting not to be betray'd;
Ready to fall with all her Charms,
A shining Treasure to your Arms:
Who hears this Story must believe,
No Heart can truer Joy receive;
Since to take Love and give it too,
Is all that Love for hearts can do.

A Ligg of good Noses set forth in a Jest.
Most fitly compared to whom you think best.

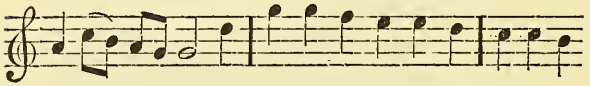
First Nose.



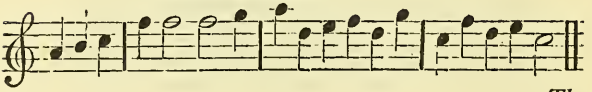
CHO. of all.



1 *N.* 2*d.* 3*d.* 4*th.*



All shake Hands.



The

The LARGEST.

MY Nose is the largest of all in this place,
Mark how it becometh the midst of my Face;
By measure I take it from the end to the Brow,
Four Inches by compass, the same doth allow.

Likewise it is forged of passing good Metal,
All of right Copper, the best in the Kettle;
For redness and Goodness the virtue is such,
That all other Metal it serveth to touch.

Old smug, nor the Tinker that made us so merry,
With their brave Noses more red than a Cherry;
None here to my Challenge can make a denial,
When my Nose cometh thus bravely to Tryal.
All sing.
Room for good Noses the best in our Town,
Come fill the Pot Hostess, your Ale it is brown;
For his Nose, and thy Nose, and mine shall not quarrel,
So long as one Gallon remains in the Barrel.

The LONGEST.

My Nose is the Longest no Man can deny,
For 'tis a just handful right, mark from mine Eye;
Most seemly down hanging full low to my Chin,
As into my Belly it fain would look in.

It serves for a Weapon my Mouth to defend,
My Teeth it preserveth still like a good Friend;
Where if so I happen to fall on the Ground,
My Nose takes the burthen and keeps my Face sound.

It likewise delighteth to peep in the Cup,
Searching there deeply 'till all be drank up;
Then let my Nose challenge of Noses the best,
The longest with Ladies are still in request.
All Sing.
Room for, &c.

The THICKEST.

My Nose it is Thickest and Roundest of all,
Inriched with Rubies the great with the small;
No Goldsmith of Jewels can make the like show,
See how they are planted here all on a row.

How like a round Bottle it also doth hang,
Well stuffed with Liquor will make it cry twang;
With all, it is sweating in the midst of the Cold,
More worth to the honour than ransoms of Gold.

You see it is gilded with Claret and Sack,
A Food and fit cloathing for belly and back:
Then let my Nose challenge of all that be here,
To sit at this Table as chiefest in cheer.
All Sing.
Room for, *&c.*

The Second Part.

We have the best Noses that be in our Town,
If any bring better come let him sit down.

The FLATEST.

MY Nose is the Flatest of all that be here,
Devoid of all Danger and bodily fear;
When other long Noses let fly at a Post,
My Nose hath the advantage, well known to my Host.

For 'tis of the making of *Dunstable* way,
Plain without turning as Travellers say,
Though no Nose but approveth to some disgrace,
It bringeth less trouble unto a good Face.

Then let me do homage to them that have best,
For all Nose and no Nose, are both but a Jest;
Yet my Nose shall Challenge although it be flat,
A place with my Neighbours at whiping the Cat.

All

All Sing.
Room for good Noses the best in our Town,
Come fill the Pot Hostess, your Ale it is Brown:
For his Nose, and thy Nose, and mine shall not quarrel,
So long as one Gallon remains in the Barrel.

The SHARPEST.

My Nose is the Sharpest good Neighbours mark well,
The smoak of a Banquet three Mile I can smell;
Forged and shaped so sharp at the End,
Makes known that I pass not what others do spend.

Yet must my Nose spiced most orderly be,
With Nutmegs and Ginger, or else 'tis not for me;
And so to the bottom the same I commit,
Of every Man's cup whereas I do sit.

My Nose is the foremost you see at each Feast,
Of all other Noses the principal Guest:
Then let my Nose challenge as sharp as it shows,
The chiefest of every good and bad Nose.
All Sing.
Room for, *&c.*

The BROADEST.

My Nose is the Broadest how like you Sir, that,
It feeds on good Liquor and grows very fat;
For like to a Panack it covers my Face,
To make other Noses the more in disgrace.

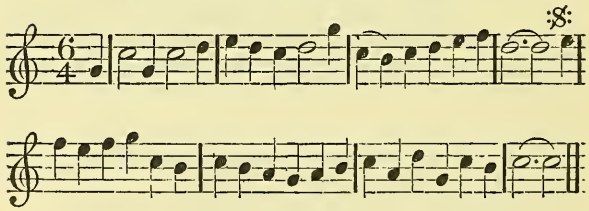
And look how it glisters like Copper-smith's Hall,
To which our good Noses are summoned all;
When if that the Colours hold out not good red,
A Fine must be levied and set on their Head.

For having the Broadest and fairest to the Eye,
The Sergeant of Noses appointed am I;
Then let my Nose challenge the chiefest from the rest,
Of all other Noses the Broadest is best.

All

All Sing.
Room for good Noses the best in our Town,
Come fill the Pot Hostess, your Ale it is Brown ;
For his Nose, and thy Nose, and mine shall not quarrel,
So long as one Gallon remains in the Barrel.

The LUDGATE *Prisoners.*



NOBLE King *Lud*,
Full long hast thou stood,
Not framed of Wood, but of Stone
Of Stone sure thou art,
Like our Creditors Heart,
That regards not our sorrowful Moan.

Within the Gate,
They cry at the Grate,
Pray Remember our Fate and shew Pity ;
The poor and distress'd,
Who in Bonds are oppress'd,
Entreat the relief of the City

In Threadbare Coats,
We tear our Throats,
With pitiful Notes that would move

All

All Creatures, but Brutes,
To give ear to our Suits,
And themselves like true Christians approve.

But in vain we cry,
With a Box hanging by,
Good Sirs cast an Eye on our Case;
No Beau nor Town Mistress,
Are touched with our Distress,
But hold up their Nose at the Place.

The Lawyer jogs on,
Without looking upon
Th' afflicted, whose Moans he gives being;
Nor thinks on us Cits,
But Breviates and Writs,
And demurrs on Exorbitant Feeing,

The *Serjeants* and *Yeomen*,
Who seek to undo Men,
Though Good-men and True-men ne'er mind us;
But rejoyce they get,
By our being in Debt,
And that where they have brought us, they find us.

The Merchant alone,
Makes our sorrows his own,
And allows there is none but may fail;
Since that is free,
By losses at Sea,
May be immurr'd in a Gaol.

His Purse and his Board,
With Plenty are stor'd,
Due Relief to afford to the Needy;
While the Priest in his Coach,
Joggs on to Debauch,
To cloath us or feed us too Greedy.

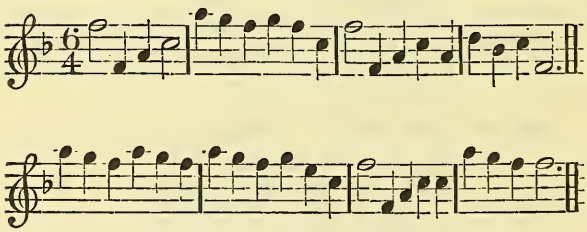
Others go by,
And hearing our cry,
They cast up their Eye in Disdain;

Affirming

Affirming that we,
If once get free,
Should quickly be Prisoners again,

But let 'em take heed,
That reproach us indeed,
And thus at our need go by grinning;
Since it is so Man,
That there is no Man,
Knows his End, that may know his Beginning.

Room for Gentlemen.



ROOM for Gentlemen, here comes a Company,
Room for Gentlemen, here comes my Lord-Mayor;
You Barons, you Knights, and also you 'Squires,
Give Room for Gentlemen, here comes my Lord Mayor.

First comes the Worshipful Company,
Of Gallant *Mercers* into this Place;
With their worthy Caps of Maintenance,
Upon their Shoulders to their great grace:
Side by side do they go as you see here,
Room for, &c.

Next

Next to them here comes the *Grocers*,
A Company of Gallants bold;
Who willingly do give Attendance,
As all the People may behold:
In their Gowns and their Caps with gallant Cheer.
Room for, *&c.*

Then the *Drapers* they come next,
With their Streamers flying so fair;
And their Trumpets sounding most loudly,
Attending still upon my Lord Mayor:
Their Whifflers, their Batchelors, and all they have there,
Give Room, *&c.*

Then comes the Company of gallant *Fishmongers*,
Attending his Lordship's coming here;
As duty bindeth they do still wait,
Until his Lordship doth appear:
Then they rise, and go with lusty cheer,
With Loving Hearts before the Lord Mayor.

The *Goldsmiths* they are next to them,
A braver Company there cannot be;
All in their Liveries going most bravely,
And Colours spread most gallantly:
They do wait, they attend, and then they stay there,
Until the coming of my Lord Mayor.

The *Merchant-Taylors* now they come in,
A Company both stout and bold;
Most willing to perform their Duties,
Scorning of any to be controul'd:
In their Gowns and their Caps, and ancient Affairs,
All attend, *&c.*

The *Haberdashers* a Company be,
Of Gentlemen both Grave and Wise;
To all good Orders they do agree,
For the City's good they still devise:
They set to their helping as you may hear,
Still to the comfort of City and Mayor.

The

The *Skinners* they a Company be,
As gallant Men as be the rest;
Their Duties they perform truly,
As honestly as do the best:
Their Antients, then Drums, then Trumpets be there,
Attending still, *&c.*

Truly the *Salters* a Company Grave,
Of Understanding be good and Wise;
And to perform all godly Orders,
Within the City they devise;
When occasion doth serve they present themselves there,
With all the Company, *&c.*

The *Iron-mongers* a Company be,
Who know their Duties every one;
And willingly they do Obey,
And wait his Lordship still upon:
From the Morning they rise they still do stay there,
Until the departing of, *&c.*

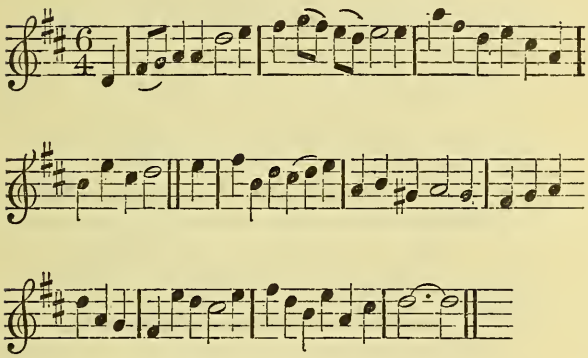
The Company of worthy *Vintners*,
His Lordship still do wait upon;
With all their Furniture along most gallantly,
In order they go every one:
Until the Companys do appear,
And then they go before, *&c.*

A Company there is of worthy *Cloth-workers*,
Who wait and give Attendance still:
When his Lordship hath any occasion,
They ready are to obey his Will;
For fear any Service should be wanting there,
They will present themselves before the Lord Mayor.

God bless our King and Counsel all,
And all his true Subjects in this Land;
And cut down all those false Hereticks,
That would the Gospel still withstand:
God prosper this City, and all that are here,
And I wish you to say God bless my Lord-Mayor.

The

The Batchelor's Choice.



I Fain wou'd find a passing good Wife,
That I may live merry all Days of my Life,
But that I do fear much sorrow and strife,
Then I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet.

If I should Marry a Maid that is Fair,
With her round cherry Cheeks and her flaxen Hair,
Many close Meetings I must forbear,
And I'll, *&c.*

If I should Marry a Maid that is Foul,
The best of my Pleasure will be but a Scoul,
She'll sit in a corner like to an Owl,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet.

If

If I should Marry a Maid that's a Slut,
My Diet a dressing abroad I must put,
For fear of Distempers to trouble my Gut,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet.

If I should Marry a Maid that's a Fool,
To learn her more Wit I must put her to School,
Or else fool-hardy keep in good rule,
And I'll, *&c.*

If I should Marry a Maid that's a Scold,
My Freedom at home is evermore sold,
Her Mouth is too little her Tongue for to hold,
And I'll, *&c.*

If I should Marry with one that's a Whore,
I must keep open for her my back Door,
And so a kind Wittal be called therefore,
And I'll, *&c.*

If I should Marry a Maid that is Proud,
She'll look for much more than can be allow'd,
No Wife of that making I'll have I have vow'd,
And I'll, *&c.*

If I should Marry a Maid that is meek,
The rule of my Household I might go seek,
For such a kind Soul I care not a Leek,
And I'll, *&c.*

I would have a Wife to come at a Call,
Too fat, nor too lean, too low, nor too tall,
But such a good Wife as may please all,
Else I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet,
Else I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet.

The

The Second Part.

IF I should go seek the whole World about,
To find a kind and loving Wife out,
That labour were lost, I am in great doubt,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet

If I Marry with one that is Young,
With a false Heart and flattering Tongue,
Sorrow and Care may be my Song,
And I'll, *&c.*

If I should Marry with one that is Old,
I never should have the Pleasures I would,
But Arm full of Bones frozen with Cold,
And I'll, *&c.*

If I should Marry with one that is Poor,
By me my best Friends will set little store
And so go a Begging from door to door,
And I'll, *&c.*

If I should Marry with one that is Rich,
She'll ever upbraid me she brought me too much,
And make me her Drudge, but I'll have none such.
And I'll, *&c.*

If I should Marry with one that is Blind,
All for to seek and worse for to find,
I then should have nothing to please my Mind,
And I'll, *&c,*

If I should Marry with one that is Dumb,
How could she welcome my Friends that come,
For her best language is to say Mum,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet.

If

If I should Marry with one that is Deaf,
Hard of Belief, and Jealous 'till death,
To the Jawm of a Chimney spend I my Breath,
And I'll, &c.

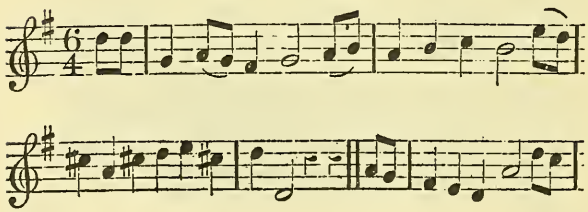
If I should Marry with one that is Fine,
She will spend all in Ale and in Wine,
Spend she her own, she shall not spend mine,
And I'll, &c.

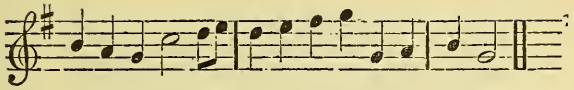
If I should Marry with one that is Tall,
I having but little she would have it all,
Then will I live single, whate'er it befal,
And I'll, &c.

For when I am Married I must be glad,
To please my Wife though never so bad,
Then farewel the Joys that lately I had,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet,
And I'll not be Married yet, yet, yet.

Maids that will not when you may,
When you would, you shall have nay.

The Power of Verse.





THO' thou'rt ugly and Old,
A damn'd Slut and a Scold,
Yet if you will tip me a Guinea ;
By the help of my Rhimes,
To the latest of Times,
Thou shalt have thy Adorers dear *Jenny.*

We Bards have a knack,
To turn White into Black,
And make Vice seem Vertue, which odd is ;
True Poetical Cant,
Dubbs a Rebel a Saint,
And refines a Jilt into a Goddess.

These trick Rhiming Sages,
Observ'd in all Ages,
To dress naked Truth in a Fable ;
And tho' ev'ry story,
Out-did Purgatory,
They still were believ'd by the Rabble.

Pray what was *Acteon*,
Whom Dogs made a Prey on,
But a Sportsman undone by his Chasing ;
Or the fam'd *Diomede*,
Of whom his Nags fled,
But a Jockey quite ruin'd by racing ?

Medæa, 'tis sung,
Could make old Women Young.
Tho' she nought but a true waiting-Maid is ;
Who with Comb of black Lead,
With Paint white and Red,
With Patch and wash, vamps up grey Ladies.

Vulcan

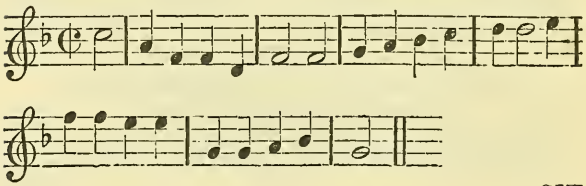
Vulcan left the Bellows,
And Sooty left good Fellows,
That he might take of *Nectar* a Cann full;
Venus was a gay Trull,
To the Cuckoldly Fool,
Mars a Bully that beat on her Anvil.

Neptune was a Tarpawling,
And *Phœbus* by calling,
A Mountebank, Wizard, and Harper;
Jolly *Bacchus* a Lad,
Of the Wine-drawing Trade,
And *Mercury* a Pimp and a Sharper.

Pallas was a stale Maid,
With a grim *Gorgon's* head,
Whose ugliness made her the Chaster,
A Scold great was *Juno*,
As I know, or you know,
And *Jove* was as great a Whore-master.

Then prithee dear Creature,
Now show thy good nature,
This once be my Female *Macœnas;*
And Times yet unknown,
My *Jenny* shall own,
Chast as *Pallas*, but fairer than *Venus.*

The Bonny Lass: Or, the Button'd SMOCK.



SIT

SIT you merry Gallants,
For I can tell you News,
Of a Fashion call'd the Button'd Smock,
The which our Wenches use:
Because that in the City,
In troth it is great pity;
Our Gallants hold it much in scorn.
They should put down the City:
But is not this a bouncing Wench,
And is not this a Bonny;
In troth she wears a *Holland* Smock,
If that she weareth any.

A bonny Lass in a Country Town,
Unto her Commendation;
She scorns a *Holland* Smock,
Made after the old Fashion:
But she will have it *Holland* fine,
As fine as may be wore;
Hem'd and stitch'd with *Naples* Silk,
And button'd down before:
But is not, *&c.*

Our Gallants of the City,
New Fashions do devise;
And wear such new found fangle things,
Which country Folk despise:
As for the Button'd Smock,
None can hold it in scorn;
Nor none can think the Fashion ill,
It is so closely worn:
Although it may be felt,
It's seldom to be seen;
It passeth all the Fashions yet,
That heretofore hath been.
But is not, *&c.*

Our Wenches of the City,
That gains the Silver rare;
Sometimes they wear a Canvass Smock,
That's torn or worn Thread-bare:

Perhaps a Smock of Lockrum,
That dirty, foul, or black :
Or else a Smock of Canvass course,
As hard as any Sack.
But is not, *&c.*

But she that wears the *Holland* Smock,
I commend her still that did it ;
To wear her under Parts so fine,
The more 'tis for her Credit :
For some will have the out-side fine,
To make the braver show ;
But she will have her *Holland* Smock
That's Button'd down below.
But is not, *&c.*

But if that I should take in hand,
Her Person to commend ;
I should vouchsafe a long Discourse,
The which I could not end :
For her Vertues they are many,
Her person likewise such ;
But only in particular,
Some part of them I'll touch.
But is not, *&c.*

Those Fools that still are doing,
With none but costly Dames ;
With tediousness of wooing,
Makes cold their hottest flames :
Give me the Country Lass,
That trips it o'er the Field ;
And ope's her Forest at the first,
And is not Coy to yield.

Who when she dons her Vesture,
She makes the Spring her Glass ;
And with her Comely gesture,
Doth all the Meadows pass :
Who knows no other cunning,
But when she feels it come ;
To gripe your Back, if you be slack,
And thrust your Weapon home.

'Tis

'Tis not their boasting humour,
Their painted looks nor state;
Nor smells of the Perfumer,
The Creature doth create:
Shall make me unto these,
Such slavish service owe;
Give me the Wench that freely takes,
And freely doth bestow.

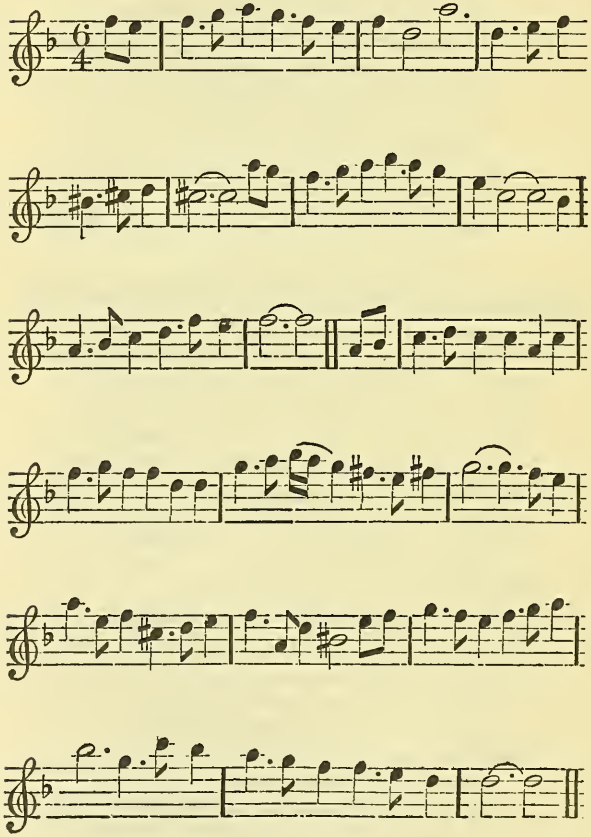
Who far from all beguiling,
Doth not her Beauty Mask;
But all the while lye smiling,
While you are at your task:
Who in the midst of Pleasure,
Will beyond active strain;
And for your Pranks, will con you thanks,
And cursey for your pain.

A SONG. *Set by Mr.* ACKEROYD.

ZOUNDS Madam return me my Heart,
Or by the Lord *Harry* I'll make ye;
Tho' you sleep when I talk of my smart,
As I hope to be Knighted I'll wake ye;
If you rant, why by *Jove*,
Then I'll rant as well as you;
There's no body cares for your puffing,
You're mistaken in me;
Nay prithee, prithee, prithee pish,
We'll try who's the best at a huffing.

But if you will your Heart surrender,
And confess yourself uncivil;
'Tis probable I may grow tender,
And recal what I purpos'd of evil,
But if you persist in rigour,
'Tis a thousand to one but I teeze you;
For you'll find so much heat and such vigour,
As may trouble you forsooth or please you.

A SONG *in the Comedy call'd* The Maid's last Prayer: *Or*, Any thing rather than fail.

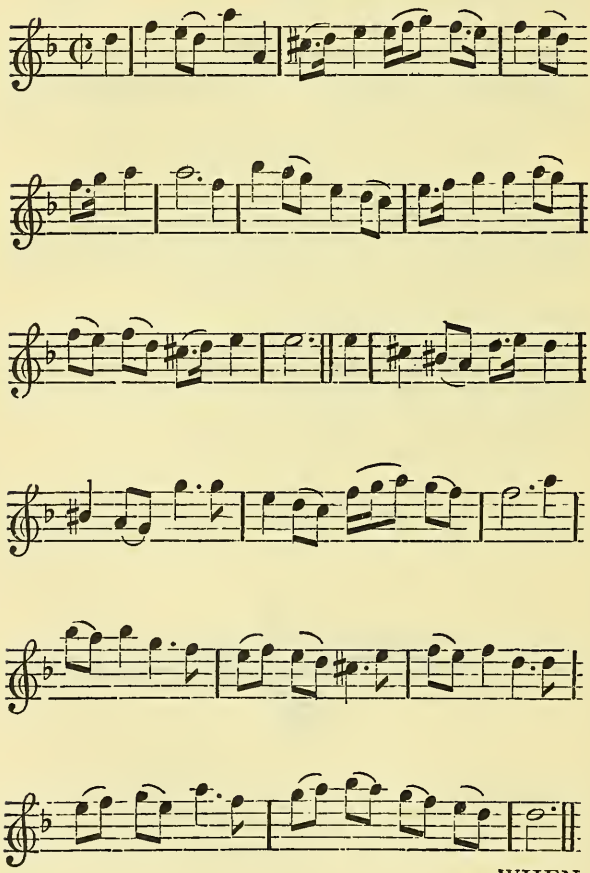


THO'

THO' you make no return to my Passion,
Still, still I presume to adore;
'Tis in Love but an odd Reputation,
When faintly repuls'd to give o'er:
When you talk of your duty,
I gaze at your Beauty;
Nor mind the dull Maxim at all,
Let it reign in *Cheapside*,
With the Citizens Bride:
It will ne'er be receiv'd, it will ne'er, ne'er, it will ne'er be receiv'd at *White-hall.*

What Apochryphal Tales are you told,
By one who wou'd make you believe;
That because of *to have* and *to hold*,
You still must be pinn'd to his Sleeve:
'Twere apparent high-Treason,
'Gainst Love and 'gainst Reason,
Shou'd one such a Treasure engross;
He who knows not the Joys,
That attend such a choice,
Shou'd resign to another that does.

The Cruel Fair requited, Written by J. R.
Set by Mr. JAMES HART.



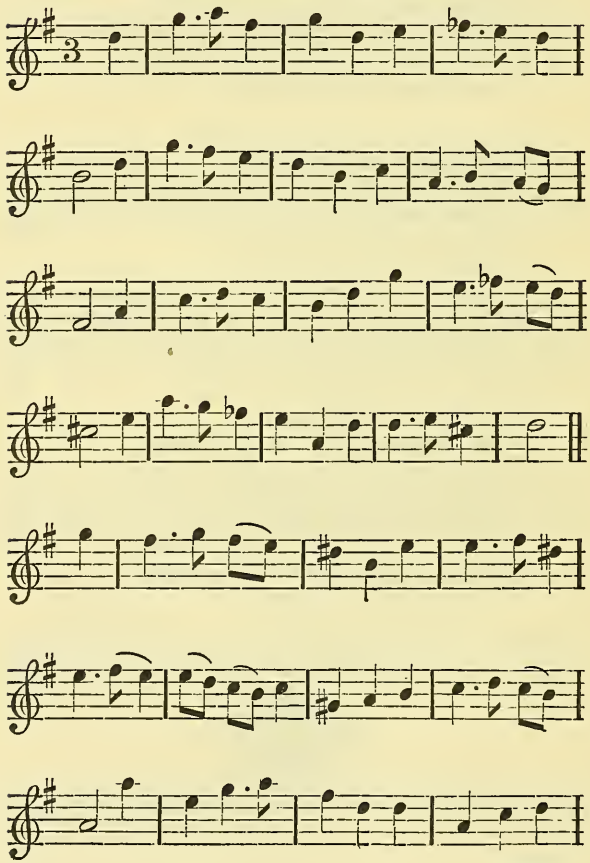
WHEN

WHEN Wit and Beauty meet in one,
That acts an Amorous part;
What Nymph its mighty Power can shun,
Or 'scape a wounded Heart:
Those Potent, wondrous Potent charms,
Where-e'er they bless a Swain;
He needs not sleep with empty Arms,
He needs not sleep with empty Arms,
Nor dread severe disdain.

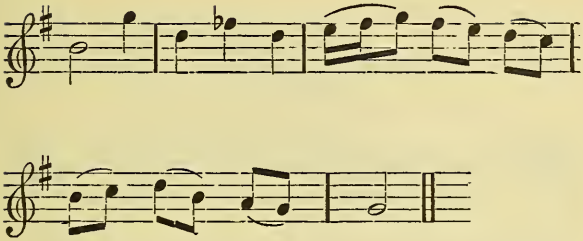
Astrea saw the Shepherds bleed,
Regardless of their Pain;
Unmov'd she hear'd their Oaten Reed,
They Dance and Sung in vain;
At length *Amintor* did appear,
That Miracle of Man;
He pleas'd her Eyes and charm'd her Ear,
He pleas'd her Eyes and charm'd her Ear,
She Lov'd and call'd him PAN.

But he as tho' design'd by Fate,
Revenger of the harms,
Which others suffer'd from her hate,
Rifl'd and left her Charms;
Then Nymphs no longer keep in pain,
A plain well-meaning Heart;
Lest you shou'd joyn for such disdain,
Lest you shou'd joyn for such disdain,
In poor *Astrea's* smart.

A SONG, *Sung at the* THEATRE-ROYAL, *in the Play call'd* ALPHONSO *King of* NAPLES. *Set by Mr.* EAGLES.



WHEN



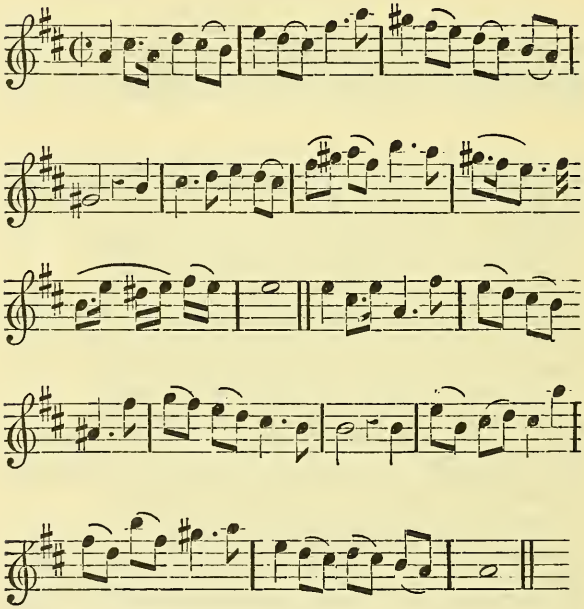
WHEN *Sylvia* was kind, and Love play'd in her Eyes,
We thought it no Morning till *Sylvia* did rise;
Of *Sylvia* the Hills and the Vallies all Rang,
For she was the Subject of every Song.

But now, oh how little her Glories do move,
That us'd to inflame us, with Raptures of Love;
Thy Rigour, oh *Sylvia*, will shorten thy Reign,
And make our bright Goddess a Mortal again.

Love heightens our Joys, he's the ease of our Care,
A spur to the Valiant, a Crown to the Fair;
Oh seize his soft Wings then before 'tis too late,
Or Cruelty quickly will hasten thy Fate.

'Tis kindness, my *Sylvia*, 'tis kindness alone,
Will add to thy Lovers, and strengthen thy Throne;
In Love, as in Empire, Tyrannical sway,
Will make Loyal Subjects forget to Obey.

The SHEPHERD'S *Complaint. Set by Mr.* Williams.

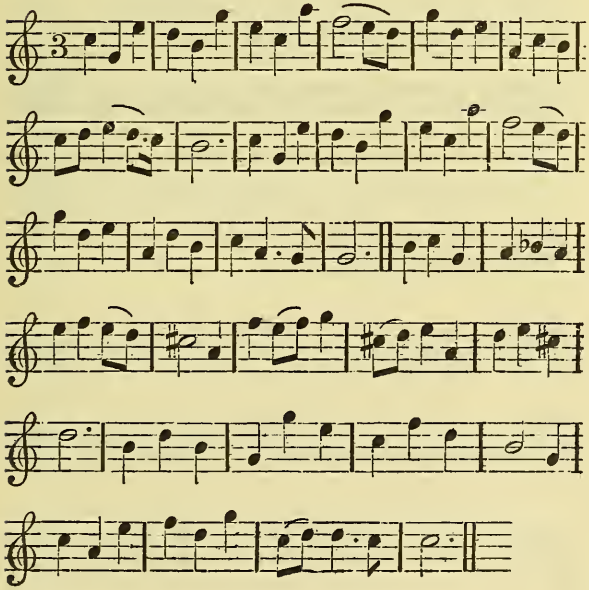


WHAT, Love a crime, Inhumane Fair?
Repeal that rash Decree,
As well may pious Anthems bear;
The Name of Blasphemy:
'Tis Bleeding Hearts and Weeping Eyes,
Uphold your Sexes Pride;
Nor could you longer Tyrannize,
My Fetters laid aside.

Then

Then from your haughty Vision wake,
And listen to my Moan;
Tho' you refuse me for my sake,
Yet pity for your own;
For know proud Shepherdess you owe,
The Victim you despise,
More to the strictness of my Vow,
Than glories of your Eyes.

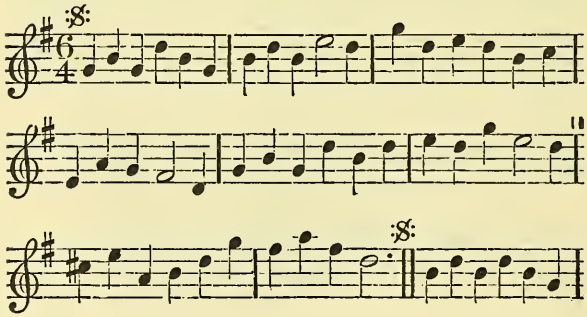
A SONG *in the* OPERA *call'd* The Fairy Queen. *Sung by Mrs.* BUTLER. *Set by Mr.* H. Purcell.

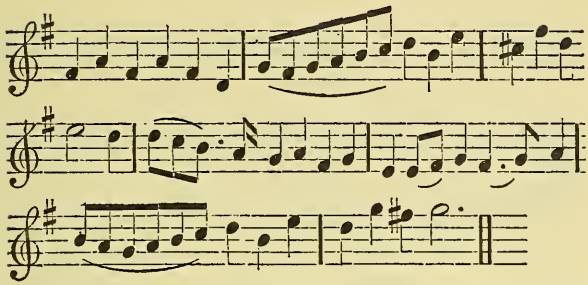


WHEN I have often heard young Maids complaining,
That when Men promise most they most deceive ;
Then I thought none of them worthy my gaining,
And what they swore I would never believe :
But when so humbly one made his Addresses,
With Looks so soft, and with Language so kind,
I thought it a Sin to refuse his Caresses,
Nature o'ercame, and I soon chang'd my Mind.

Should he employ all his Arts in deceiving,
Stretch his Invention, and quite crack his Brain,
I find such Charms, such true Joys in believing,
I'll have the pleasure, let him have the pain :
If he proves perjur'd, I shall not be cheated,
He may deceive himself, but never me ;
'Tis what I look for, and shan't be defeated,
For I'm as false, and inconstant as he.

A SONG. *The Words and Tune by Mr.* Edward Keen. *Sung by Mrs.* Willis, *in the Play call'd* The Heiress : *Or,* The Salamanca Doctor.

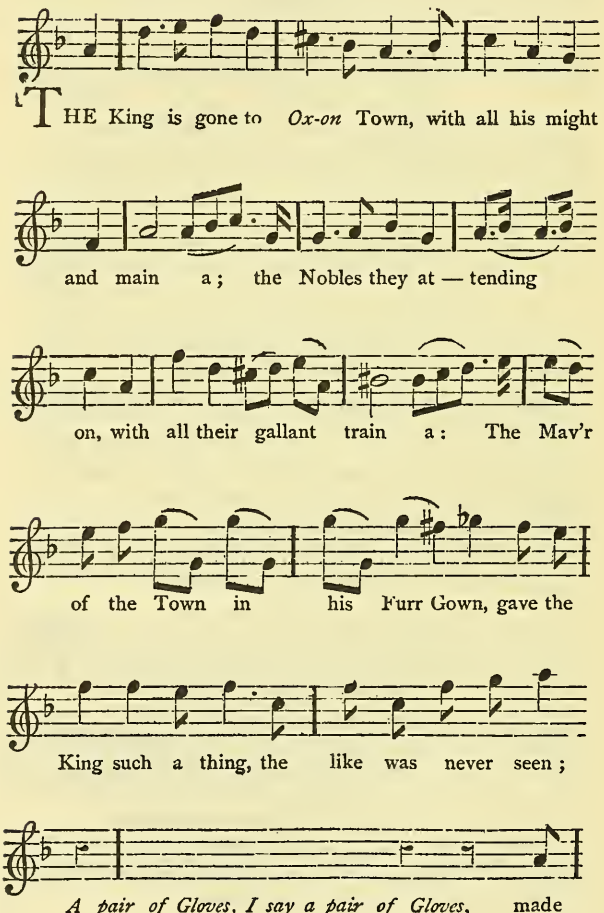


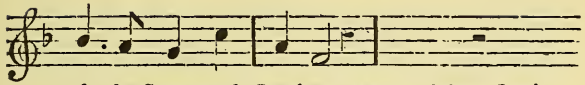


CÆLIA's bright Beauty all others transcend,
Like Lovers Sprightly Goddess she's flippant and gay;
Her rival Admirers in crouds do attend,
To her their devoirs and Addresses to pay:
Pert gaudy Coxcombs the Fair one adore,
Grave Dons of the Law and quere Prigs of the Gown;
Close Misers who brood o'er their Treasure in store,
And Heroes for plundring of modern renown,
But Men of plunder can ne'er get her under,
And Misers all Women despise,
She baulks the pert Fops in the midst of their hopes,
And laughs at the Grave and Precise.

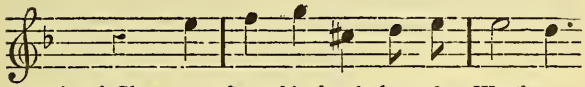
Next she's caress'd by a musical crew,
Shrill Singing and Fidling, Beaus warbles o'th' Flute,
And Poets whom Poverty still will pursue,
That's a just cause for rejecting their suit:
Impudent Fluters the Nymph does abhor,
And Lovers with Fiddle at neck she disdains;
For these thought to have her for whistling for,
They courting with guts shew'd defect in their brains.
And to the pretender to make her surrender,
By singing no favour she'll show;
For she'll not make choice of a shrill Capons voice,
For a politick reason you know.

A SONG.

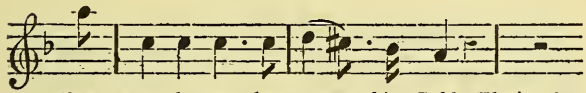

THE King is gone to *Ox-on* Town, with all his might
and main a; the Nobles they at — tending
on, with all their gallant train a: The Mav'r
of the Town in his Furr Gown, gave the
King such a thing, the like was never seen;
A pair of Gloves, I say a pair of Gloves, made
of



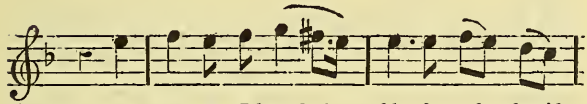
of the Stags good Leather: *A pair of gloves I say,*



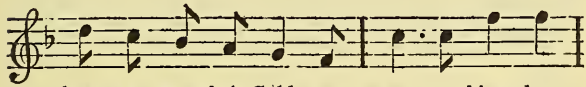
a pair of Gloves, to keep his hands from the Weather;



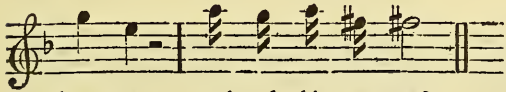
Nay, some do say they gave him Gold, *That's a lye,*



then said I, as soon as I heard it told; for why shou'd

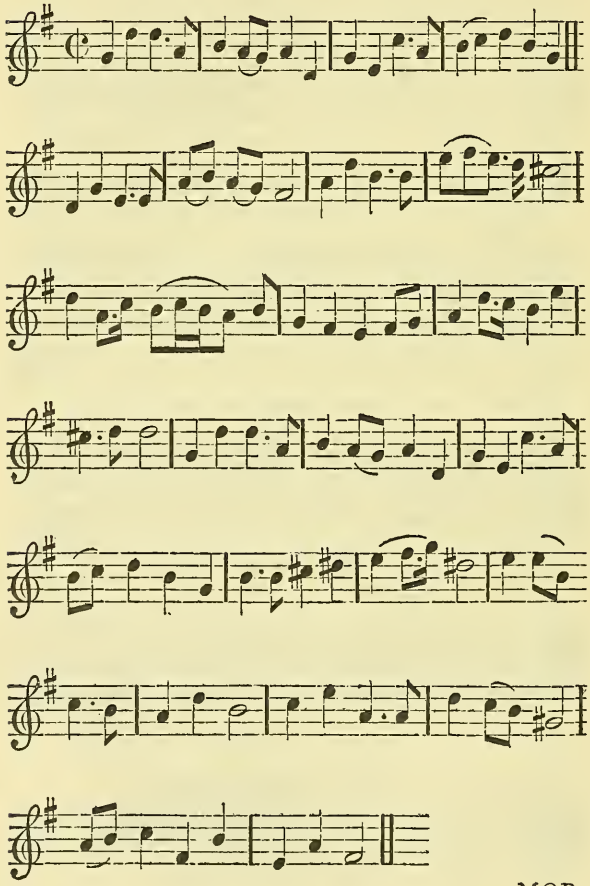


they go give their Gold a - way, to him that



has so much of his own a?

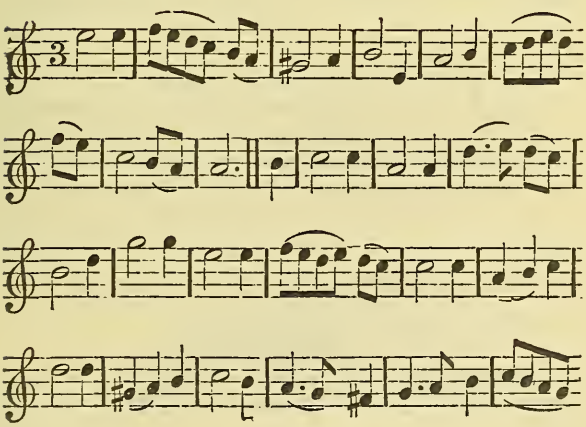
A SONG *in* Love's a Jest. *Set by Mr.* JOHN ECCLES. *Sung by Mrs.* HUDSON.

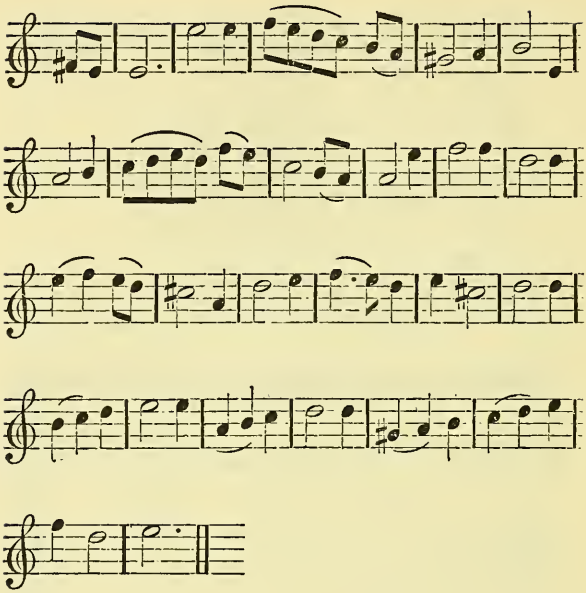


MOR-

MORTAL's learn your Lives to measure,
Not by length of Time, but Pleasure ;
Now the Hours invite comply,
Whilst you idly pass they flye :
Blest whilst a nimble pace they keep,
But in torment, in torment when they creep.
Mortals learn your Lives to measure,
Not by length of Time, but Pleasure ;
Soon your Spring must have a fall,
Losing Youth is losing all ;
Then you'll ask, but none will give,
And may linger, but not live.

A SONG, *in the Play call'd* Self-Conceit : *Or,* The Mother made a Property. *Set by Mr.* John Eccles. *Sung by Mrs.* Bowman.





OH! the mighty pow'r of Love,
What Art against such Force can move;
The harmless Swain is ever blest,
Beneath some silent, shady Grove;
Until some Nymph invade his Breast,
And disapprove his eager Love.

Oh! the mighty power of Love,
What Art against such Force can move;
The Greatest Hero who in Arms,
Has gain'd a thousand Victories:
Submits to *Cælia's* brighter Charms,
And dreads a killing from her Eyes.

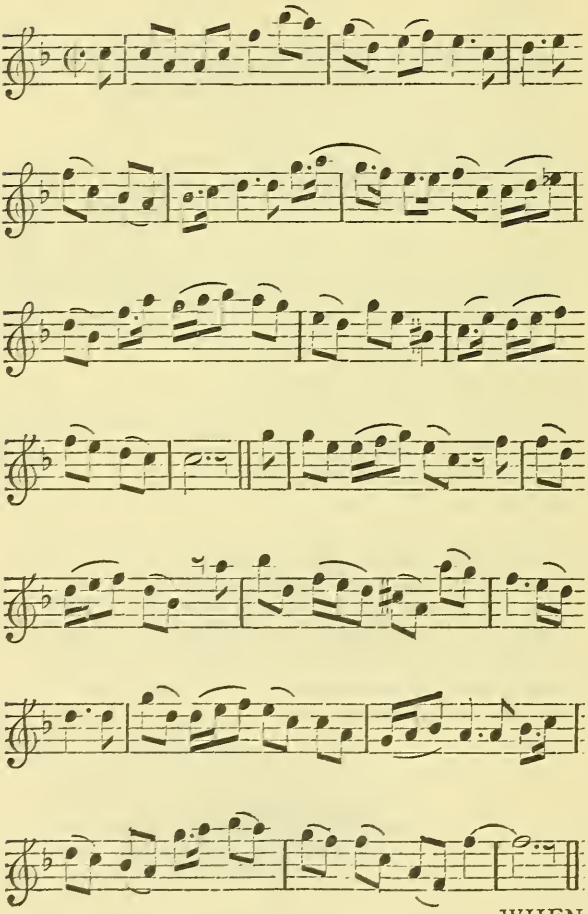
A SONG, *Sung by Mrs.* HUDSON, *in the Play call'd* Love Triumphant: *Or,* Nature will prevail. *Set by Mr.* JOHN ECCLES.

WHAT state of Life can be so blest,
As Love that warms a Lover's Breast;
Two Souls in one the same desire,
To grant the Bliss and to require:
But if in Heaven a Hell we find,
'Tis all from thee, oh Jealousy!
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! Jealousy, thou Tyrant, tyrant Jealousy, thou tyrant, Jealousy, oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! Jealousy, oh! oh! oh! Jealousy, thou tyrant of the mind.

All other ills tho' sharp they prove,
Serve to refine and sweeten Love;
In absence or unkind disdain,
Sweet hope relieves the Lovers pain:
But oh! no cure but death we find,
To set us free from Jealousy,
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! &c.

False in thy Glass all objects are,
Some set too near, and some too far;
Thou art the fire of endless Night,
The fire that burns and gives no light,
All torments of the damn'd we find,
In only thee, oh Jealousy!
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! &c.

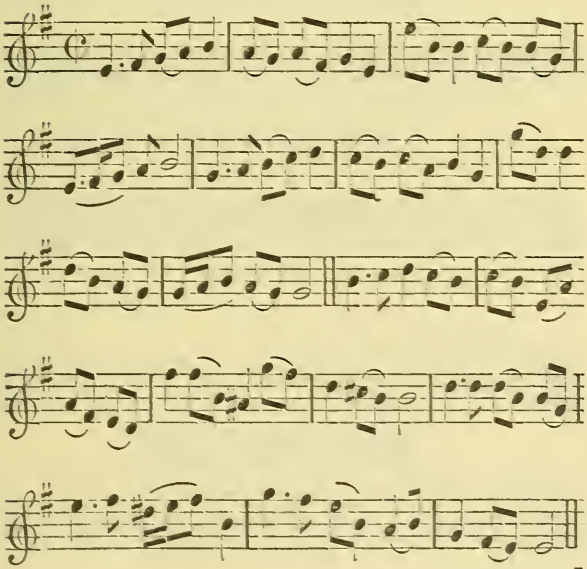
A Scotch SONG. *Set by Mr.* ROBERT COX.



WHEN

WHEN *Jockey* first I saw, my Soul was charm'd,
To see the bonny Lad so blith, so blith and gay;
My Heart did beat it being alarm'd,
That I to *Jockey* nought, nought could say:
At last I courage took and Passion quite forsook,
And told the bonny Lad his Charms I felt;
He then did smile with a pleasing look,
And told me *Jenny* in his Arms, his Arms should melt.

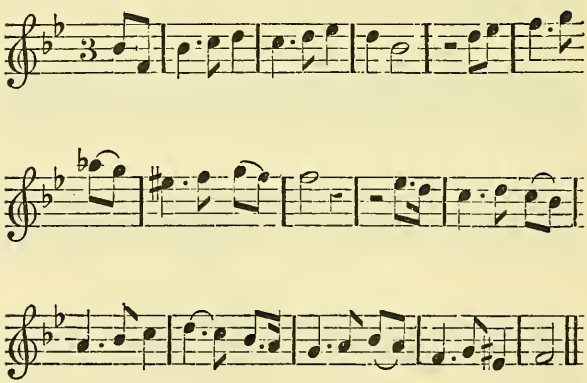
A Song. Sung by Mrs. Temple. *Set by Mr.* J. Clark.

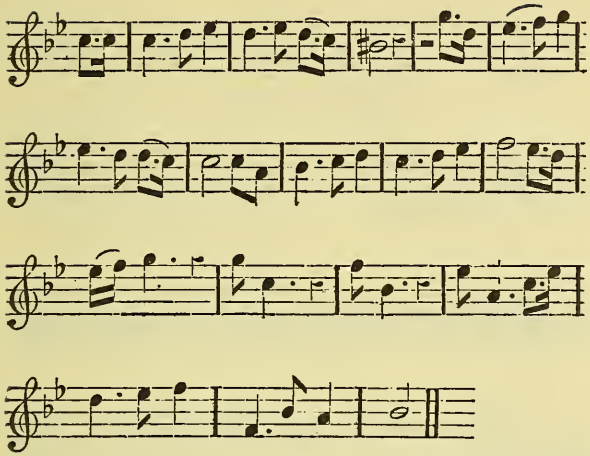


I Seek no more to shady coverts,
Jockey's Eyn are all my Joy ;
Beauty's there I Ken, that cannot,
Must not, shall not, steal away :
What wou'd *Jockey* now do to me,
Surely you're to me unkind ;
Ise ne'er see you, nay you fly me,
Yet are ne'er from out my Mind.

Tell me why 'tis thus you use me,
Take me quickly to your Arms ;
Where in blisses blithly basking,
Each may rival others Charms :
Oh but fye, my *Jockey* pray now,
What d'ye, do not, let me go ;
O I vow you will undoe me,
What to do I do not know.

A SONG. *Set by Mr.* PHILL. HART.

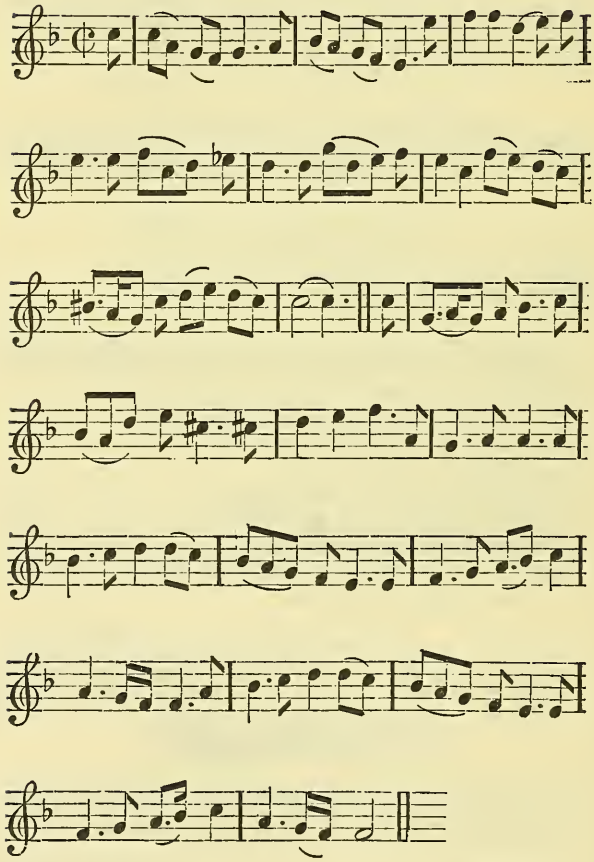




THO' I love and she knows it, she cares not,
She regards not my Passion at all;
But to tell me she hates me she spares not,
As often as on her I call:
'Tis her Pleasure to see me in pain,
'Tis her pain to grant my desire;
Then if ever I Love her again,
May I never, never, never, never, may I never, be
free from Love's fire.

MIRTILLO.

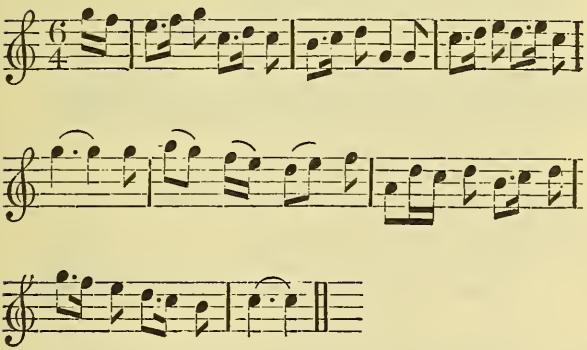
MIRTILLO. *A* SONG. *Set by Mr.* Tho. Clark.



MIRTILLO

MIRTILLO, whilst you patch your Face,
By Nature form'd so fair,
We know each Spot conceals a Grace,
And wish, and wish to see it bare :
But since our Wish you've gratifi'd,
We find, we find, 'twas rashly made,
And that those Spots were but to hide, to hide
Excess of Lustre laid :
And that those Spots were but to hide, to hide
Excess of Lustre laid.

The Rambling RAKE.



HAVING spent all my Coin,
Upon Women and Wine,
I went to the C——h out of spite ;
But what the Priest said,
Is quite out of my Head,
I resolv'd not to Edify by't.

While

While he open'd his Text,
I was plaguily vext,
To see such a sly Canting Crew,
Of *Satan's* Disciples,
With P——r Books and B——s,
Enough to have made a Man Spew.

All the Women I view'd,
Both Religious and Lewd,
From the Sable Top-knots to the Scarlets;
But a Wager I'll lay,
That at a full Play,
The House does not swarm so with Harlots.

Lady *F*—— there sits,
Almost out of her Wits,
'Twixt Lust and Devotion debating;
She's as Vicious as Fair,
And has more Business there,
Than to hear Mr. *Tickle-text's* prating.

Madam *L*——*l* saw,
With her Daughters-in-law,
Whom she offers to Sale ev'ry Sunday;
In the midst of her Prayers,
She'll negociate Affairs,
And make Assignations for Monday.

Next a Lady much Fam'd,
Therefore must not be nam'd,
'Cause she'll give you no trouble in Teaching;
She has a very fine Book,
But does ne'er in it look,
Nor regard neither Praying nor Preaching.

There's a *Baronet's* Daughter,
Her own Mother taught her,
By Precept and Practical Notion;
That to wear Gaudy Cloaths,
And to Ogle the Beaus,
Was at Church two sure Signs of Devotion.

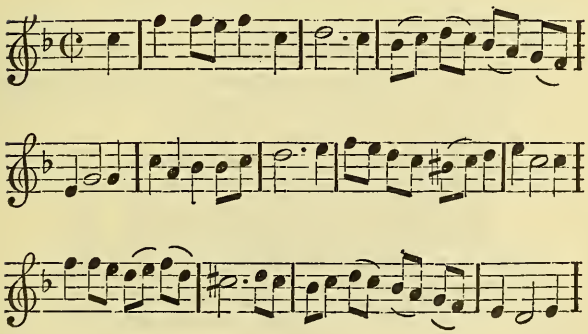
From

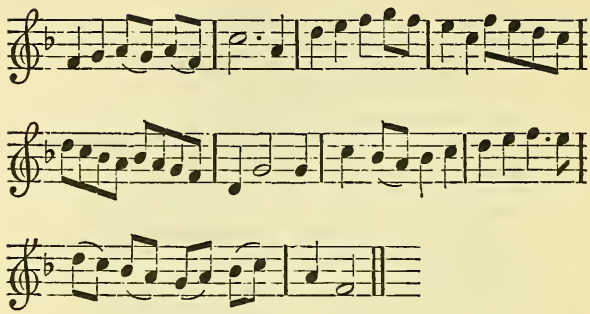
From the Corner o' th' Square,
Comes a hopeful young Pair,
  Religious as they see occasion;
But if Patches and Paint,
Be true signs of a Saint,
  We've no Reason to doubt their Damnation.

When the Sermon was done,
He blest ev'ry one,
  And they like good Christians retir'd;
Tho' they view'd ev'ry Face,
Each Head and each Dress,
  Yet each one her self most admir'd.

I had view'd all the rest,
But the Parson had blest,
  With his Benediction the People;
So I ran to the Crown,
Least the Church should fall down,
  And beat out my Brains with the Steeple.

The AIRY *old Woman.*

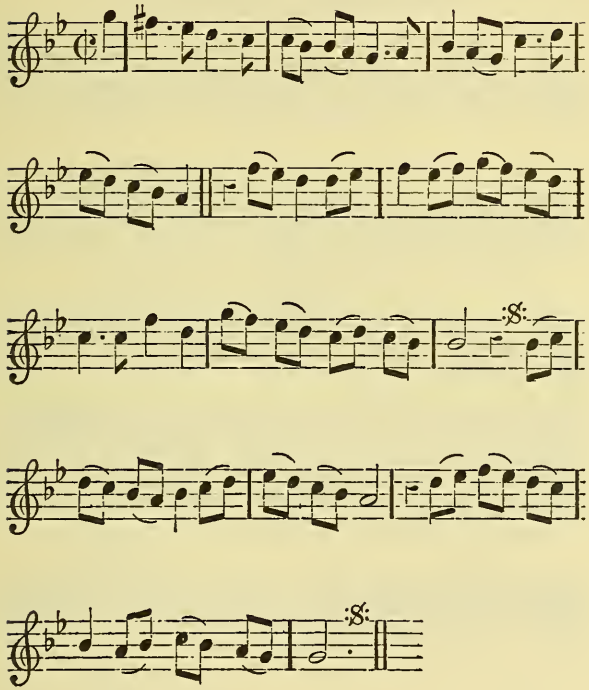




YOU guess by my wither'd Face,
And Eyes no longer Shining;
That I can't Dance with a Grace,
Nor keep my Pipes from whining:
Yet I am still Gay and Bold,
To be otherwise were a Folly;
Methinks my Blood is grown Cold,
I'll warm it then thus and be jolly,
Jolly, jolly, jolly, jolly, jolly, jolly, jolly, *&c.*
Methinks my Blood is grown cold,
Grown cold, grown cold, grown cold, *&c.*
I'll warm it then thus and be jolly.

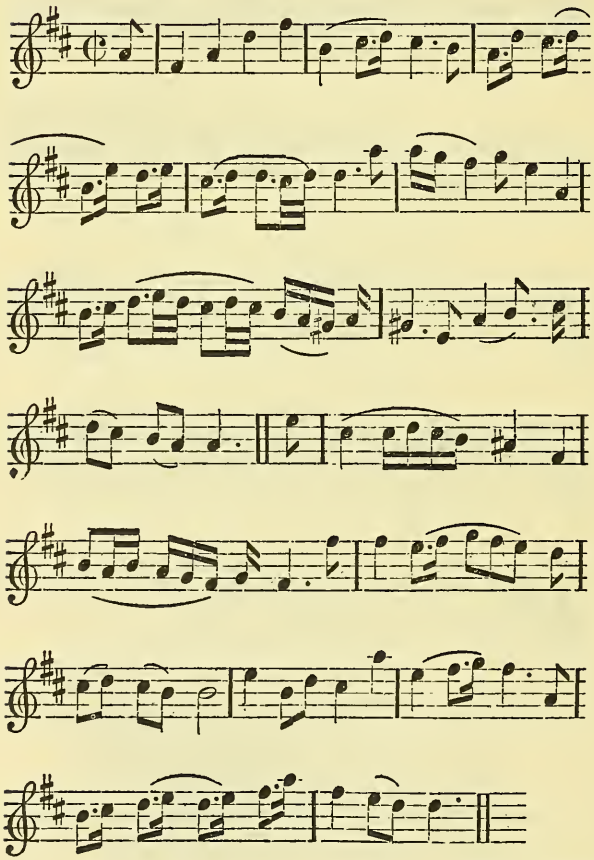
I find by the slighting Beau's,
That Nature is declining;
Yet will I not knit my Brows,
Nor end my Days in pining:
Let other Dames Fret and Scold,
As they pass to the Stygian Ferry;
You see, though I am grown Old,
My Temper is youthful and merry,
Merry, merry, merry, merry, *&c.*
You see though I am grown old,
Grown old, grown old, grown old, *&c.*
My Temper is youthful and merry.

A SONG *Set by Mr.* ANTHONY YOUNG.



I Try'd in Parks and Plays to find,
An Object to appease my Mind;
But still in vain it does appear,
Since Fair *Hyrtuilia* is not there:
In vain alass I hope for Ease,
Since none but She alone can please.

A SONG; *the Words by Captain* DANVERS, *Set by Mr.* T. WILLIS.

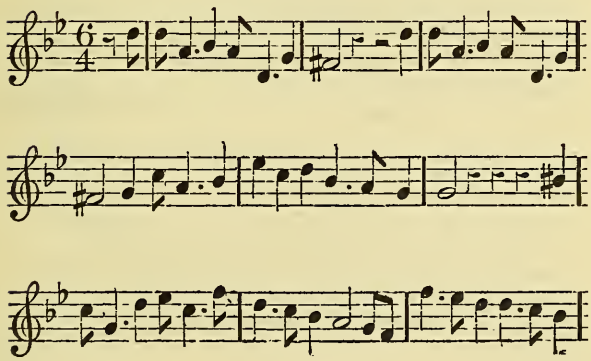


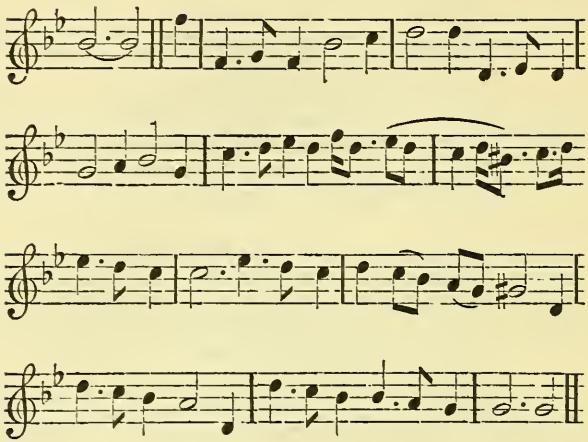
FORGIVE

FORGIVE me *Cloe* if I dare
Your Conduct disapprove ;
The Gods have made you wond'rous Fair,
Not to Disdain, but Love ;
Those nice pernicious Forms despise,
That cheat you of your Bliss ;
Let Love instruct you to be wise,
Whilst Youth and Beauty is.

Too late you will repent the Time,
You lose by your Disdain ;
The Slaves you scorn now in your Prime,
You'll ne'er retrieve again :
But when those Charms shall once decay,
And Lovers disappear ;
Despair and Envy shall repay,
Your being now severe.

A SONG *in the* Rival Sisters, *Set by Mr.* Henry Purcell, *Sung by Miss* CROSS.



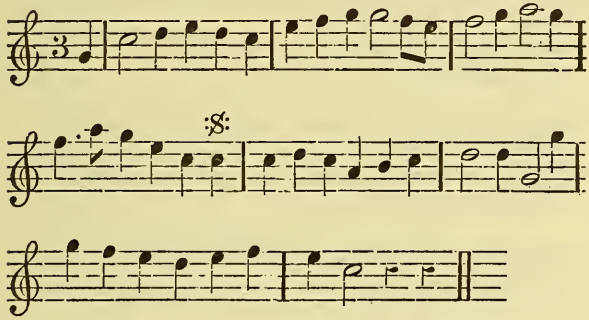


HOW happy, how happy is she,
How happy, how happy is she,
That early, that early her Passion begins,
And willing, and willing with Love to agree,
Does not stay till she comes to her Teens:
Then, then she's all pure and Chast,
Then, then she's all pure and Chast,
Like Angels her Smiles to be priz'd;
Pleasure is seen Cherub Fac'd,
And Nature appears, and Nature appears undisguis'd.

From Twenty to Thirty, and then
Set up for a Lover in vain;
By that time we study how Men,
May be wrack'd with Neglect and Disdain:
Love dwells where we meet with desire,
Desire which Nature has given:
She's a Fool then that feeling the Fire,
Begins not to warm at Eleven.

The

The Three Merry Travellers, who paid their shot wherever they came, without ever a Stiver of Money.



THERE was three Travellers, Travellers three,
With a hey down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
And they would go Travel the *North* Country,
Without ever a stiver of Money.

They Travelled *East*, and they Travelled *West*,
With a hey down, &c.
Wherever they came still they drank of the best,
Without ever, &c.

At length by good Fortune they came to an Inn,
With a hey down, &c.
And they were as merry as e'er they had been,
Without ever, &c.

A Jolly young Widdow did smiling appear,
With a hey down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
Who drest them a Banquet of delicate cheer,
Without ever a penny of Money.

Both Chicken and Sparrow-grass she did provide,
With a hey down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
You're Welcome kind Gentlemen, welcome she cry'd,
Without ever a Stiver of Money.

They called for liquor, both Beer, Ale, and Wine,
With a hey down, &c.
And every thing that was curious and fine,
Without ever, &c.

They drank to their Hostess a merry full Bowl,
With a hey down, &c.
She pledg'd them in Love, like a generous Soul,
Without ever, &c.

The Hostess, her Maid, and Cousin all three,
With a hey down, &c.
They Kist and was merry, as merry cou'd be,
Without ever, &c.

Full Bottles and Glasses replenish'd the Board,
With a hey down, &c.
No liquors was wanting the house could afford,
Without ever, &c.

When they had been Merry good part of the Day,
With a hey down, &c.
They called their Hostess to know what's to pay,
Without ever, &c.

There's Thirty good shillings, and Six pence, she cry'd,
With a hey down, &c.
They told her that she should be soon satisfy'd,
Without ever, &c.

The Handsomest Man of the three up he got;
With a hey down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
He laid her on her Back, and paid her the shot,
Without ever a Stiver of Money.

The

The middlemost Man to her Cousin he went,
With a hey down, ho down, Lanktre down derry,
She being handsome, he gave her Content,
Without ever a Stiver of Money.

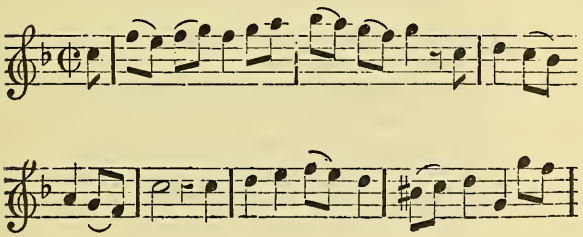
The last Man of all he took up with the Maid,
With a hey down, &c.
And thus the whole Shot it was lovingly paid,
Without ever, &c.

The Hostess, the Cousin, and Servant, we find,
With a hey down, &c.
Made Courtesies, and thank'd them for being so kind,
Without ever, &c.

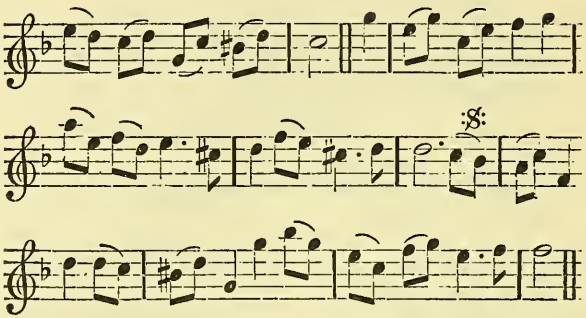
The Hostess said, welcome kind Gentleman all,
With a hey down, &c.
If you chance to come this way be pleased to call,
Without ever, &c.

Then taking their Leaves they went merrily out,
With a hey down, ho down, Lanktre down, derry,
And they're gone for to Travel the Nation about,
Without ever a Stiver of Money.

The Maids CONJURING *Book.*



N 2

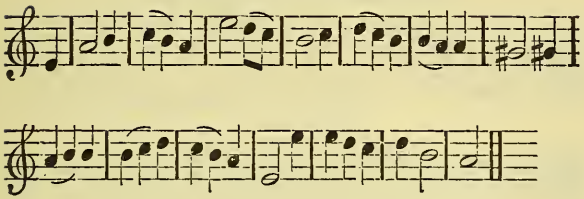


A Young Man lately in our Town,
He went to Bed one Night;
He had no sooner lay'd him down,
But was troubled with a Sprite:
So vigorously the Spirit stood,
Let him do what he can,
Sure then he said it must be lay'd,
By Woman, not by Man.

A Handsome Maid did undertake,
And into Bed she leap'd;
And to allay the Spirits Power,
Full close to him she crep'd:
She having such a Guardian care,
Her Office to discharge;
She open'd wide her Conjuring Book,
And lay'd the Leaves at large.

Her Office she did well perform,
Within a little space;
Then up she rose, and down he lay,
And durst not shew his Face;
She took her leave, and away she went,
When she had done the Deed;
Saying, if't chance to come again,
Then send for me with speed.

A SONG.



ALL Joy to Mortals, Joy and Mirth,
Eternal *Io's* sing ;
The Gods of Love descend to Earth,
Their Darts have lost their Sting.

The Youth shall now complain no more,
On *Sylvia's* needless Scorn ;
But she shall Love if he adore,
And melt when he shall burn.

The Nymph no longer shall be shy,
But leave the Jilting Road ;
And *Daphne* now no more shall Fly,
The wounded Painted God.

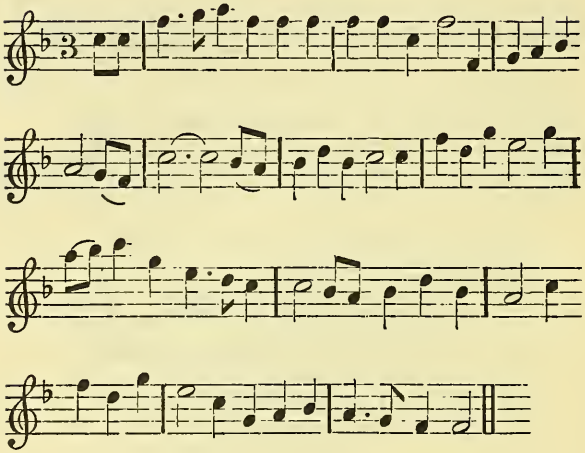
But all shall be Serene and Fair,
No sad complaints of Love,
Shall fill the gentle whispering Air,
No Ecchoing sighs, the Grove.

Beneath the shades young *Strephon* lies,
Of all his wish possess'd ;
Gazing on *Sylvia's* charming Eyes,
Whose Soul is there confess'd.

All soft and sweet the Maid appears,
With looks that know no Art ;
And though she yields with Trembling Fears,
She yields with all her Heart.

The

The PRESBYTERS *Gill.*



HANG the Presbyters Gill,
Bring a Pint of Sack, *Will*,
More Orthodox of the two;
Though a slender Dispute,
Will strike the Elf Mute,
He's one of the honester Crew.

In a Pint there's small heart,
Sirrah, bring us a Quart,
There's substance and vigour met;
'Twill hold us in play,
Some Part of the Day,
But we'll sink him before Sun-set.

The daring old Pottle,
Does now bid us Battle,

Let's

Let's try what his strength can do;
Keep your Ranks, and your Files,
And for all his Wiles,
We'll tumble him down stairs too.

The Stout Brested *Lombard*,
His Brains ne'er incumbred,
With drinking of Gallons three;
Trycongius was named,
And by *Cæsar* Famed,
Who dubbed him Knight Cap-a-pee.

If then Honour be in't,
Why a Pox should be stint,
Our selves of the fulness it bears?
H'has less Wit than an Ape
In the Blood of a Grape,
Will not plunge himself o'er Head and Ears.

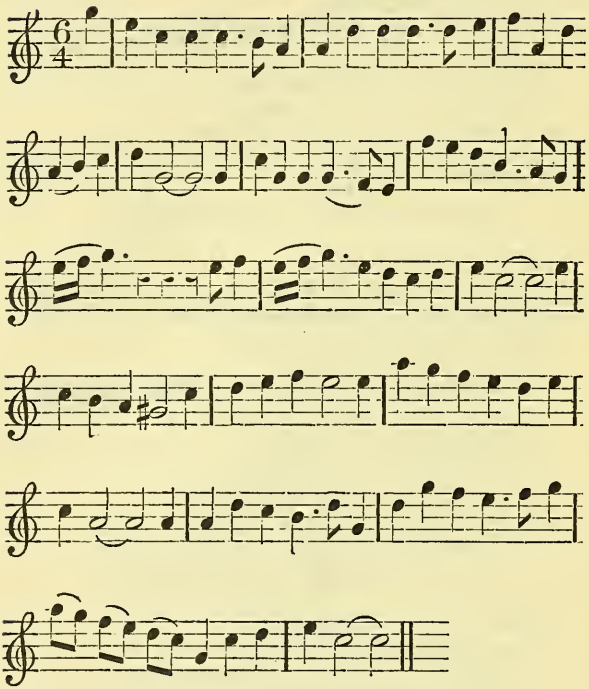
Then Summon the Gallon,
A stout Foe, and a Tall one,
And likely to hold us to't;
Keep but Coyn in your Purse,
The Word is Disburse,
I'll warrant he'll sleep at your Foot.

See the bold Foe appears,
May he fall that him Fears,
Keep you but close Order, and then,
We will give him the Rout,
Be he never so stout,
And prepare for his Rallying agen.

Let's drain the whole Cellar,
Pipes, Buts, and the Dweller,
If the Wine floats not the faster;
Will, when thou do'st slack us,
By Warrant from *Bacchus*,
We will Cane thy Tun-belly'd Master.

The

The Good FELLOW.



A Pox on the Times,
Let 'em go as they will,
Tho' the Taxes are grown so heavy;
Our Hearts are our own,
And shall be so still,
Drink about, my Boys, and be merry:
Let no Man despair,
But drive away Care,

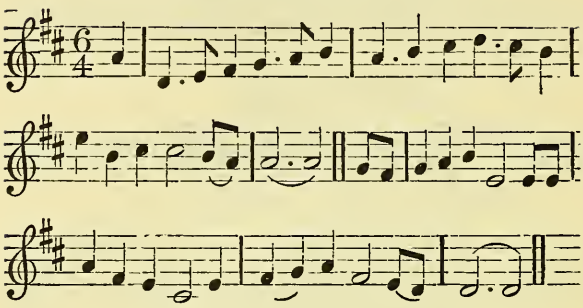
And

And drown all our Sorrow in Claret ;
We'll never repine,
So they give us good Wine,
Let 'em take all our Dross, we can spare it.

We value not Chink,
Unless to buy drink,
Or purchase us Innocent Pleasure ;
When 'tis gone we ne'er fret,
So we Liquor can get,
For Mirth of it self is a Treasure :
No Miser can be,
So happy as we,
Tho' compass'd with Riches he wallow ;
Day and Night he's in Fear,
And ne'er without Care,
While nothing disturbs the Good Fellow.

Come fill up the Glass,
And about let it pass,
For Nature doth vacuums decline !
Down the spruce formal Ass,
That's afraid of his Face,
We'll drink 'till our Noses do *Phœbus* out-shine :
While we've plenty of this,
We can ne'er do amiss,
'Tis an Antidote 'gainst our ruin ;
And the Lad that drinks most,
With Honour may boast,
He fears neither Death, nor undoing.

The Jovial PRISONER, *by* S. P.



A Pox on such Fools ! let the Scoundrels rail,
Let 'em boast of their Liberty ;
They're no freer than we, for the World's a Jayl,
And all Men Prisoners be.

The Drunkard's confin'd to his Claret,
The Miser to his Store ;
The Wit to his Muse and a Garret,
And the Cully-Cit to his Whore.

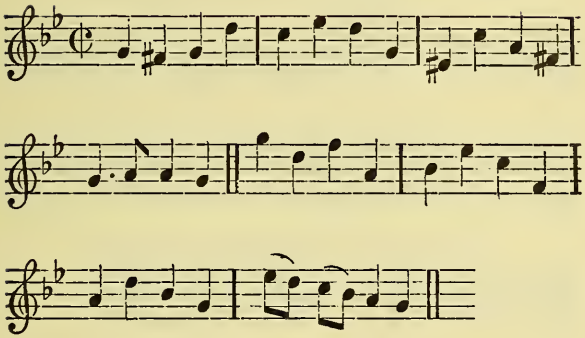
The Parson's confin'd to his Piggs,
The Lawyer to Hatred and Strife ;
The Fidler to's Borees and Jiggs,
And the Quack to his Glister-pipe.

The Church-man's confin'd to be civil,
The Quaker's a Prisoner too light ;
The Papist is bound by the Devil,
And the Puritan's fetter'd with spite.

Since old *Adam's* race are all Prisoners like us,
Let us merrily quaff and Sing ;
Z——s why shou'd we pine for Liberty thus,
When we're each of's as free as a King.

A SONG.

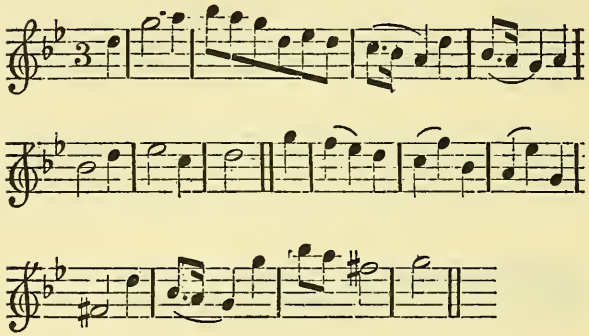
Set by Mr. HENRY PURCELL.



PHILLIS, I can ne'er forgive it,
Nor I think, shall e're out-live it;
Thus to treat me so severely,
Who have always lov'd sincerely.

Damon, you so fondly cherish,
Whilst poor I, alass! may perish;
I that love, which he did never,
Me you slight, and him you Favour.

LOVE given over: *Being a young Lady's Reply to her Parents, who would have forc'd her to Marry one she had an Aversion against.*



AS Cupid many Ages past,
Went out to take the Air;
And on the Rosy Morning Feast,
He met *Ophelia* there.

A while he gaz'd, a while survey'd
Her Shape and every part;
But as his Eyes run o'er the Maid,
Hers reach'd his little Heart.

His Quiver straight and Bow he took,
And bent it for a flight;
And then by chance she cast a look,
Which spoil'd his purpose quite.

Disarm'd he knew not what to do,
Nor how to Crown his Love;
At last resolv'd, away he flew,
Another shape to prove.

A lustful Satyr straight return'd,
In hopes his Form wou'd take :
For many Nymphs for them have burn'd,
Burn'd 'cause they could not speak.

Ophelia had no sooner spy'd,
His Godship, Goat and Man ;
But loudly for assistance cry'd,
And fleetly homeward ran.

Perplex'd at her affright, but more
At's own defeat, he shook
The Monster off ; then fled before,
And straight Man's Aspect took.

He smil'd, intreated, ly'd, and vow'd,
Nay, offer'd her a Sum ;
And grew importunate and rude,
As she drew nearer home.

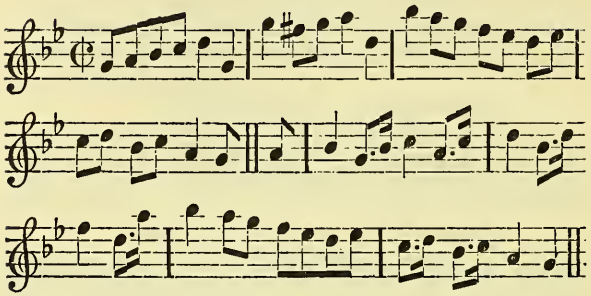
At last when Tears, nor ought cou'd move,
He thus bespoke the Fair ;
Know Cruel Maid, I'm God of Love,
And can command Despair.

Yet Dame to sue, oh ! bless me then,
As you regard your Ease ;
For I am King of Gods and Men,
I give and banish Peace.

Or be thou Love, or be thou Hate,
Enrag'd *Ophelia* swore ;
I'll never change my Virgin state,
Nor ever see thee more.

Exploded Love resisted so,
In pity to Mankind ;
His Arrows broke, and burnt his Bow,
And left his Name behind.

A SONG.



LAY by your Pleading,
The Law lies a Bleeding,
Burn all your Studies down, and throw away your Reading;
Small Power the World has,
And doth afford us,
Not half so many Privileges as the Sword does;
It fosters our Masters,
It plaisters Disasters,
And makes the Servants quickly greater than their Masters;
It ventures, it enters,
It circles, it Centres,
And sets a Prentice free despite of his Indenters.

This takes up all things,
And sets up small things,
This masters Money, tho' Money masters all things.
It's not in Season,
To talk of Reason,
Or count it Loyalty, when the Sword will have it Treason:
This conquers a Crown too,
The Cloak and the Gown too,
This sets up a Presbyter, and this doth pull him down too;

This

This subtile deceiver,
Turn'd Bonnet into Beaver,
Down drops a Bishop, and up steps a Weaver.

It's this makes a Lay-man,
To Preach and to Pray Man,
And this made a Lord of him, which was before a Drayman;
For from this dull-pit,
Of *Saxbey's* Pulpit,
This brought a holy Iron-monger to the Pulpit:
No Gospel can guide it,
No Law can decide it,
No Church or State can debate it,
'Till the Sword hath Sanctify'd it;
Such pitiful things be,
Happier than Kings be,
This brought in the Heraldry of *Thimblesby* and *Slingsby.*

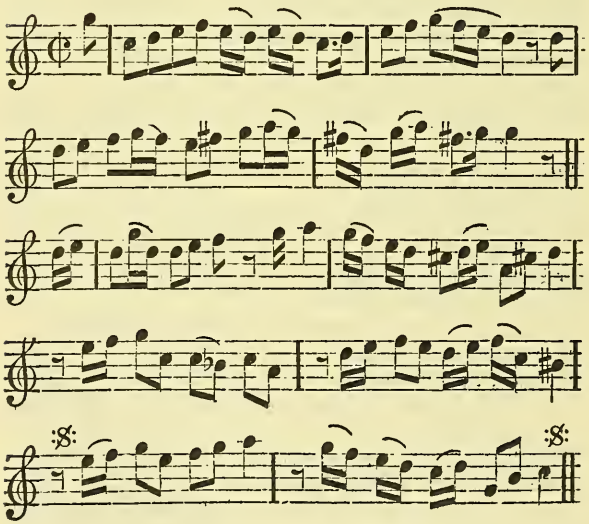
Down goes the Law-trix,
For from this Matrix,
Sprung holy *Hewson's* power, and tumbl'd down St. *Patrick's.*
It batter'd the Gun-kirk,
So did it the Dum-kirk,
That he is fled and gone to the Devil in *Dunkirk;*
In *Scotland* this waster,
Did work such disaster,
This brought the Money back for which they sold their Master:
This frighted the *Flemming,*
And made him so beseeming,
That he doth never think of his lost Lands redeeming.

But he that can tower,
Over him that is lower,
Would be counted but a Fool to give away his Power:
Take Books and rent them,
Who would invent them,
When as the Sword replys *Negatur Argumentur:*

The

The grand College Butlers,
Must vail to the Sutlers,
There's not a Library like to the Cutlers;
The Blood that is spilt, Sir,
Hath gain'd all the Guilt, Sir,
Thus have you seen me run the Sword up to the Hilt, Sir.

Queen DIDO.



WHEN *Dido* was a *Carthage* Queen,
She lov'd a *Trojan* Knight;
Who sail'd about from Coast to Coast,
Of Metal brave in Fight:

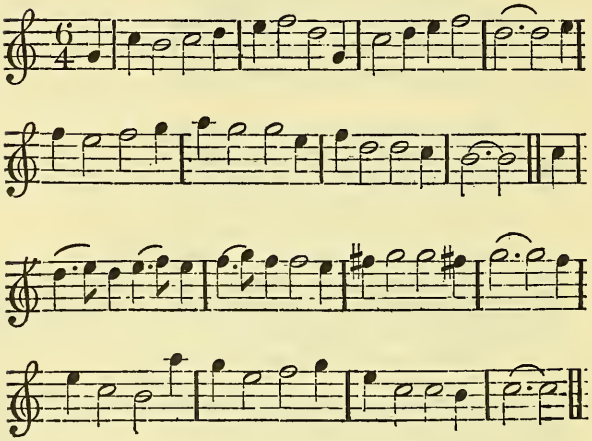
As

As they Hunting rid, a Shower,
Did on their Heads with fury pour,
Drove 'em to a lonely Cave,
Where *Æneas* with his Charms,
Caught fair *Dido* in his Arms,
And got what he would have.

Then *Dido Hymen's* Rites forgot,
Her Love was won in hast;
Her Honour she consider'd not,
But in her Breast him plac'd;
Now when their Loves were just began,
Great *Jove* sent down his winged Son,
To fright *Æneas'* sleep:
Make him by the break of Day,
From Queen *Dido* steal away,
Which caus'd her wail and weep.

Poor *Dido* wept, but what of that?
The Gods would have it so;
Æneas nothing did amiss,
When he was forc'd to go:
Cease Lovers, cease your Vows to keep,
With your true Loves, but let 'em weep,
'Tis folly to be true;
Let this comfort serve your turn,
That tho' wretched *Dido's* mourn,
You'll daily Court anew.

False PHILLIS, *Set by Mr.* JAMES HART.



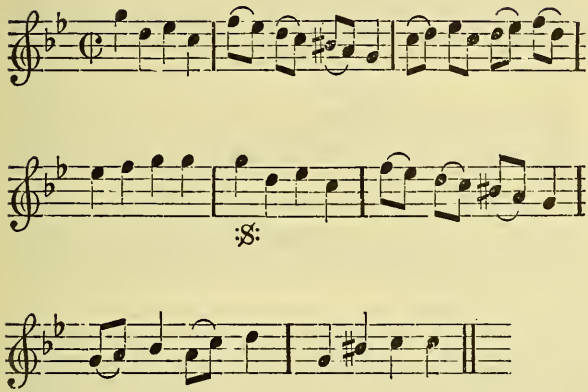
SINCE *Phillis* swears Inconstancy,
Then I'll e'en do so too;
I careless am as well as she,
She values not her Vow.

To sigh, to languish, and protest,
Let feeble Fops approve;
The Women's way I like the best,
Enjoyment is their Love.

When I my *Phillis* do embrace,
There's none can happier be;
But when she's gone, the next fair Face,
Is *Phillis* then to me.

I find her Absence cools Desire,
As well as her Disdain;
When Hope denys to feed my Fire,
Despair shall ease my Pain.

A SONG.

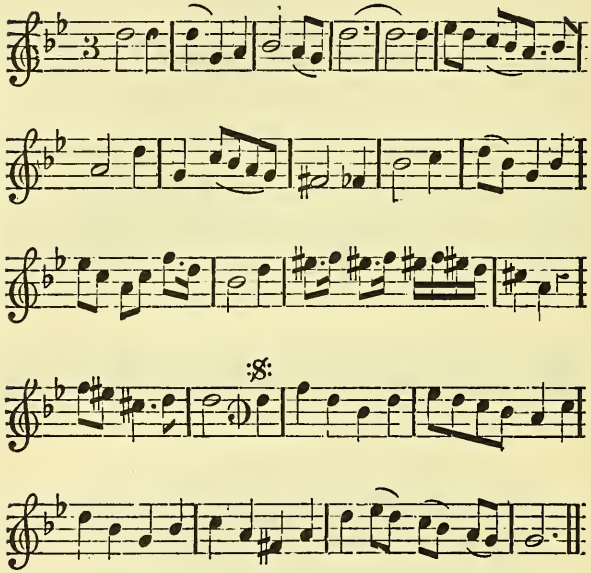


BLUSH not redder than the Morning,
Though the Virgins give you Warning;
Sigh not at the chance befel you,
Though they smile, and dare not tell you;
Sigh not at, &c.

Maids like Turtles, love the Cooing,
Bill and Murmur in their Wooing;
Thus like you they start and tremble,
And their troubled Joys dissemble:
Thus like you, &c.

Grasp the Pleasure while 'tis coming,
Though your Beauty's now a blooming;
Lest old time our Joys should sever,
Ah! ah! they part, they part for ever:
Lest old time, &c.

The Power of BEAUTY.



IN a Flowry Myrtle *Grove*,
The solitary Scene of Love,
On Beds of Vi'lets, all the Day,
The Charming *Floriana* lay;
The little *Cupids* hover'd in the Air,
They peep'd and smil'd, and thought their Mother there.

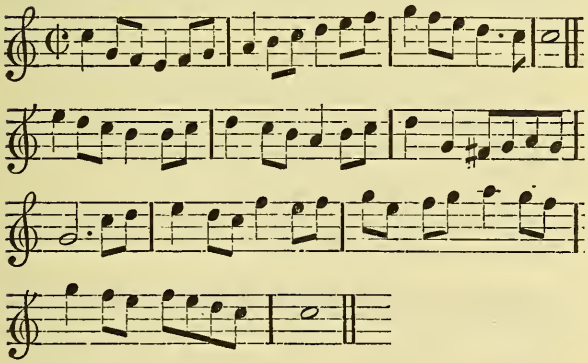
Phœbus delay'd his Course a while,
Charm'd with the spell of such a Smile,
Whilst weary *Plough-men* curs'd the stay,
Of the too *Uxorious* Day:

The

The little *Cupids* hover'd in the Air,
They peep'd and smil'd, and thought their Mother there.

But thus the *Nymph* began to chide,
"That Eye, you owe the World beside,
"You fix on me, then with a Frown
She sent her drooping Lover down;
With modest Blushes from the *Grove* she fled,
Painting the Evening with unusual Red.

The HUNT.



SOME in the Town go betimes to the *Downs*,
To pursue the fearful Hare;
Some in the Dark love to hunt in a *Park*,
For to chace all the Deer that are there:
Some love to see the Faulcon to flee,
With a joyful rise against the Air;
But all my delight is a Cunny in the Night,
When she turns up her silver Hair.

When

When she is beset, with a Bow, Gun, or Net,
And finding no shelter for to cover her;
She falls down flat, or in a Tuft does squat,
'Till she lets the Hunter get over her:
With her breast she does butt, and she bubs up her Scut,
When the Bullets fly close by her Ear;
She strives not to escape, but she mumps like an Ape,
And she turns up, *&c.*

The Ferret he goes in, through flaggs thick and thin,
Whilst Mettle pursueth his Chace;
The Cunny she shows play, and in the best of her way,
Like a Cat she does spit in his Face:
Tho' she lies in the Dust, she fears not his Nest,
With her full bound up Sir, career;
With the strength that she shows, she gapes at the Nose,
And she turns up, *&c.*

The sport is so good, that in Town or in Wood,
In a Hedge, or a Ditch you may do it;
In Kitchen or in Hall, in a Barn or in a Stall,
Or wherever you please you may go to it:
So pleasing it is that you can hardly miss,
Of so rich Game in all our Shire;
For they love so to play, that by Night or by Day,
They will turn up their Silver Hair.

BRIDAL *Night. To the foregoing Tune.*

COME from the Temple, away to the Bed,
As the Merchant transports home his Treasure;
Be not so coy Lady, since we are wed,
'Tis no Sin to taste of the Pleasure:
Then come let us be blith, merry and free,
Upon my life all the waiters are gone;
And 'tis so, that they know where you go, say not so,
For I mean to make bold with my own.

What

What is it to me, if our Hands joyned be,
If our Bodies are still kept asunder:
It shall not be said, there goes a married Maid,
Indeed we will have no such wonder:
Therefore let's Embrace, there's none sees thy Face,
The Bride-Maids that waited are gone;
None can spy how you lye, ne'er deny, but say Ay,
For I mean to make bold with my own.

Sweet Love do not frown, but pull off thy Gown,
'Tis a Garment unfit for the Night;
Some say that Black, hath a relishing smack,
I had rather be dealing with White:
Then be not afraid, for you are not betray'd,
Since we two are together alone;
I invite you this Night, to do me right in my delight,
For I mean to make bold with my own.

Then come let us Kiss, and tast of our Bliss,
Which brave Lords and Ladies enjoy'd;
If all Maids should be of the humour of thee,
Generations would soon be destroy'd:
Then where were the Joys, the Girls and the Boys,
Would'st live in the World all alone;
Don't destroy, but enjoy, seem not Coy for a Toy,
For indeed I'll make bold with my own.

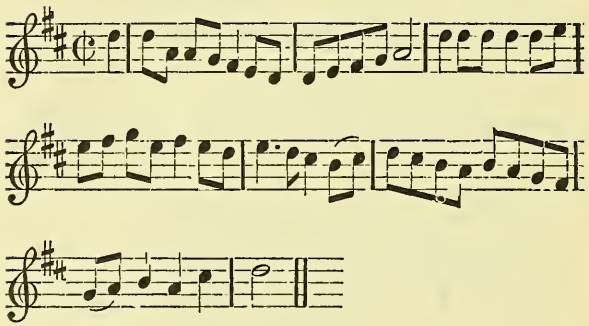
Prithee begin, don't delay but unpin,
For my Humour I cannot prevent it;
You are so streight lac'd, and your Top-knot so fast,
Undo it, or I straitway will rent it:
Or to end all the strife, I'll cut it with a Knife,
'Tis too long to stay 'till it's undone;
Let thy Wast be unlac'd, and in hast be embrac'd,
For I long to make bold with my own.

As thou art fair, and sweeter than the Air,
That dallies on *July's* brave Roses;
Now let me be to thy Garden a Key,
That the Flowers of Virgins incloses:

And

And I will not be too rough unto thee,
For my Nature to mildness is prone;
Do no less than undress, and unlace all apace,
For this Night I'll make bold with my own.

A TOPING SONG.



I Am a Jolly Toper, I am a raged Soph.
Known by the Pimples in my Face, with taking
[Bumpers off,
And a Toping we will go, we'll go, we'll go,
And a Toping we will go.

Come let's sit down together, and take our fill of Beer,
Away with all disputes, for we'll have no Wrangling
[here,
And a Toping, *&c.*

With clouds of Tobacco we'll make our Noddles clear,
We'll be as great as Princes, when our Heads are full
[of Beer,
And a Toping, *&c.*

With

With Juggs, Muggs, and Pitchers, and Bellarmines of
Dash'd lightly with a little, a very little Ale, [Stale,
And a Toping, *&c.*

A Fig for the *Spaniard*, and for the King of *France*,
And Heaven preserve our Juggs, and Muggs, and Q—n
And a Toping, *&c.* [from all mischance,

Against the Presbyterians, pray give me leave to rail,
Who ne'er had thirsted for Kings Blood, had they been
And a Toping, *&c.* [Drunk with stale,

And against the Low-church Saints, who slily play
[their part,
Who rail at the Dissenters, yet love them in their Heart,
And a toping, *&c.*

Here's a Health to the Queen, let's Bumpers take in hand,
And may Prince *G—'s* Roger grow stiff again and stand,
And a Toping, *&c.*

Oh how we toss about the never-failing Cann,
We drink and piss, and piss and drink, and drink to piss
And a Toping, *&c.* [again,

Oh that my Belly it were a Tun of stall,
My Cock were turn'd into a Tap, to run when I did
And a Toping, *&c.* [call,

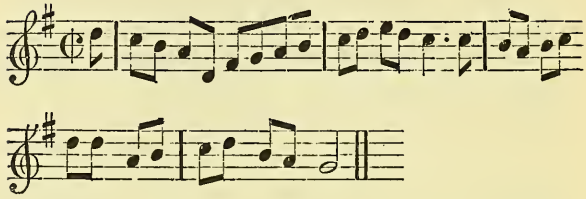
Of all sorts of Topers, a Soph is far the best,
For 'till he can neither go nor stand, by *Jove* he's ne'er
And a Toping, *&c.* [at rest,

We fear no Wind or Weather, when good Liquor
[dwells within,
And since a Soph does live so well, then who would
And a Toping, *&c.* [be a King,

Then dead Drunk We'll march Boys, and reel into our
[Tombs,
That Jollier Sophs (if such their be) may come and
And a Toping may they go, *&c.* [take our rooms,

Sir

Sir JOHN JOHNSON's *Farewel, by* Jo. HAINS.



ALL Christians that have Ears to hear,
And Hearts inclin'd to pity;
Some of you all bestow one Tear,
Upon my mournful Ditty:
In *Queen-street* did an Heiress live,
Whose downfall when I sing;
'Twill make the very Stones to grieve,
God prosper long our King.

For her a *Scotish* Knight did die,
Was ever the like seen;
I shame to tell place, how, or why,
And so God bless the Queen:
Some say indeed she swore a Rape,
But God knows who was wrong'd;
For he that did it did escape,
And he did not was Hang'd.

Some say another thing beside,
If true? it was a Vice;
That *Campbell* when she was his Bride,
Did trouble her but thrice:
'Twas this the young Girls Choler mov'd,
And in a Rage she swore;
E'er she'd be a Wife but three times lov'd,
She'd sooner be a Whore.

But

But don't you pity now her Case,
Was forc'd to send for Surgeon,
To show the Man that very place,
Where once she was a Virgin.
Parents take warning by her fall,
When Girls are in their Teens;
To marry them soon, or they will all,
Know what the Business means.

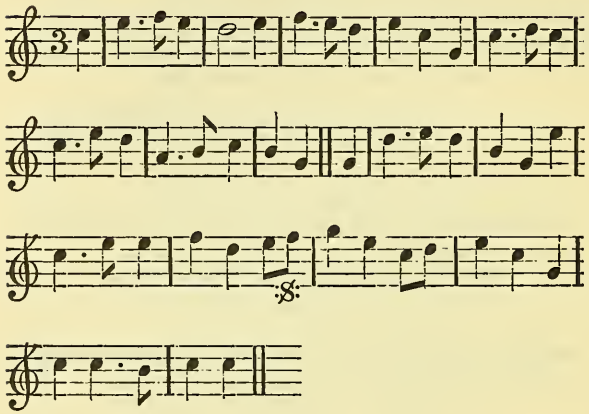
For Girls like Nuts (Excuse my Rhimes)
At bottom growing brown;
If you don't gather them betimes,
Will of themselves fall down:
God bless King *William*, and Queen *Mary*,
And Plenty and Peace advance;
And hang up those wish the contrary,
And then a Fig for *France*.

A SONG, *Set by Mr.* KING.

BANISH my *Lydia* these sad Thoughts,
Why sets thou musing so;
To hear the Ugly rail at faults,
They wou'd, they wou'd, but cannot do:
For let the Guilt be what it will.
So small, so small Account they bear;
That none yet thought it worth their while,
On such, on such to be severe,
On such, on such to be severe.

With far more reason thou may'st pine,
Thy self for being Fair;
For hadst thou but less Glorious been,
Thou of no Faults wou'dst hear:
So the great light that shines from far,
Has had its Spots set down;
While many a little useless Star,
Has not been tax'd with one.

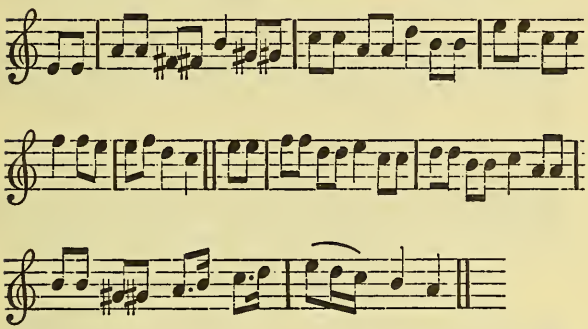
A SONG. *Set by Mr.* HENRY PURCELL.



LOVE's Pow'r in my Heart shall find no Compliance,
I'll stand to my Guard, and bid open Defiance:
To Arms I will muster my Reason and Senses,
Ta ra ra ra, Ta ra ra ra, a War now commences.

Keep, keep a strict Watch, and observe ev'ry Motion,
Your Care to his Cunning exactly proportion;
Fall on, he gives ground, let him never recover,
Victoria! Victoria! the Battle is over.

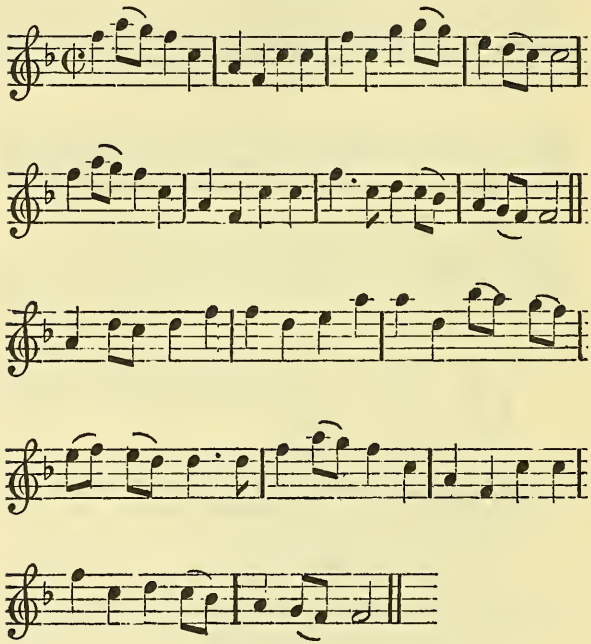
A SONG. *Set by Mr.* JAMES HART.



HONEST Shepher'd, since you're poor,
Think of loving me no more,
Take Advice in time,
Give o're your Solicitations:
Nature does in vain dispense,
To your Vertue, Courage, Sense,
Wealth can only influence,
A Woman's Inclinations.

What fond Nymph can e'er be kind,
To a Swain, but rich in Mind,
If as well she does not find
Gold within his Coffers?
Gold alone does Scorn remove,
Gold alone incites to Love,
Gold can most perswasive prove,
And make the fairest offers.

The SHEPHERD'S *Wooing of Fair* DULCINA.



AS at Noon *Dulcina* rested,
In her sweet and shady Bow'r,
Came a Shepherd and requested,
In her Lap to sleep an Hour;
But from her look a Wound he took,
So deep that for a further Boon,
The Swain he prays, whereto she says,
Forgo me now, come to me soon.

But

But in vain she did conjure him,
For to leave her Presence so;
Having a thousand means to allure him,
And but one to let him go:
Where Lips invite, and Eyes delight,
And Cheeks as fresh as Rose in *June*,
Perswades to stay, what boot to say,
Forgo me now, come to me soon.

Words whose Hoops have now injoyned,
Him to let *Dulcina* sleep;
Could a Man's Love be confined,
Or a Maid her promise keep?
No, for her Wast he held her fast,
As she was constant to her Tune;
And she speaks, for *Cupid's* sake
Forgo me, *&c.*

He demands what time and leisure,
Can there be more fit than now;
She says Men may say their Pleasure,
Yet I of it do not allow:
The Sun's clear light shineth more bright,
Quoth he, more fairer than the Moon:
For her to praise, she loves, she says,
Forgo me, *&c.*

But no Promise, nor Profession,
From his Hands could Purchase scope;
Who would sell the sweet Possession,
Of such Beauty for a hope;
Or for the sight of lingring Night,
Forgo the pleasant Joys of Noon,
Tho' none so fair, her Speeches were,
Forgo me, *&c.*

Now at last agreed these Lovers,
She was Fair, and he was Young,
If you'll believe me I will tell you,
True love fixed lasteth long:

He

He said my dear and only Phear,
Bright Phœbus Beams out-shin'd the Moon;
Dulcina prays, and to him says,
Forgo me now, come to me soon.

The Second Part.

DAY was spent and Night approached,
Venus fair was Lover's Friend,
She intreated bright *Apollo*,
That his Steeds their Race should end:
He could not say the Goddess nay,
But granted Love's fair Queen her boon;
The Shepherd came to his fair Dame,
Forgo me now, come to me soon.

Sweet (he said) as I did promise,
I am now return'd again;
Long delay you know breeds danger,
And to Lovers breadeth pain:
The Nymph said then, above all Men,
Still welcome Shepherd Morn and Noon,
The Shepherd prays, *Dulcina* says,
Shepherd I doubt thou'rt come too soon.

When that bright *Aurora* blushed,
Came the Shepherd to his dear;
Pretty Birds most sweetly warbled,
And the Noon approached near:
Yet still away the Nymph did say,
The Shepherd he fell in a Swoon;
At length she said, be not afraid,
Forgo me, *&c.*

With grief of Heart the Shepherd hasted
Up the Mountains to his Flocks;
Then he took a Reed and piped,
Eccho sounded thro' the Rocks:

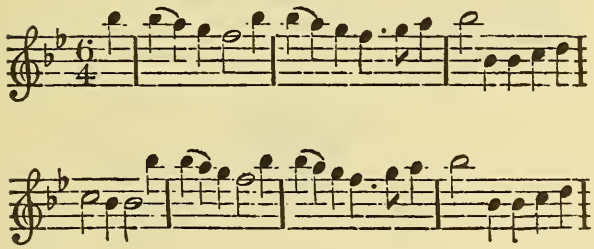
Thus

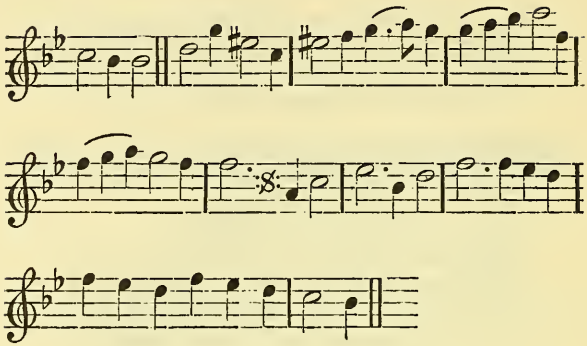
Thus did he play, and wish'd the Day,
Were spent, and Night were come e'er Noon;
The silent Night, Love's delight,
I'll go to Fair *Dulcina* soon.

Beauties darling, fair *Dulcina*,
Like to *Venus* for her Love,
Spent away the Day in Passion,
Mourning like the Turtle-Dove:
Melodiously, Notes low and high,
She warbled forth this doleful Tune;
Oh come again sweet Shepherd Swain,
Thou can'st not be with us too soon.

When as *Thetis* in her place,
Had receiv'd the Prince of light;
Came in *Coridon* the Shepherd,
To his Love and Heart's delight:
Then *Pan* did play, the Wood-Nymphs they
Did skip and dance to hear the Tune;
Hymen did say 'tis Holy-day,
Forgo me now, come to me soon.

The Scolding Wife.

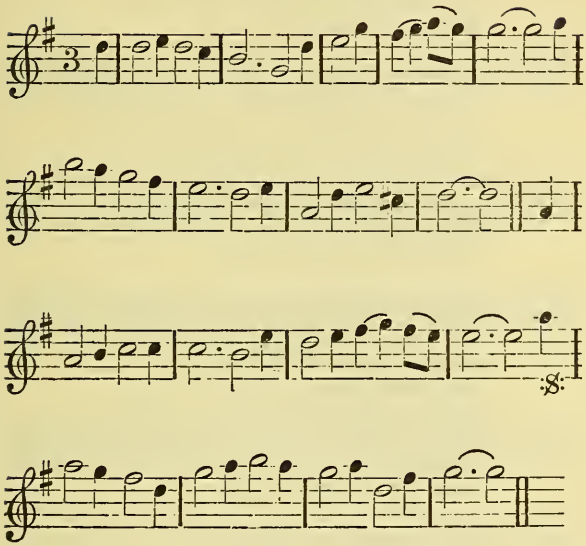




SUPPOSE a Man does all he can,
To unslave himself from a scolding Wife;
He can't get out, but hops about,
Like a Marry'd bird in the Cage of Life:
She on Mischief bent is ne'er content,
Which makes the poor Man cry out,
Rigid fate, Marriage State,
No reprieve but the Grave, oh 'tis hard Condition.

Come I'll tell you how this Wife to bow,
And quickly bring her to her last;
Your Senses please, indulge your ease,
But resist no joy and each humour taste,
Then let her squal, and tear and bawl,
And with whining cry her Eyes out,
Take a Flask, double Flask,
Whip it up, sip it up, that's your Physician.

A SONG.



WE merry Wives of *Windsor*,
Whereof you make your Play,
And act us on your Stages,
In *London* Day by Day:
Alass it doth not hurt us,
We care not what you do;
For all you scoff, we'll sing and laugh,
And yet be Honest too.

Alass we are good Fellows,
We hate Dishonesty;
We are not like your City Dames,
In sport of Venery:

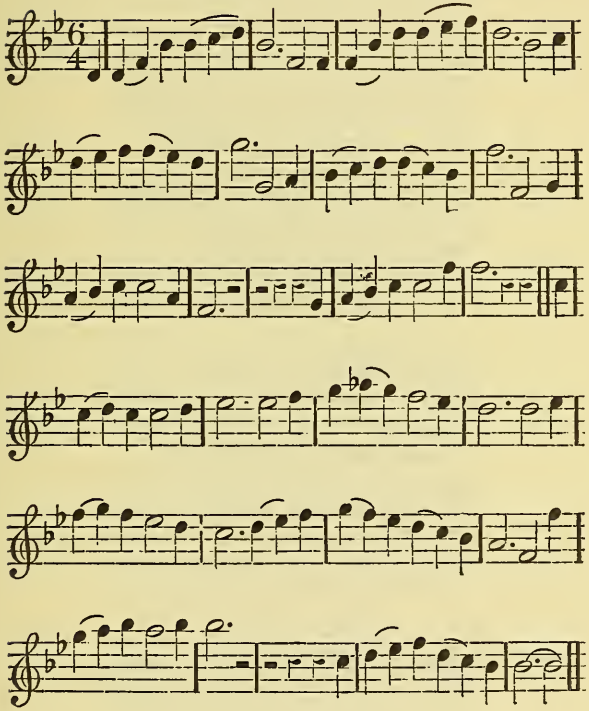
We scorn to Punk, or to be drunk,
But this we dare to do;
To sit and chat, laugh and be fat,
But yet be Honest too.

But should you know we *Windsor* Dames,
Are free from haughty Pride:
And hate the tricks you Wenches have,
In *London* and *Bankside:*
But we can spend, and Money lend,
And more than that we'll do,
We'll sit and chat, laugh and be fat,
And yet be Honest too.

It grieves us much to see your wants,
Of things that we have store,
In Forests wide and Parks beside,
And other places more:
Pray do not scorn the *Windsor* Horn,
That is both fair and new;
Altho' you scold, we'll sing and laugh,
And yet be honest too.

And now farewel unto you all,
We have no more to say;
Be sure you imitate us right,
In acting of your Play:
If that you miss, we'll at you hiss,
As others us'd to do;
And at you scoff, and sing and laugh,
And yet be Honest too.

The BATTLE-ROYAL.



A Dean and Prebendary,
Had once a new vagary,
And were at doubtful strife Sir,
Who led the better life Sir,
And was the better Man:

The

The Dean he said that truly,
Since Bluff was so unruly,
He'd prove it to his Face, Sir,
That he had the more Grace, Sir,
And so the Fight began.

When Preb. reply'd like Thunder,
And roar'd out, 'twas no wonder,
For Gods the Dean had three, Sir,
And more by two than he, Sir,
Since he had got but one ;
Now while these two were raging,
And in Disputes engaging,
The Master of the Charter,
Said both had got a Tartar,
For Gods that there were none.

For all the Books of *Moses*,
Were nothing but supposes,
And he deserv'd rebuke, Sir,
Who wrote the Pentateuch, Sir,
'Twas nothing but a Sham ;
And as for Father *Adam*,
With Mrs. *Eve* his Madam,
And what the Serpent spoke, Sir,
Was nothing but a Joke, Sir,
And well invented flam.

Thus in this Battle Royal,
As none would take denial,
The Dame for which they strove, Sir,
Could neither of them love, Sir,
For all had giv'n Offence ;
She therefore slily waiting,
Left all three Fools a Prating,
And being in a Fright, Sir,
Religion took her flight, Sir,
And ne'er was heard on since.

The

The Saint turn'd Sinner, Or the Dissenting Parson's Text under the QUAKER'S *Petticoats. To the foregoing Tune.*

YOU Friends to Reformation,
Give Ear to my Relation,
For I shall now declare, Sir,
Before you are aware, Sir,
The matter very plain,
The matter very plain;
A Gospel Cushion Thumper,
Who dearly lov'd a Bumper,
And something else beside, Sir,
If he is not bely'd, Sir,
This was a Holy Guide, Sir,
For the Dissenting Train.

And for to tell you truly,
His Flesh was so unruly,
He could not for his Life, Sir,
Pass by the Draper's Wife, Sir,
The Spirit was so faint, *&c.*
This Jolly handsome Quaker,
As he did overtake her,
She made his Mouth to water,
And thought long to be at her,
Such Sin is no great matter,
Accounted by a Saint.

Says he *my pretty Creature,*
Your Charming Handsome Feature,
Has set me all on Fire,
You know what I desire,
There is no harm to Love;
Quoth she if that's your Notion,
To Preach up such Devotion,
Such hopeful Guides as you, Sir,
Will half the World undo, Sir,
A Halter is your due, Sir,
If you such Tricks approve.

The

The Parson still more eager,
Than lustful *Turk* or *Neger*,
Took up her Lower Garment,
And said there was no harm in't,
  According to the Text;
For *Solomon* more wiser,
Than any dull adviser,
Had many Hundred Misses,
To Crown his Royal Wishes,
And why shou'd such as this is,
  Make you so sadly vext.

The frighted female Quaker,
Perceiv'd what he would make her,
Was forc'd to call the Watch in,
And stop what he was hatching,
  To spoil the Light within, *&c.*
They came to her Assistance,
And she did make resistance,
Against the Priest and Devil,
The Actors of all Evil,
Who were so Grand uncivil,
  To tempt a Saint to Sin.

The Parson then confounded,
To see himself surrounded,
With Mob and sturdy Watch-men,
Whose Business 'tis to catch Men,
  In Lewdness with a Punk, *&c.*
He made some faint Excuses,
And all to hide Abuses,
In taking up the Linnen,
Against the Saints Opinion,
Within her soft Dominion,
  Alledging he was Drunk.

But tho' he feigned Reeling,
They made him Pay for feeling,

And

And Lugg'd him to a Prison,
To bring him to his Reason,
Which he had lost before;
And thus we see how Preachers,
That should be Gospel-Teachers,
How they are strangely blinded,
And are so Fleshly minded,
Like Carnal Men inclined,
To lye with any Whore.

A SONG. *Set by Mr.* DAMASCENE.

BEAUTY, like Kingdoms not for one,
Was made to be possest alone;
By bounteous Nature 'twas design'd,
To be the Joy of Human-kind.

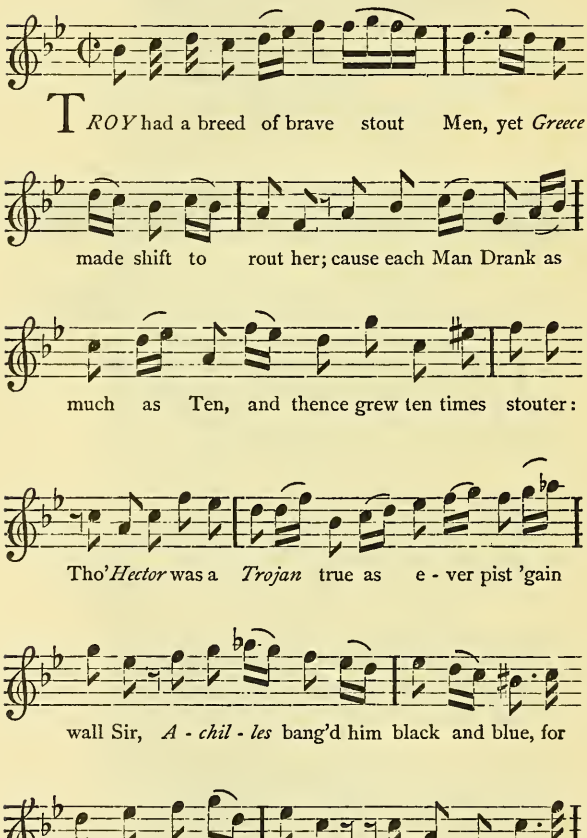
So the bright Planet of the Day,
Doth unconfin'd his Beams display;
And generous heat to all dispence,
Which else would dye without that Influence.

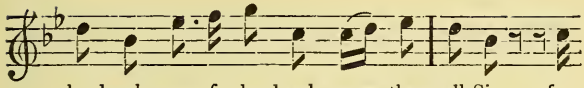
Nor is your mighty Empire less,
On you depends Man's Happiness;
If you but frown, we cease to be,
And only live by your Decree.

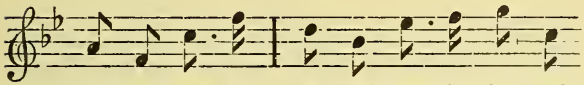
But sure a Tyrant cannot rest,
Nor harbour in so fair a Breast;
In Monsters Cruelty we find,
An Angel's Face, must have an Angel's Mind.

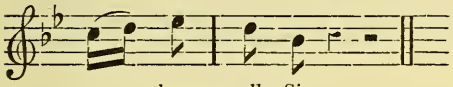
The

The BALLAD *of the True* TROJAN.







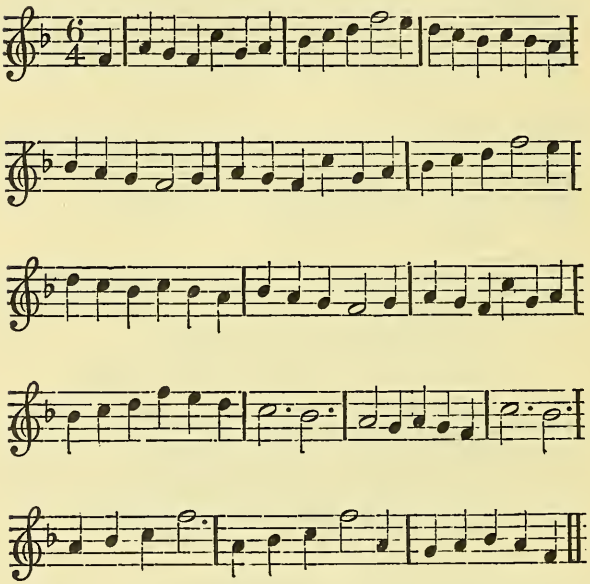


Let *Bacchus* be our God of War,
We shall fear nothing then Boys ;
We'll Drink all dead, and lay 'em to Bed,
And if they wake not Conquered,
We'll Drink 'em dead again Boys :
Nor were the *Grecians* only fam'd,
For Drinking and for fighting ;
For he that Drank and wan't asham'd,
Was ne'er asham'd on's Writing.

He that will be a Souldier then,
Or Wit, must drink good Liquor ;
It makes base Cowards Fight like Men,
And roving Thoughts fly quicker :
Let *Bacchus* be both God of War,
And God of Wit, and then Boys,
We'll Drink and fight, and Drink and write,
And if the Sun set with his Light,
We'll Drink him up again Boys.

Young

Young STREPHON *and* PHILLIS.



YOUNG *Strephon* and *Phillis*,
They sat on a Hill;
But the Shepherd was wanton,
And wou'd not sit still:
His Head on her Bosom,
And Arms round her Wast;
He hugg'd her, and kiss'd her,
And clasp'd her so fast:

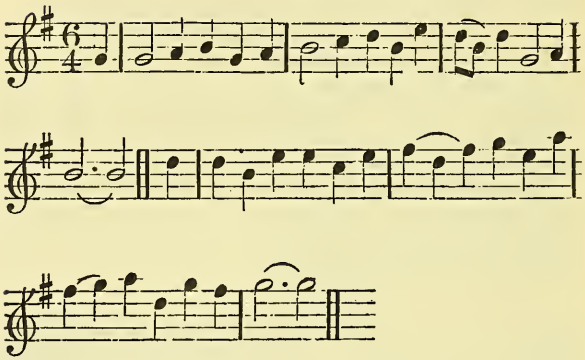
'Till

'Till playing and jumbling,
At last they fell tumbling;
And down they got 'em,
But oh! they fell soft on the Grass at the Bottom.

As the Shepherdess tumbled,
The rude Wind got in,
And blew up her Cloaths,
And her Smock to her Chin:
The Shepherd he saw
The bright *Venus*, he swore,
For he knew her own Dove,
By the Feathers she wore:
'Till furious Love sallying,
At last he fell dallying,
And down, down he got him,
But oh! oh how sweet, and how soft at the Bottom.

The Shepherdess blushing,
To think what she'd done;
Away from the Shepherd,
She fain wou'd have run:
Which *Strephon* perceiving,
The wand'rer did seize;
And cry'd do be angry,
Fair Nymph if you please:
'Tis too late to be cruel,
Thy Frowns my dear Jewel,
Now no more Stings have got 'em,
For oh! Thou'rt all kind, and all soft at the Bottom.

The Yielding LASS.



THERE's none so Pretty,
As my sweet *Betty*,
She bears away the Bell;
For sweetness and neatness,
And all Compleatness,
All other Girls doth excell.

Whenever we meet,
She'll lovingly greet,
Me still, with a how d'ye do;
Well I thank you, quoth I,
Then she will reply,
So am I Sir, the better for you.

Then I ask'd her how,
She told me, not now,
For Walls, and Ears, and Eyes;
Nay, she bid me take heed,
What ever I did,
'Tis good to be merry and Wise.

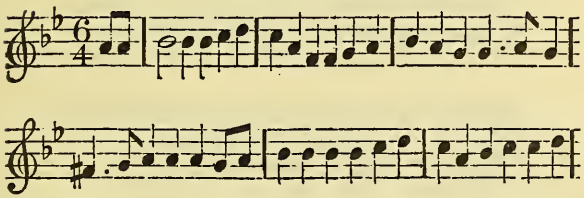
I took her by th' Hand,
She did not withstand,
And I gave her a smirking Kiss;
She gave me another,
Just like the tother,
Quoth I, what a Comfort is this?

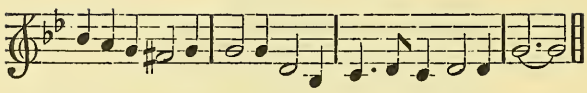
This put me in Heart,
To play o'er my part,
That I had intended before;
She bid me to hold,
And not be too bold,
Until she had fastned the Door.

She went to the Hatch,
To see that the Latch,
And Cranies were all cock-sure;
And when she had done,
She bid me come on,
For now we were both secure.

And what we did there,
I dare not declare,
But think that silence is best;
And if you will know,
Why I Kiss'd her, or so,
I'll leave you to guess at the rest.

The Praise of HULL *Ale.*





LEt's wet the whistle of the Muse,
That sings the praise of every Juice,
This House affords for Mortal use,
Which no Body can deny.

Here's Ale of *Hull*, which 'tis well known,
Kept *King* and *Keyser* out of Town,
Now in, will never hurt the Crown,
Which no Body, &c.

Here's *Lambeth* Ale to cool the Maw,
And Beer as spruce as e'er you saw,
But Mum as good as Man can draw,
Which no Body, &c.

If Reins be loose as some Mens Lives,
Whereat the Purling Female grieves,
Here's stitch-Back that will please your Wives,
Which no Body, &c.

Here's Cyder too, ye little wot,
How oft 'twill make ye go to Pot,
'Tis Red-streak all, or it is not,
Which no Body, &c.

Here's Scholar that has doft his Gown,
And donn'd his Cloak and come to Town,
'Till all's up drink his Collége down,
Which no Body, &c.

Here's *North*-down, which in many a Case,
Pulls all the Blood into the Face,
Which blushing is a sign of Grace,
Which no Body, &c.

If

If Belly full of Ale doth grow,
And Women runs in Head you know,
Old *Pharoah* will not let you go,
Which no Body can deny.

Here's that by some bold Brandy hight,
Which *Dutch-men* use in Case of fright,
Will make a Coward for to Fight,
Which no Body, &c.

Here's *China* Ale surpasseth far,
What *Munden* vents at *Temple-bar*,
'Tis good for Lords and Ladies VVare,
Which no Body, &c.

Here's of *Epsom* will not Fox
You, more than what's drawn out of Cocks
Of *Middleton*, yet cures the Pox,
Which no Body, &c.

For ease of Heart, here's that will do't,
A Liquor you may have to boot,
Invites you or the Devil to't,
Which no Body, &c.

For Bottle Ale, though it be windy,
Whereof I cannot chuse but mind ye,
I would not have it left behind ye,
Which no Body, &c.

Take Scurvy-Grass, or Radish Ale,
'Twill make you like a Horse to Stale,
And cures whatsoever you Ail,
Which no Body, &c.

For Country Ales, as that of *Ch ss*,
Or of *Darby* you'll confess,
The more you Drink, you'll need the less,
Which no Body, &c.

But one thing must be thought upon,
For Morning-Draught when all is done,
A Pot of Purl for *Harrison*,
Which no Body can deny.

The NEWS *Monger. To the same Tune.*

LET's Sing as one may say the Fate
Of those that meddle with this and that,
And more than comes to their shares do Prate,
Which no Body can deny.

Such, who their Wine and Coffee Sip,
And let fall Words 'twixt Cup and Lip,
To scandal of good Fellowship,
Which no Body, &c.

Those Clubbers who when met and sate,
Where every Seat is Chair of State,
As if they only knew what's what,
Which no Body, &c.

D—— me says one, were I so and so,
Or as the King, I know what I know,
The Devil to wood with the *French* should go,
Which no Body, &c.

Would the King Commission grant
To me, were *Lewis*, *John* of *Gaunt*,
I'd beat him, or know why I shant,
Which no Body, &c.

I'd undertake bring Scores to Ten,
Of mine at Hours-warning-Men,
To make *France* tremble once again,
Which no Body, &c.

The

The Claret takes, yet e'er he Drinks,
Cries Pox o'th' *French-men*, but methinks
It must go round to my Brother,
Which no Body, &c.

He's the only Citizen of Sence,
And Liberty is his Pretence,
And has enough of Conscience,
Which no Body, &c.

The Bully that next to him sat,
With a Green Livery in his Hat,
Cry'd what a Plague would the *French* be at,
Which no Body, &c.

Z—— had the King without Offence,
Been rul'd by me, you'd seen long since,
Chastisement for their Insolence,
Which no Body, &c.

They take our Ships, do what they please,
Were ever play'd such Pranks as these,
As if we were not Lord o'th' Seas,
Which no Body, &c.

I told the King on't th' other Day,
And how th' Intrigues o'th' matter lay,
But Princes will have their own way,
Which no Body, &c.

The next Man that did widen Throat,
Was wight in half pil'd Velvet Coat,
But he, and that not worth a Groat,
Which no Body, &c.

Who being planted next the Door,
(Pox on him for a Son of Whore)
Inveighs against the Embassador,
Which no Body, &c.

Had the King (quoth he) put me upon't,
You should have found how I had don't,
But now you see what has come on't,
Which no Body, &c.

Quoth he if such an Act had stood,
That was designed for Publick good,
'Thad pass'd more than is understood,
Which no Body, &c.

But now forsooth our strictest Laws,
Are 'gainst the Friends o'th' good old Cause,
And if one Hangs, the other Draws,
Which no Body, &c.

But had I but so Worthy been,
To sit in Place that some are in,
I better had advis'd therein,
Which no Body, &c.

I am one that firm doth stand,
For Manufactures of the Land,
Then Cyder takes in, out of hand,
Which no Body, &c.

This *English* Wine (quoth he) and Ale,
Our Fathers drank before the Sale
Of Sack on Pothecarys Stall
Which no Body, &c.

These Outlandish drinks, quoth he,
The *French*, and *Spanish* Foppery,
They tast too much of Popery,
Which no Body, &c.

And having thus their Verdicts spent,
Concerning King and Parliament,
They Scandalize a Government,
Which no Body, &c.

An

An Hierarchy by such a Prince,
As may be said without Offence,
None e'er could boast more Excellence,
Which no Body, &c.

God bless the King, the Queen and Peers,
Our Parliament and Overseers,
And rid us of such Mutineers,
Which no Body can deny.

A SATYR *on the Times. To the foregoing Tune.*

A World that's full of Fools and Mad-men,
Of over-glad, and over-sad Men,
With a few good, but many bad Men,
Which no Body can deny.

So many Cheats and close Disguises,
So many Down for one that Rises,
So many Fops for one that Wise is,
Which no Body, &c.

So many Women ugly Fine,
Their inside Foul, their outside shine,
So many Preachers few Divines,
Which no Body, &c.

So many of Religious Sect,
Who quite do mis-expound the Text,
About ye know not what perplext,
Which no Body, &c.

Many Diseases that do fill ye,
Many Doctors that do kill ye,
Few Physicians that do heal ye,
Which no Body, &c.

Many

Many Lawyers that undo ye,
But few Friends who will stick to ye,
And other Ills that do pursue ye,
Which no Body, &c.

So many Tradesmen Lyars,
So many cheated Buyers,
As even Numeration tyers,
Which no Body, &c.

So many loose ones and high-flying,
Who live as if there were no dying,
Heaven and Hell, and all defying,
Which no Body, &c.

So many under Scanty Fates,
Who yet do live at lofty rates,
And make show of great Estates,
Which no Body, &c.

And if they will not take Offence,
Many great Men of little Sense,
Who yet to Politicks make Pretence,
Which no Body, &c.

Many meriting lower Fate,
Have Title, Office, and Estate,
Their Betters waiting at their Gate,
Which no Body, &c.

The Worthless meet with higher Advances,
As the Wise bestower Fancies,
To the Worthy nothing chances,
Which no Body, &c.

The Worthy and the Worthless Train,
Modest, silent, nothing gain,
Impudent begging all obtain,
Which no Body, &c.

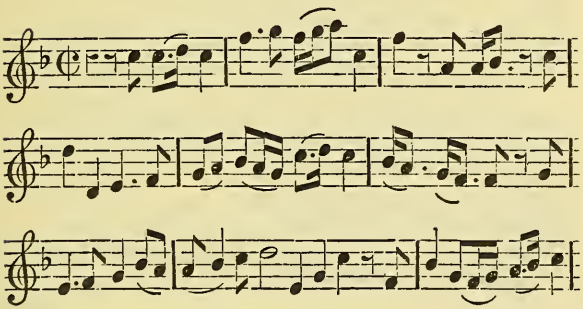
A World wherein is Plenteous store,
Of Foppish, Rich, Ingenious Poor,
Neglected beg from Door to Door,
Which no Body, &c.

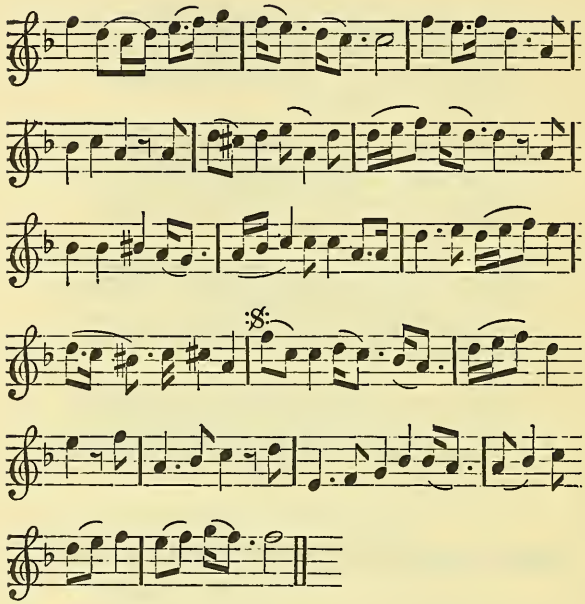
A World compos'd, 'tis strange to tell,
Of seeming Paradise, yet real Hell,
Yet all agree to lov't too well,
Which no Body, &c.

Where Pious, Lew'd, the Fool, the Wise,
The one like to the other dies,
And leaves a World of Vanities,
Which no Body, &c.

Proud and Covetous, Beaus and Bullies,
Like one o'your musing Melancholies,
I cry for their Ill's, and laugh at their Follies,
Which no Body can deny

LUCINDA *has the Devil and all. By Mr.* H. Hall.

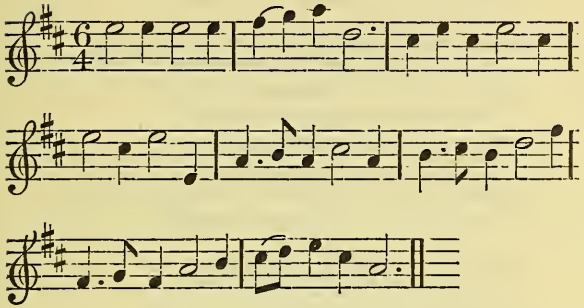




LUCINDA has the de'el and all, the de'el and all, the de'el and all,
Of that bright Thing we Beauty call;
But if she won't come to my Arms,
What care I, why, what care I, what, what care I for all her Charms?
Beauty's the Sauce to Love's high Meat,
But who minds Sauce that must not Eat:
It is indeed a mighty Treasure,
But in using lies the Pleasure;
Bullies thus, that only see't,
Damn all the Gold, damn all the Gold, all, all the Gold in *Lombard-street.*

Queen

Queen ELIZABETH'S *Farewel.*



I'LL tell you all, both great and small,
I tell you all truly;
That we have cause, and very great cause,
For to lament and cry,
Fye, Oh! fye, oh! fye, oh! fye!
Fye on thee cruel Death!
For thou hast ta'en away from us!
Our Queen *Elizabeth.*

Thou mayst have taken other Folks,
That better might be mist;
And have let our Queen alone,
Who lov'd no Popish Priest:
In Peace she rul'd all this Land,
Beholding unto no Man,
And did the Pope of *Rome* withstand,
And yet was but a Woman.

A Woman said I? nay, that is more,
Than any one can tell;
So Fair she was, so Chast she was,
That no one knew it well!

With

With that, from *France* came *Monsieur* o'er,
A purpose for to Wooe her;
Yet still she liv'd and Dy'd a Maid,
Do what they could unto her.

She never acted any Ill thing,
Which made her Conscience prick her;
Nor never would submit to him,
That call'd is Christ's Vicar:
But rather chose couragiously,
To fight under Christ's Banner;
'Gainst *Pope* and *Turk*, and King of *Spain*,
And all that durst withstand her.

But if that I had *Argus's* Eyes,
They were too few to Weep;
For our Queen *Elizabeth*,
That now is fall'n asleep:
Asleep indeed, where she shall rest,
Until the Day of Doom:
And then she shall rise unto the Shame
Of the great Pope of *Rome*.

The same in LATIN.

VOBIS magnis parvis dicam,
Et sum veredicus;
Offerri causam maximam,
Esse in tristibus,
Væ tibi mors! malum tibi!
Pro mortem tetricam!
Tu enim nobis dempsisti,
Reginam Elizam.

Poteras plures capere,
Citra injuriam;
Reginamq; non rapere,
Anti-sacri-colam:

Quietè

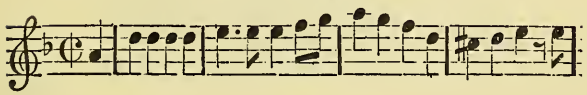
Quietè gentem hæc Rexit,
Nulliq ; devincta,
Papamque Romæ *despexit,*
Et tandem Fæmella.

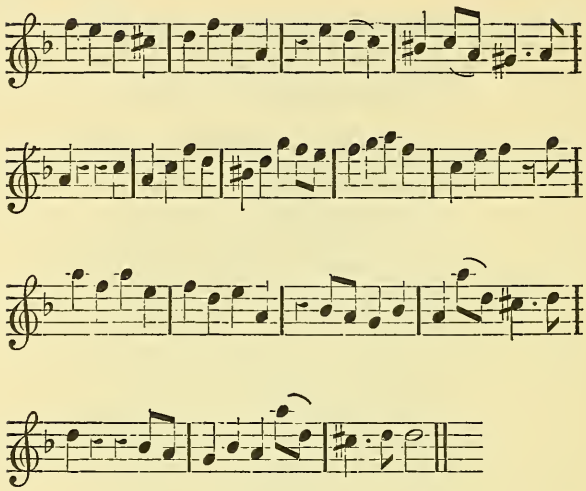
Ah, ah, quid dixi Fæmella ?
De hoc fama silet ;
Adeo fuit casta-Bella,
Ut nemini liquet :
En Dux Andinus *adiit,*
Illam petiturus ;
Virgo vixit & obiit,
Hæc nihilominus.

Nec mali quid hæc effecit,
Conscientiæ stimulo ;
Nec semet ipsam subjecit,
Christi-vicario :
At maluit magnamimis,
Sub Christi vexellis,
Pugnare cum Papâ, Turcis,
Ac multis aliis.

Sin mihi Argi *oculi,*
Deessent Lachrymæ ;
Elizabethæ *fletui,*
Nuper demortuæ,
De nata hic obdormiet,
Die novissimo :
Et tunc expergefaciet,
Papâ propudio.

The Pressing Constable. Set by Mr. Leveridge.





I Am a cunning Constable,
And a Bag of Warrants I have here,
To Press sufficient Men, and able,
At *Horn-castle* to appear:
But now-a-days they're grown so cunning,
That hearing of this Martial strife;
They all away from hence are running,
Where I miss the Man, I'll press the Wife.

Ho, who's at Home? Lo, here am I,
Good-morrow Neighbour. Welcome, Sir;
Where is your Husband? Why truly
He's gone abroad, a Journey far:
Do you not know when he comes back?
See how these Cowards fly for Life!
The King for Soldiers must not lack,
If I miss the Man, I'll take the Wife.

Shew

Shew me by what Authority
You do it? Pray Sir, let me know;
It is sufficient for to see,
The Warrant hangs in Bag below:
Then pull it out, if it be strong,
With you I will not stand at strife:
My Warrant is as broad as long,
If I miss the Man, I'll Press the Wife.

Now you have Prest me and are gone,
Please you but let me know your Name;
That when my Husband he comes home,
I may declare to him the same:
My Name is Captain *Ward*, I say,
I ne'er fear'd Man in all my life:
The King for Soldiers must not stay,
Missing the Man, I'll Press the Wife.

The same in LATIN.

A Stutus Constabularius,
Mandata gero in tergore:
Cincturos evocaturus,
Cornu-Castello *affore:*
At hodiè adeò sapiunt,
Auditâ lite Bellicâ,
Omnes abhinc profugiunt,
Virum supplebit Fœmina.

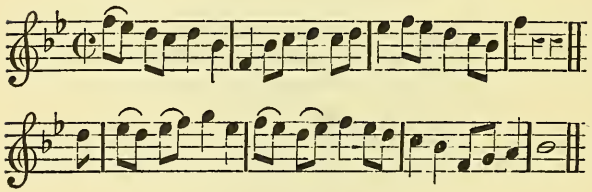
Ecquisnam domi En ego
Salve. Sis salvus, Domine:
Ubinam Vir est? Haud nego,
Procul abest in itinere:
Nàm es ignara reditûs?
Ut fugiunt pro tutamine!
Non egeat Rex Militibus,
Viros supplebunt Fœminæ.

Hæc

Hæc quo Guaranto factitas,
Ambò dicas, Domine?
Sufficiat ut videas,
Quod pendet abdomine;
Educas, si vim habeat,
Tecum nolam certamina,
Pro ratione, voluntas stat,
Virum supplebit Fœminæ.

Compressâ me, ituro te,
Si placet, reddas nomina.
Sic ut reverso conjuge,
Illi declarem omnia,
Ward *ducor Capitaneus,*
Sat notus pro maguanime?
Non egeat Rex milibus,
Viros supplebunt Fœminæ.

A SONG. *Set by Mr.* LEVERIDGE.



LOVE is a Bauble,
No Man is able,
To say, it is this, or 'tis that;
An idle Passion,
Of such a Fashion,
'Tis like I cannot tell what.

Fair in the Cradle,
Foul in the Saddle,

Always too cold, or too hot;
An errant Lyar,
Fed by Desire,
It is, and yet it is not.

Love is a Fellow,
Clad all in Yellow,
The Canker-worm of the Mind;
A privy Mischief,
And such a sly Thief,
No Man knows where him to find.

Love is a Wonder,
'Tis here, and 'tis yonder,
'Tis common to all Men, we know;
A very Cheater,
Ev'ry ones better,
Then hang him, and let him go.

The same in LATIN.

AMOR est Pegma,
Merum Ænigma,
Quid sit nemo detegat:
Vesana Passio,
Cui nulla ratio,
Parem natura negat.

Cunis formosus,
Sellâ Cœnosus,
Calor, aut frigiditas:
Furens Libido,
Dicta cupido,
Est, & non est entitas.

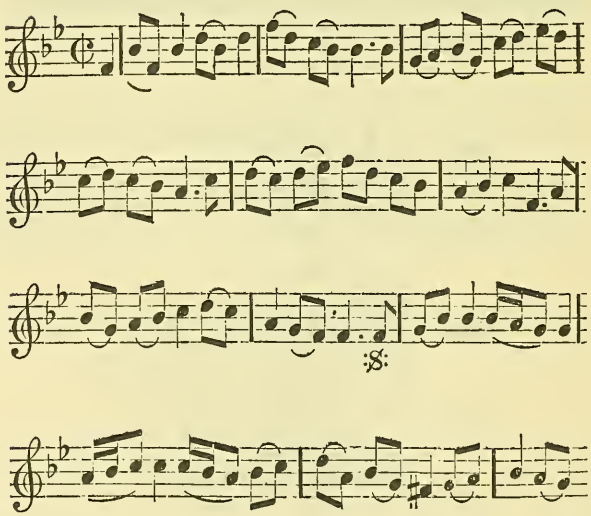
Amor amasius,
Totus silaceus,
Est Eruca animi;

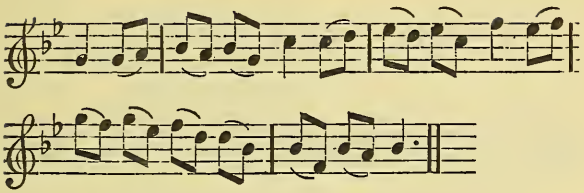
Deditus

Deditus malis,
Ac prædo qualis,
Non inventus ullibi.

Hic & ubiq;
Compar utriq;
Ad stuporem agitat:
Nullus deterior,
Quovis superior,
In malam rem abeat.

A SONG. *Set by Mr.* HENRY PURCELL.





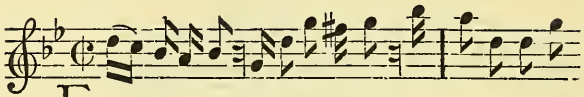
YOUNG *Strephon* he has Woo'd me long,
And Courted me with Pipe and Song;
But I a silly, silly peevish Twit,
For want of Sense, for want of Wit,
Have phoo'd, and cry'd,
Have pish'd, and fy'd,
And play'd the fool, and lost my Time,
And almost slipp'd, and almost slipp'd,
And almost slipp'd my Maiden Prime.

But now I thank my gracious Heav'n,
I hope my faults are all forgiven;
I've struck the Bargain, eas'd my pain,
And am resolv'd to take my Swain:
To phoo, and cry,
And pish, and fye,
And make a Virgin's coy Pretence,
Is all, all, all, is all, all, all, is all, all, all,
For want of Sense.

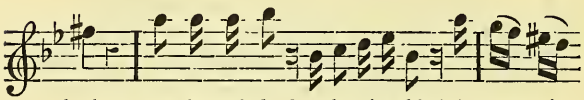
A SONG. Tune, *How happy's the Lover.*

HOW happy's that Husband who after few Years,
Of railing and brawling, Confusion and Folly,
Shall see his Lantipley drown'd in her Tears,
Then prithee *Alexis* be Jolly, be Jolly,
Then prithee *Alexis* be Jolly.

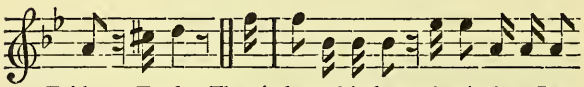
A SONG. *Set by Mr.* Leveridge.



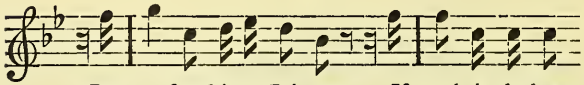
FOrtune is blind and Beauty unkind, the Devil take 'em



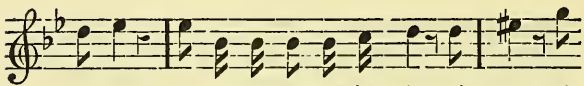
both, one is a witch, & tothere's a bitch in neither's



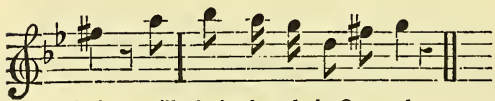
Faith or Troth: There's hazard in hap, deceit in a Lap,



But no fraud in a Brimmer; If truth in the bot—



—tom lye, thence to redeem her we'll drain, we'll drain, we'll



drain, we'll drain the whole Ocean dry.

Honour's

Honour's a Toy,
For Fools a Decoy,
Beset with Care and Fear;
And that (I wuss)
Kills many a Puss,
Before her clymacht Year:
But freedom and mirth,
Create a new Birth,
While Sack's the *Aqua Vitæ*,
That Vigour and Spirit gives,
Liquor Almighty!
Whereby the poor Mortal lives.

Let us be blith,
In spight of Death's Syth,
And with an Heart and half,
Drink to our Friends,
And think of no Ends,
But keep us sound and safe:
While Healths do go round,
No Malady's found,
The Maw-sick in the Morning,
For want of his wonted strain;
Is as a Warning,
To double it over again.

Let us maintain
Our Traffique with *Spain*,
And both the *Indies* slight;
Give us their Wines,
Let them keep their Mines,
We'll pardon Eighty Eight:
There's more certain Wealth
Secur'd from stealth,
In one Pipe of Canary,
Than in an unfortunate Isle;
Let us be wary,
We do not our selves beguile.

The LATIN *to the foregoing* SONG.

SORS sine visu,
Formáq; Risu,
Sint pro Dæmone;
Hæc malefica,
Ita venefica,
Fallax utraque;
Sors mea est fors,
Sinùsque vecors,
Sed fraus nulla; tu toto
In fundo si veritas sit,
Potu Epoto,
Oceanus sicus fit.

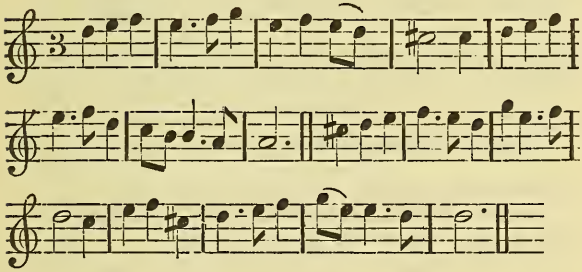
Honor & lusus,
Stultis illusus,
Carâ catenatâ,
Hâcque (ut fatur)
Catus necatur,
Morte non paratâ:
Dum vero Græcamur,
Non Renovamur,
Nam Aqua Vitæ vinum,
Vires spiritúsque dat,
Idque dicunum,
A morte nos Elevat.

Jam simus læti,
Spretâ vi lethi,
Cordatissime:
Ut Combibones
(non ut gnathones)
Saxti-rectique:
Dum proculæ Spument,
Morbi absument:
Ac manè Corpus Onustum,
Præ alienatione,
Acuit gustum,
Pro Iteratione.

Prestet

Prestet quotannis,
Merks cum Hispanis,
India *sit sola;*
Vinum præbeant,
Aurum teneant,
Absit spinola:
Sunt opes, pro certo,
Magis à furto,
In Vini potione,
Quam Terra Incognitâ;
Pro cautione,
Ne nobis fit subdola.

The Raree-show, from Father HOPKINS.



FRom Father *Hopkins*, whose Vein did inspire him,
Bays sends this Raree-show publick to view;
Prentices, Fops and their Footmen admire him,
Thanks Patron, Painter, and Monsieur *Grabeau.*

Each Actor on the Stage his luck bewailing,
Finds that his loss is Infallibly true;
Smith, *Nokes*, and *Leigh* in a Feaver with railing,
Curse Poet, Painter, and Monsieur *Grabeau.*

Bet-

Betterton, *Betterton*, thy Decorations,
And the Machines were well written we knew;
But all the Words were such stuff we want Patience,
And little better is Monsieur *Grabeu.*

D—— me says *Underhill*, I'm out two hundred,
Hoping that Rain-bows and Peacocks would do;
Who thought infallible *Tom* could have blunder'd,
A Plague upon him and Monsieur *Grabeu.*

Lane thou hast no Applause for thy Capers,
Tho' all without thee would make a Man spew;
And a Month hence will not pay for the Tapers,
Spite of *Jack Laureat* and Monsieur *Grabeu.*

Bays thou wouldst have thy Skill thought universal,
Tho' thy dull Ear be to Musick untrue;
Then whilst we strive to confute the *Rehearsal*,
Prithee learn thrashing of Monsieur *Grabeu.*

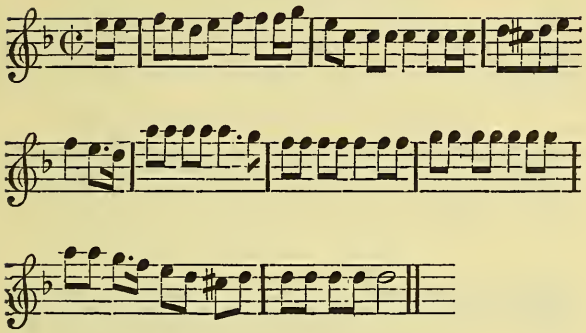
With thy dull Prefaces still thou wouldst treat us,
Striving to make thy dull Bauble look fair;
So the horn'd Herd of the City do cheat us,
Still most commending the worst of their Ware.

Leave making *Opera's*, and Writing *Lyricks*,
'Till thou hast Ears and canst alter thy strain;
Stick to thy Talent of bold Panegyricks,
And still remember the breathing the Vein.

Yet if thou thinkest the Town will extol 'em,
Print thy dull Notes, but be thrifty and Wise;
Instead of Angels subscrib'd for the Volume,
Take a round Shilling, and thank my Advice.

In imitating thee this may be charming,
Gleaning from Laureats is no shame at all;
And let this Song be sung the next performing,
Else ten to one but the Prices will fall

A SONG.



ABroad as I was walking, I spy'd two Maids a wrestling,
The one threw the other unto the Ground;
One Maid she let a Fart, struck the other to the Heart,
Was not this a grievous Wound?

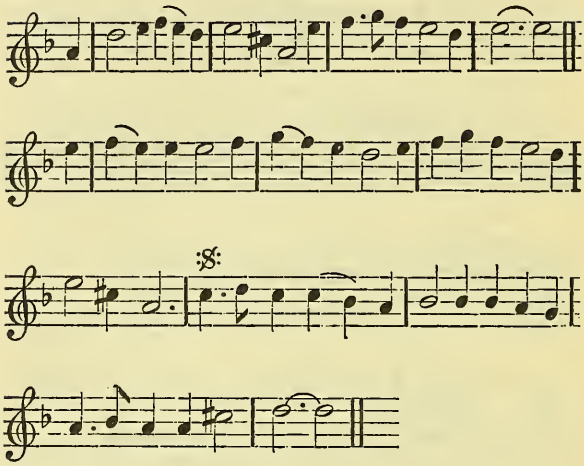
This Fart it was heard into Mr. *Bowman's* Yard,
With a great and a mighty Power;
For ought that I can tell, it blew down *Bridwell*,
And so overcame the *Tower*.

It blew down *Paul's* Steeple, and knock'd down many People,
Alack was the more the pity;
It blew down *Leaden-hall*, and the Meal-sacks and all,
And the Meal flew about the City.

It blew down the *Exchange*, was not this very strange,
And the Merchants of the City did wound;
This Maid she like a Beast, turn'd her fugo to the *East*,
And it roar'd in the Air like Thunder.

The

The Jolly PEDLAR's *Pretty Thing.*



A Pedlar proud as I heard tell,
He came into a Town :
With certain Wares he had to sell,
Which he cry'd up and down :
At first of all he did begin,
With Ribbonds, or Laces, Points, or Pins,
Gartering, Girdling, Tape, or Filleting,
Maids any Cunny-skins.

I have of your fine perfumed Gloves,
And made of the best Doe-skin ;
Such as young Men do give their Loves,
When they their Favour Win :
Besides he had many a prettier Thing
Than Ribbonds, &c.

I have of your fine Necklaces,
As ever you did behold;
And of your Silk Handkerchiefs,
That are lac'd round with Gold:
Besides he had many a prettier Thing
Than Ribbonds, &c.

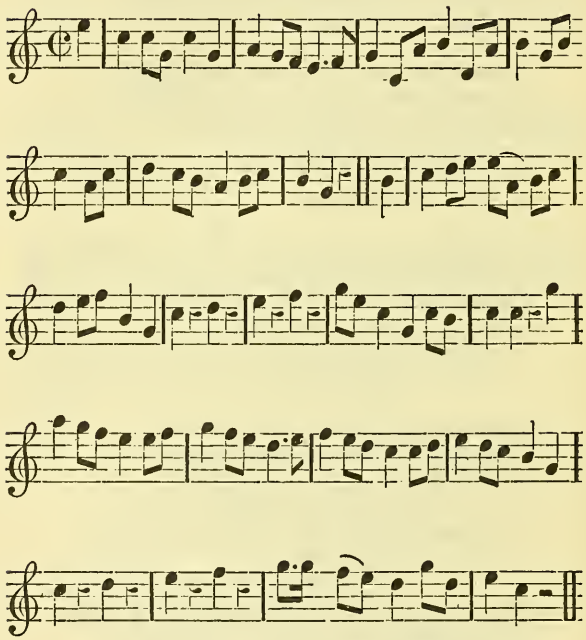
Good fellow, says one, and smiling sat,
Your Measure does somewhat Pinch;
Beside you Measure at that rate,
It wants above an Inch:
And then he shew'd her a prettier Thing,
Than Ribbonds, &c.

The Lady was pleas'd with what she had seen,
And vow'd and did protest;
Unless he'd shew it her once again,
She never shou'd be at rest:
With that he shew'd her his prettier Thing
Than Ribbonds, &c.

With that the Pedlar began to huff,
And said his Measure was good,
If that she pleased to try his stuff,
And take it whilst it stood:
And than he gave her a prettier Thing,
Than Ribbonds, &c.

Good fellow said she, when you come again,
Pray bring good store of your Ware;
And for new Customers do not sing,
For I'll take all and to spare:
With that she hugg'd his prettier Thing
Than Ribbonds, or Laces, Points, or Pins,
Gartering, Girdling, Tape, or Filleting,
Maids any Cunny-skins.

A SONG, *by Mr.* ESCOURT, *To a Tune of Mr.* WELDON'S.



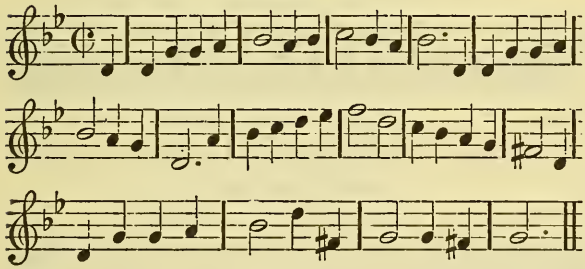
THE Ordinance a-board,
Such Joys does afford,
As no mortal, no mortal, no mortal, no mortal, no mortal e'er more can desire;
Each Member repairs,
From the *Tower* to the stairs,
And by water, by water, by water, they all go to fire.

Of

Of each Piece that's a-shore,
They search from the bore,
And to proving, to proving, to proving, to proving, to proving, they go in fair Weather;
Their Glasses are large,
And whene'er they discharge,
There's a boo huzza, a boo huzza, a boo huzza, Guns and Bumpers go off together.

Old *Vulcan* for *Mars*,
Fitted Tools for his Wars,
To enable him, enable him, enable him, enable him, enable him to conquer the faster;
But had *Mars* ever been
Upon our *Wolwich* Green,
To have heard boo, huzza, boo, huzza, boo, huzza, he'd have own'd Great *Marlborough* his Master.

A SONG.



A Young Man and a Maid, *put in all, put in all,*
Together lately play'd, *put in all;*
The Young Man was in Jest,
O the Maid she did protest:
She bid him do his best, *put in all, put in all.*

With

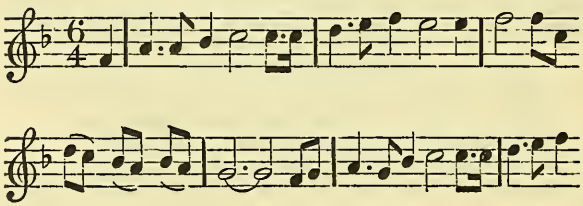
With that her rowling Eyes, *put*, &c.
Turn'd upward to the Skies, *put*, &c.
My Skin is White you see,
My Smock above my Knee,
What wou'd you more of me, *put*, &c.

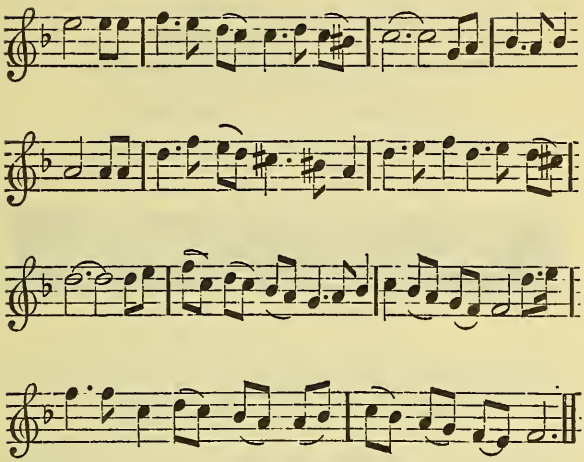
I hope my Neck and Breast, *put*, &c.
Lie open to your chest, *put in all*,
The Young Man was in heat,
The Maid did soundly Sweat,
A little farther get, *put*, &c.

According to her Will, *put*, &c.
This Young Man try'd his Skill, *put in all;*
But the Proverb plain does tell,
That use them ne'er so well,
For an Inch they'd take an Ell, *put*, &c.

When they had ended sport, *put*, &c.
She found him all too short, *put in all;*
For when he'd done his best,
The Maid she did protest,
'Twas nothing but a Jest, *put in all, put in all.*

A SONG. *The Words by* JO. HAINS, *Set by Mr.* CHURCH.





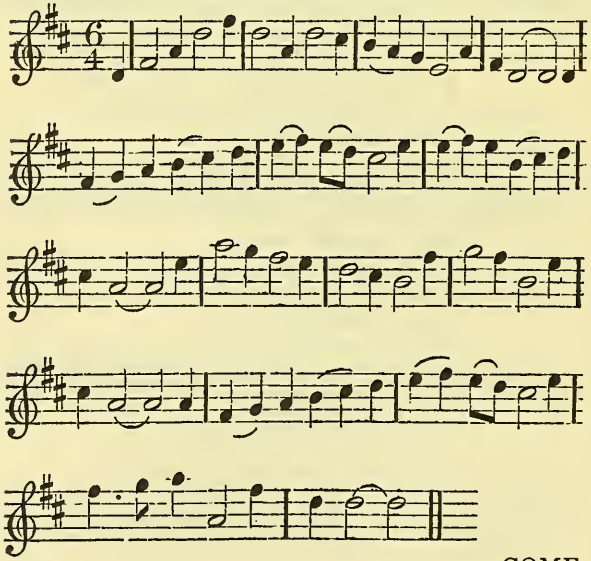
I Courted and Writ,
Shew'd my Love and my Wit,
And still pretty *Flavia* deny'd;
'Twas her Virtue I thought,
Made me prove such a Sot,
To adore her the more for her Pride:
'Till I happen'd to sit,
By her Mask'd in a Pit,
Whilst a crowd of gay Beaus held her play;
When so wantonly free,
Was her smart Repartee,
I was cur'd and went blushing, went blushing away.

How Lovers Mistake,
The Addresses they make,
When they swear to be Constant and true;
For all the Nymphs hold,
Tho' the Sport be still old,
That their Play-mates must ever be new:

Each

Each pretty new Toy,
How they'll long to enjoy,
And then for a newer will Pine;
But when they perceive,
Others like what they leave,
Then they cry for their Bauble again.

PERKIN *in a* Cole-Sack: *Or, the* Collier's *Buxome Wife of St.* James's.



COME

COME all that are disposed a while,
And listen to my Story;
I shall not you of ought beguile,
But plainly lay before ye:
How Buxome *Ruth* had often strove,
With no small Pains and Labour;
Her own Sufficiency to prove,
By many a Brawny Neighbour.

She oft was heard for to Complain,
But still with little Profit;
That Nature made her Charms in vain,
Unless some good come of it:
Her Booby seldom was at home,
And therefore could not please her;
Which made more welcome Guest to come,
In Charity to ease her.

Her wishes all were for an Heir,
Tho' *Venus* still refus'd her;
Which made the pensive Sinner Swear
The Goddess had abus'd her:
And since her Suit she did deny,
To shew her good Intention;
She was resolv'd her self to try
An Old, but rare Invention.

Abroad by known Example taught,
To one with Child she hasts her;
Whereby five Guineas which she brought,
The Bargain is made fast, Sir:
The Infant soon as brought to light,
(For so they had agreed it)
Must fall to Buxome *Ruth* by right,
To save her sinking Credit.

Her petticoats with Cushions rear'd,
Her Belly struts before her;
Her *Ben's* Abilitys are prais'd,
And he poor Fool adores her.

Her

Her Stomach sick, and squeamish grown,
She pewkes like Breeding Woman,
While he is proud to make it known,
That he has prov'd a true Man.

Nine Months compleat, the trusty Dame,
Her Pain she finds increases ;
While *Ruth* affected with the same,
Makes ugly and wry Faces :
And now a Coach must needs be had,
The Brat to shake about, Sir ;
But e'er return'd *Ben* was a Dad,
For *Perkin* had crept out, Sir.

The good Ale Firkin strait is tapp'd,
And Women all are Jolly ;
While no one in her round is 'scap'd,
For fear of Melancholy :
And *Ruth* in Bed could in her turn,
Tho' modest of Behaviour ;
With all her Heart a Bob have born,
Had she not fear'd a Feaver.

Thus Jovially the time they spend,
In Merriment and Quaffing ;
Whilst each one does the Brat commend,
As *Ben* did still keep Laughing :
And now to tell is my Intent,
How Fortune to Distaste her ;
Ruth's future Boasting did prevent,
By one most sad Disaster.

A Search was made at t'other Home,
By Overseers quick sighted ;
The Mother to Confession comes,
By Threats being much Affrighted ;
Thus all their Mirth at once was Cool,
Fate all their hopes did hamper ;
So *Ben* lives on the self same Fool,
Tho' *Ruth* was forc'd to scamper.

And if the Truth of this you doubt,
The Overseers can make it out.

The

The Man of Honour : *Or, the Unconstant World turn'd upside down : To the foregoing* Tune.

HOW is the World transform'd of late,
In Country, Court, and City;
As if we were decreed by Fate,
To sing a mournful Ditty:
About the dismal change of Things,
There was no sooth in Fauner;
In the blest Reigns of former Kings,
When I was a Man of Honour.

I kept a Castle of my own,
With Land five Thousand Acres;
When old King *Harry* grac'd the Throne,
Before the Time of Quakers:
My Doors and Gates stood open Wide,
I lackt no Ring nor Runner;
An Ox each Day I did provide,
When I was, &c.

My Guess all Day went in and out,
To Feast and cheer their Senses;
Could I but bring the Year about,
I grudg'd not my Expences:
My Talent was to feast the Poor,
I valu'd no Court Fauner;
Of Cooks I kept full half a Score,
When I was, &c.

When *Christmas* Day was drawing near,
To Cheer and make them Merry;
I Broach'd my humming Stout *March* Beer,
As brown as the Hawthorn Berry:
Of which there was not any lack,
I was my self the Donor;
'Twas fetch'd up in a Leathern *Jack*,
When I was, &c.

I never lay in Trades-mens Books,
For Gaudy Silks or Sattins;
Nor did I pay with Frowning looks,
Or broken Scraps of *Latin*:
They had my Gold and Silver free,
I fear'd not any Dunner;
All Men was glad to deal with me,
When I was a Man of Honour

I never kept my *Hawkes* and *Hounds*,
Or Lew'd and Wanton Misses;
I'd never sell or Mortgage Towns,
To purchase Charming Kisses:
Of those that seek their Prey by Night,
Each cunning Female Fauner;
My Lady was my Hearts Delight,
When I was, &c.

I never hid my Noble Head,
For any Debt contracted;
Nor from the Nation have I fled,
For Treasons basely Acted:
Nor did I in the least Rebel,
To make my self a Runner:
My Loyalty was known full well,
When I was, &c.

I never did betray my trust,
For Bribes more sweet than Honey;
Nor was I false, or so unjust,
To sink the Nations Money:
My *Lands* and *Livings* to enlarge,
By wronging each good Donor:
I Built not at the Nation's Charge,
When I was, &c.

We find now in these latter Days,
Some Men hath delegated;
From Truth, and found out greedy ways,
This should be regulated:

And

And act henceforth with Heart and Hand,
Oppose the Sons of *Bonner*;
I lov'd my King and serv'd my Land,
When I was, &c.

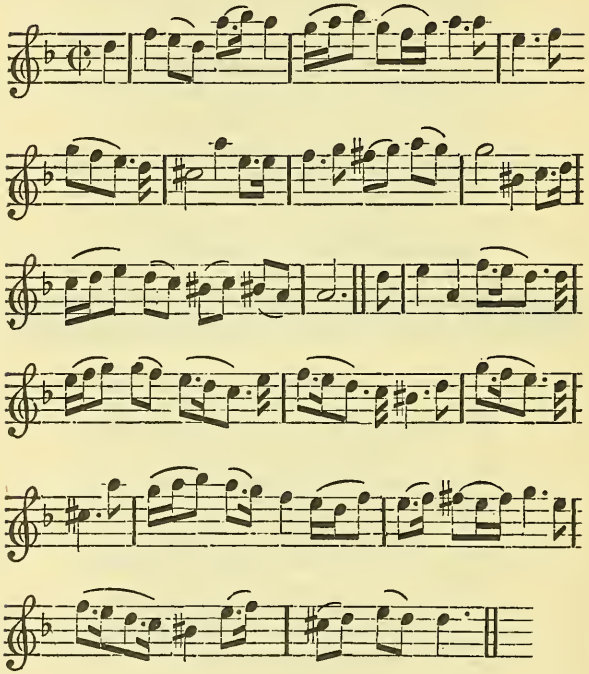
For Bounty, Love and large Relief,
For Noble Conversation;
For easing the poor Widows Grief,
In Times of Lamentation:
For House of Hospitality,
I'll challenge any Donor;
There's few or none that can outvey,
King Henry's *Man of Honour.*

A SONG, *Set by Mr.* FRANK.

FICKLE Bliss, fantastick Treasure,
Love how soon, how soon,
How soon thy Joys, are past?
Since we soon must lose the Pleasure,
Oh! 'twere better ne'er to tast:
Gods! How sweet would be possessing,
Did not Time its Charms destroy;
Or could Lovers with the Blessing,
Lose the Thoughts of *Cupid's* Joy:
Lose the Thoughts, the Thoughts,
The Thoughts of *Cupid's* Joy.

Cruel Thoughts, that pain yet please me,
Ah! no more my rest destroy;
Shew me still if you would ease me,
Love's Deceits, but not it's Joy:
Gods what kind, yet cruel Powers,
Force my Will to rack my Mind!
Ah! too long we wait for Flowers,
Too, too soon, to fade design'd.

A SONG, *Set by Mr.* Akeroyde.



THAT scornful *Sylvia's* Chains I wear,
The Groves and Streams can tell;
Those blasted with my Sighs appear,
These with my Tears my Tears, o're-swell.
But Sighs and Tears bring no redress,
And Love that sees, that sees me grieve;
Conspires with *Sylvia* to oppress,
The Heart he should relieve.

The

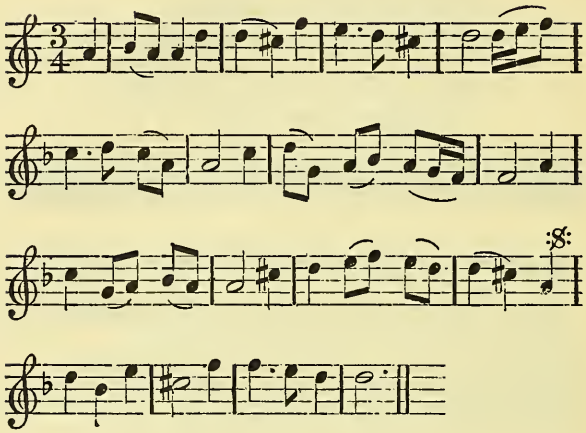
The God that should reward my Pain,
Makes *Sylvia* more my Foe:
As She encreases in Disdain,
He makes my Passion grow:
And must I, must I still admire,
Those Eyes that cause my Grief?
'Tis just, since I my self conspire
Against my own Relief.

A SONG, *Set by Mr.* ROBERT KING.

ALL own the Young *Sylvia* is fatally Fair;
All own the Young *Sylvia* is pretty;
Confess her good Nature, and easie soft Air,
Nay more, that's She's wanton and witty.
Yet all the keen Arrows at *Damon* still cast,
Cou'd never, cou'd never, his quiet destroy,
'Till the cunning *Coquett*, shot me flying at last;
By a Fene say, Fene say, quoy,
By a Fene say, Fene say, quoy.

So tho' the young *Sylvia* were not very Fair,
Tho' she were but indifferently pretty;
Much wanting *Aurelia's*, or *Cœlia's* soft Air,
But not the dull sence of the City:
Yet still the dear Creature wou'd please without doubt,
And give me abundance of Joy;
Since all that is missing is plainly made out,
By a Fene say, Fene say quoy.

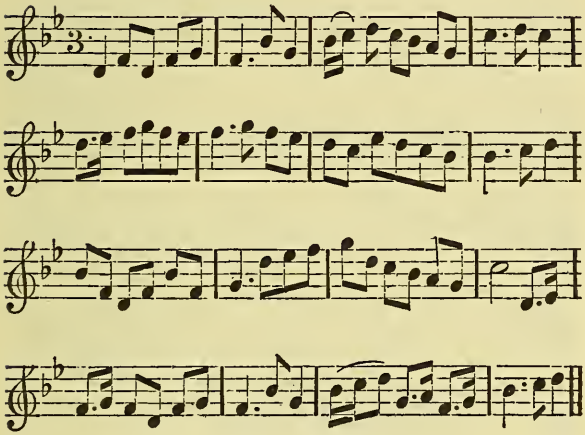
A SONG, *Set by Mr.* FRANK.



A Swain in despair,
Cryed Women ne'er trust,
Alass they are all
Unkind or unjust.
A Nymph who was by,
Soon thus did reply;
The Men we all find
More false and unkind.

Except me he cryed,
And me She replyed,
Then try me said he,
I dare not said she:
The Swain did pursue,
Each alter'd their Mind:
She vow'd He was true,
He swore She was kind.

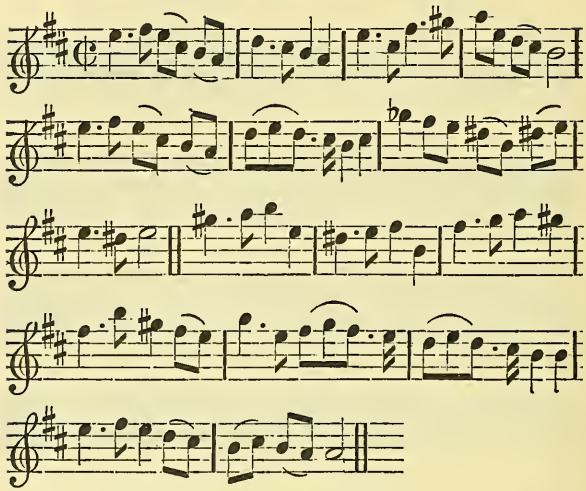
A SONG. *Set by Mr.* AKEROYDE.



WO'as me poor Lass ! what mun I do ?
Gin I did my bonny *Sawney* slight,
He now gangs a blither Lass to woo,
And I alene poor Lass ligs ev'ry Night.
Curse on Fickleness and Pride,
By which we silly Women are undone :
What my *Sawney* begg'd and I deny'd
Alass ! I long to grant, but now he's gone.

When he was kind I made a Strife,
Yet I then deny'd with mickle Woe ;
For he su'd as gin, he begg'd for Life,
And almost dy'd poor Lad ! when I said no :
Well I keen'd, he woo'd to wed,
Yet fear'd to own, I lov'd the canny Loon ;
Ah would he have stay'd he might have sped,
Waa's me ! why would my *Sawney* gang so soon.

A SONG.

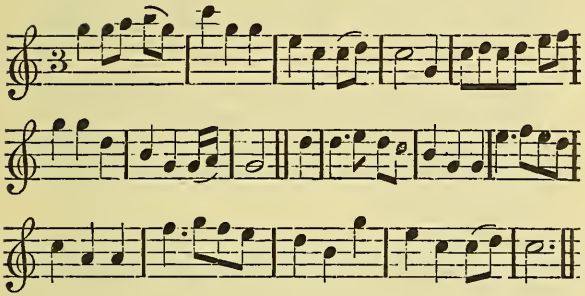


RIchest Gift of lavish Nature,
Matchless darling of my Heart;
Ah! too dear, too charming Creature,
You on Earth a Heav'n impart.
Rapt in Pleasure past expressing,
I with Bliss almost expire;
Cou'd we still be thus possessing,
God's who would your State desire.

Kindling Glances quickning Kisses,
That like Time so soon are past;
Crowding Joys to eager Blisses,
Still renewing may you last:
Nor by a fantastick Fashion,
Being lawful please the less;
But may I indulge my Passion,
Blest in none but her I bless.

TOM

TOM *Tinker.*



TOM Tinker's my true love, and I am his Dear,
And I will go with him his Budget to bear;
For of all the young Men he has the best luck,
All the Day he will Fuddle, at Night he will —
This way, that way, which way you will,
I am sure I say nothing that you can take Ill.

With Hammer on Kettle he tabbers all Day,
At Night he will tumble on Strumil or Hay;
He calls me his Jewel, his delicate Duck,
And then he will take up my Smicket to —
This way, &c.

Tom Tinker I say was a Jolly stout Lad,
He tickled young *Nancy* and made her stark mad;
To have a new Rubbers with him on the Grass,
By reason she knew that he had a good —
This way, &c.

There was an old Woman on Crutches she came,
To lusty *Tom Tinker*, *Tom Tinker* by Name;
And tho' she was Aged near threescore and five,
She kickt up her Heels and resolved to —
This way, &c.

A beautiful Damsel came out of the West,
And she was as Jolly and brisk as the best;
She'd Dance and she'd caper as wild as a Buck,
And told *Tom* the *Tinker*, she would have some —
This way, &c.

A Lady she call'd him her Kettle to mend,
And she resolved her self to attend;
Now as he stood stooping and mending the Brass,
His Breeches was torn and down hung his —
This way, &c.

Something she saw that pleased her well,
She call'd in the *Tinker* and gave him a spell;
With Pig, Goose and Capon, and good store of suck,
That he might be willing to give her some —
This way, &c.

He had such a Trade that he turn'd me away,
Yet as I was going he caus'd me to stay;
So as towards him I was going to pass,
He gave me a slap in the Face with his —
This way, &c.

I thought in my Heart he had struck off my Nose,
I gave him as good as he brought I suppose;
My Words they were ready and wonderful blunt,
Quoth I, I had rather been stobb'd in my —
This way, &c.

I met with a Butcher a killing a Calf,
I then stepp'd to him and cryed out half:
At his first denial I fell very sick,
And he said it was all for a touch of his —
This way, &c.

I met with a Fencer a going to School,
I told him at Fencing he was but a Fool;
He had but three Rapiers and they were all blunt,
And told him he should no more play at my —
This way, &c.

I met with a Barber with Razor and Balls,
He fligger'd and told me for all my brave alls;
He would have a stroke, and his words they were blunt,
I could not deny him the use of my —
This way, &c.

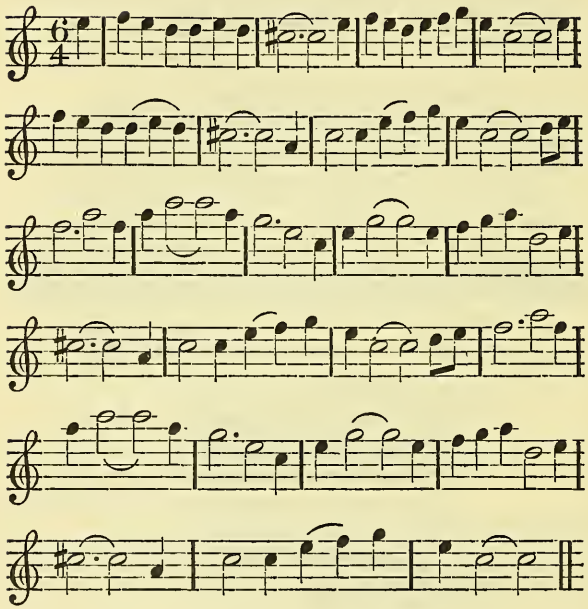
I met with a Fidler a Fidling aloud,
He told me he had lost the Case of his Croud;
I being good natur'd as I was wont,
Told him he should make a Case of my —
This way, and that way, and which way you can,
For the Fairest of Women will lye with a Man.

A SONG. *Set by Mr.* KING.

WHEN on her Eyes,
When on her Eyes,
My happy Stars I gaze,
A strange Commotion seizes every part
Fain would I speak, fain would I speak,
The cause of my Disease;
But fear to tell the Story of my Heart.
Her look severe, ?
Her look severe,
Yet O endearing awes,
Yet O endearing awes,
The Women's Envy,
The Women's Envy,
But Mankind's applause,
But Mankind's applause.

Miss

Miss CUDDY.



POOR *Sawney* had marry'd a Wife,
And he knew not what to do with her;
For she'd eat more Barly-bread,
Then he knew how to give her:
We'll all sup together, we'll all sup, *&c.*
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather.
We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather.

We'll

We'll put the Sheep's-head in the Pot,
The Wool and the Horns together;
And we will make Broth of that,
And we'll all sup together,
We'll all sup together, we'll all sup together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather,
We'll all lig together, *&c.*

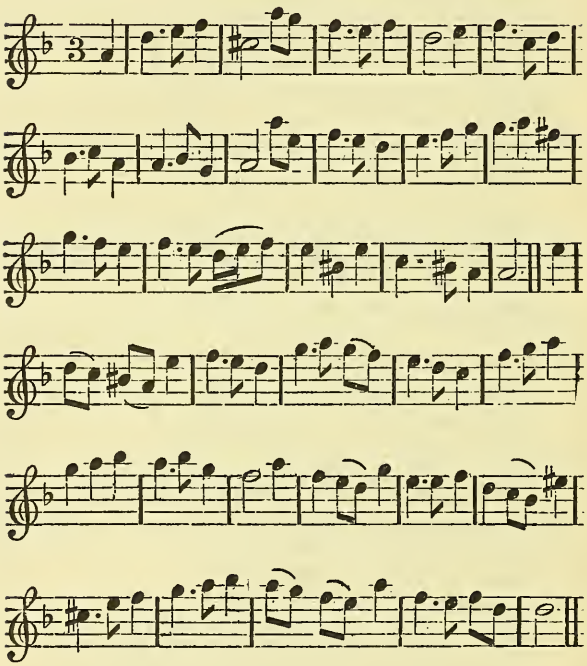
The Wool shall thicken the Broth,
The Horns shall serve for Bread,
By this you may understand,
The Virtue that's in a Sheep's-head:
And we'll all sup together, we'll all sup together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather,
And we'll all lig together, *&c.*

Some shall lig at the Head,
And some shall lig at the Feet,
Miss *Cuddy* wou'd lig in the middle,
Because she'd have all the Sheet:
We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather,
And we'll all lig together, *&c.*

Miss *Cuddy* got up in the Loft,
And *Sawney* wou'd fain have been at her,
Miss *Cuddy* fell down in her Smock,
And made the glass Windows to clatter:
We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
We'll make no more Beds than one,
'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather,
We'll all lig together, *&c.*

The Bride she went to Bed,
The Bridegroom followed after,
The Fidler crepp'd in at the Feet,
And they all lig'd together,
VVe'll all lig together, *&c.*

A SONG. *Set by Mr.* AKEROYDE.



BENEATH a cool Shade *Amaryllis* was sate,
Complaining of Love and bemoaning her Fate;
Ah! she cry'd, why must Maids be so formal and Coy,
To deny what they think is their only true Joy?
And Custom impose on us so much ado,
When our Hearts are on fire, and Love bids us fall too;
And Custom impose on us so much ado,
When our hearts are on fire, and Love bids us fall too.

Young

Young *Strephon* was near her, and heard the Complaint,
He easily guest what the Damsel did want;
He rush'd in upon her, in Kisses reply'd,
Caught her fast in his Arms, she faintly deny'd:
What they did without study, we soon may divine,
'Twas *Strephon's* Luck then, the next Minute be mine.

CLARINDA'S *Complaint. Tune of* Ianthe *the Lovely.*

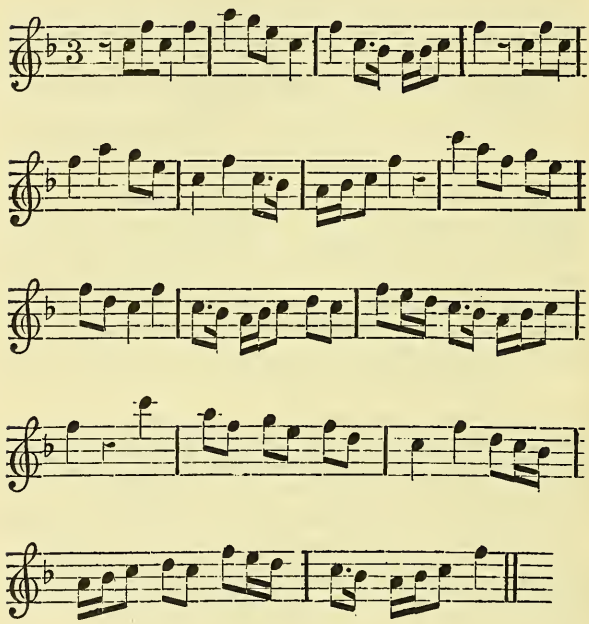
WIth sighing and wishing, and Green-sickness Diet,
With nothing of Pleasure, and little of Quiet;
With a Granum's Inspection, and Doctor's Direction,
But not the Specifick, that suits my Complexion:
The Flower of my Age is full blown in my Face,
Yet no Man considers, yet no Man considers
My comfortless Case.

Young Women were valued, as I have been told,
In the late times of Peace, above Mountains of Gold;
But now there is Fighting, we are nothing but sliting,
Few Gallants in Conjugal Matters delighting:
'Tis a shame that Mankind, should love killing and slaying
And mind not supplying the stock that's decaying.

Unlucky *Clarinda*, to love in a Season,
When *Mars* has forgotten to do *Venus* Reason;
Had I any Hand in Rule and Command,
I'd certainly make it a Law of the Land:
That killers of Men, to replenish the Store,
Be bound to the Wedlock, and made to get more.

Enacted moreover for better dispatch,
That where a good Captain meets with an o'ermatch,
His honest Lieutenant with Soldier-like Grace,
Shall relieve him on Duty, and serve in his Place:
Thus killers and slayers of able good Men,
Without beat of Drum may recruit 'em agen.

A BALLAD *by the late Lord* DORSET, *when at Sea.*



TO you fair Ladies now at Land,
We Men at Sea indite;
But first wou'd have you understand,
How hard it is to write:
The Muses now, and *Neptune* too,
We must implore to write to you;
With a Fa la, la, la, la,
The Muses now, *&c.*

But

But tho' the Muses should be kind,
And fill our empty Brain;
Yet if rough *Neptune* cause the Wind,
To rouse the *Azure* Main:
Our Paper, Pens, and Ink and we,
Rowl up and down our Ships at Sea,
With a Fa la, &c.

Then if we write not by each Post,
Think not that we're unkind;
Nor yet conclude that we are lost,
By *Dutch*, by *French*, or Wind,
Our grief will find a speedier way,
The Tide shall bring them twice a day,
With a Fa la, &c.

The King with wonder and surprize,
Will think the Seas grown bold;
For that the Tide does higher rise,
Then e'er it did of old:
But let him know that 'tis our Tears,
Sends floods of Grief to *White-Hall* Stairs,
With a Fa la, &c.

Shou'd Count *Thoulouse* but come to know,
Our sad and dismal Story;
The *French* wou'd scorn so weak a Foe,
Where they can get no Glory:
For what resistance can they find,
From Men as left their Hearts behind,
With a Fa la, &c.

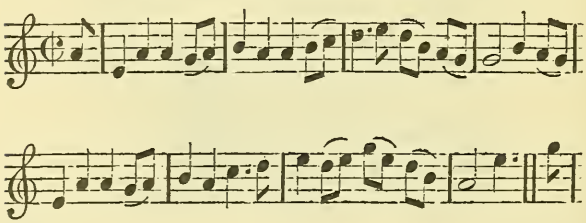
To pass our tedious time away,
We throw the merry Main;
Or else at serious *Ombra* play,
But why shou'd we in vain,
Each others ruin thus pursue,
We were undone when we left you,
With a Fa la, &c.

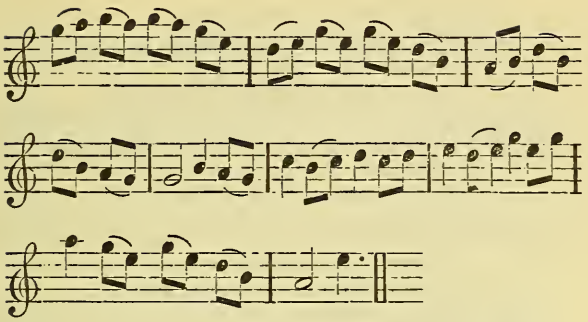
When any mournful Tune you hear,
That dyes in e'ery Note ;
As if it sigh'd for each Man's care,
For being so remote :
Think then how often Love we've made,
To you while all those Tunes were play'd,
With a Fa la.

Let Wind and Weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind ;
Let *French-men* Vapour, *Dutch-men* Curse,
No Sorrows we shall find :
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Nor who's our Friend, nor who our Foe,
With a Fa la.

Thus having told you all our Loves,
And likewise all our Fears ;
In hopes this Declaration moves,
Some Pity to our Tears :
Let's hear of no Inconstancy,
We have too much of that at Sea,
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

Bonny KATHERN LOGGY. *A* Scotch SONG.





AS I came down the hey Land Town,
There was Lasses many,
Sat in a Rank, on either Bank,
And ene more gay than any;
Ise leekt about for ene kind Face,
And Ise spy'd *Willy Scroggy;*
Ise spir'd of him what was her Name,
And he caw'd her *Kathern Loggy.*

A sprightly bonny Gurl sha was,
And made my Heart to rise *Foe;*
Sha was so fair sa blith a Lass,
And Love was in her Eyes so:
Ise walkt about like ene possest,
And quite forgot poor *Moggy;*
For nothing now could give me rest,
But bonny *Kathern Loggy.*

My pratty *Katy* then quoth I,
And many a Sigh I gave her;
Let not a Leard for *Katy* die,
But take him to great Favour:
Sha laught aloud, and sa did aw,
And bad me hemward to ge;
And still cry'd out awaw, awaw,
Fro bonny *Kathern Loggy.*

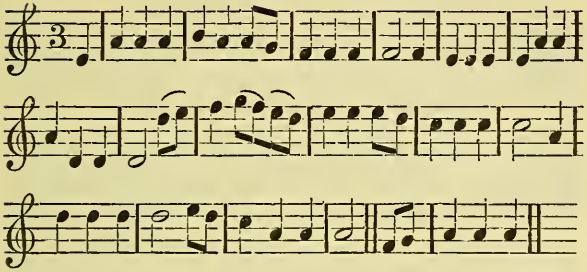
A Fardel farther I would see,
And some began to muse me;
The Lasses they sat wittally,
And the Lads began to Rooze me:
The Blades with Beaus came down she knows,
Like ring Rooks fro *Strecy Boggy;*
And four and twanty *Highland* Lads,
Were following *Kathern Loggy.*

When I did ken this muckle Trame,
And every ene did know her;
I spir'd of *Willy* what they mean,
Quo he they aw do Mow her:
There's ne'er a Lass in aw *Scotland,*
From *Dundee* to *Strecy Boggy;*
That has her Fort so bravely Mann'd,
As bonny *Kathern Loggy.*

At first indeed I needs must tell,
Ise could not well believe it;
But when Ise saw how fow they fell,
Ise could not but conceive it.
There was ne'er a Lad of any note,
Or any deaf young Roguey;
But he did lift the welly Coat,
Of bonny *Kathern Loggy.*

Had I kenn'd on Kittleness,
As I came o'er the Moore *Foe;*
Ise had n'er ban as Ise ha dun,
Nor e'er out-stankt my seln so:
For I was then so stankt with stint,
I spurr'd my aw'd Nagg *Fogey;*
And had I kenn'd sha had been a Whore,
I had ne'er Lov'd *Kathern Loggy.*

(*The* Catholick *Brother*) *A* SONG.



DEar *Catholick* brother are you come from the Wars,
So lame of your foots and your Face full of Scars;
To see your poor *Shela* who with great grief was fill'd,
For you my dear Joy when I think you were kill'd.
With a Fa la, la.

O my shoul my dear *Shela*, I'm glad you see me,
For if I were dead now, I could not see thee;
The Cuts in my Body, and the Scars in my Face,
I got them in Fighting for Her Majesty's Grace.

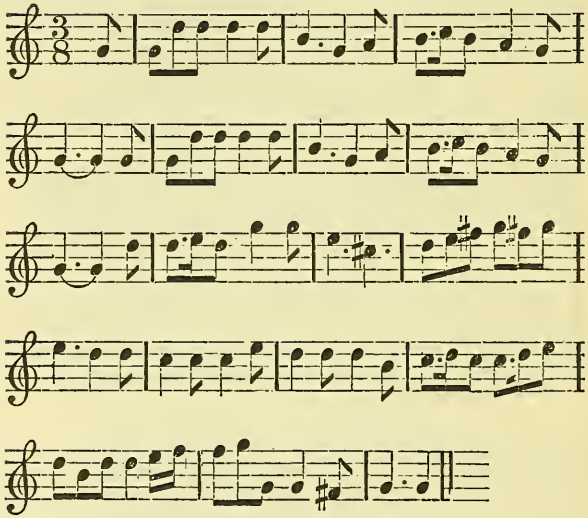
But oh my dear *Shela* dost thou now love me,
So well as you did, e're I went to the Sea;
By *Cri*— and St. *Pa*— my dear Joy I do,
And we shall be Married to morrow Just now.

I'll make a Cabin for my dearest to keep off the Cold,
And I have a Guinea of yellow red Gold;
To make Three halfs of it I think will be best,
Give Two to my *Shela* and the Tird to the *Priest.*

Old *Philemy* my Father was full Fourscore Years old,
And tho' he be dead he'll be glad to be told;
That we Two are Married, my dear spare no cost,
But send him some Letter, upon the last Post.

The

The Triumphs of PEACE, *or the* WIDDOWS *and* MAIDS *Rejoycing.*



DEAR Mother I am Transported,
To think of the boon Comrades ;
They say we shall all be Courted,
Kind Widows as well as maids,
Oh ! this will be joyful News :
We'll dress up our Houses with Holly,
We'll broach a Tub of humming Bub,
To treat those that come with a rub a dub dub,
For dear Mother they'll make us Jolly.

Dear Mother to see them mounted,
'Twou'd tickle your Heart with Joy ;
By me they all shall be counted,
Heroical Sons of *Troy :*

The

The Bells in the Steeples shall ring,
We'll stick all our Houses with Holly,
We'll broach a Tub of humming Bub,
To treat those that comes with a rub a dub dub,
For dear Mother they'll make us Jolly.

I'll dress me as fine as a Lady,
Against they come into the Town;
My Ribbonds are all bought ready,
My Furbelow-Scarf and Gown:
To pleasure the Warlike Boys,
We'll dress up our Houses, &c.

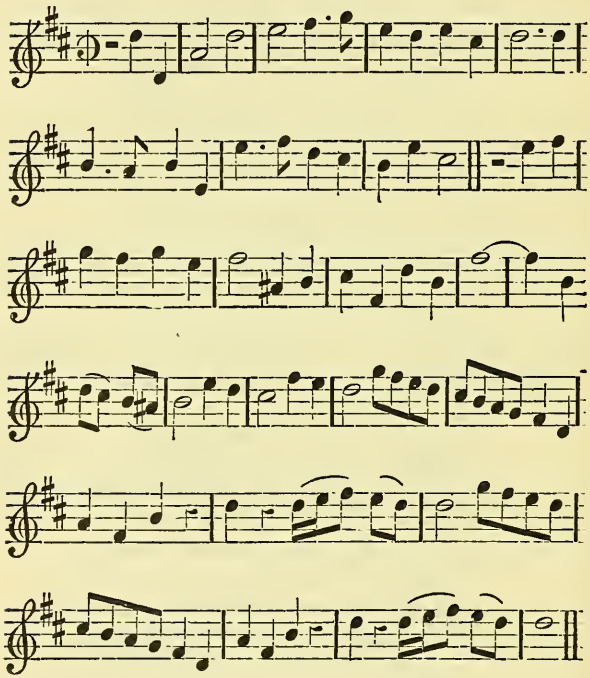
They are delicate brisk and Brawny,
Troth neither too lean nor fat;
No matter for being Tawny,
They're never the worse for that:
We'll give them a welcome Home,
And dress up our Houses, &c.

They come from the Field of Battle,
To quarter in Ladies Arms;
'Tis pretty to hear them Prattle,
And tell of their loud Alarms:
We'll Crown them with Garlands gay,
And dress up our Houses, &c.

Those boys are the Pride of *Britain*,
They love us and so they may;
Dear Mother it is but fitting,
We shou'd be as kind as they:
The Conduits shall run with Wine,
We'll dress up our Houses, &c.

Those battling Sons of Thunder,
Now at their returning back;
I know they will be for Plunder,
Virginities go to wrack:
But let them do what they please,
We'll dress up our Houses, &c.

A SONG. *Set and Sung by Mr.* LEVERIDGE *at the* Theatre.



FILL the Glass, fill, fill, fill the Glass,
Let Hautboys sound, whilst bright *Celinda*,
Bright *Celinda's* Health go round.
Fill the Glass, fill, fill, fill the Glass,
Let Hautboys sound, whilst bright *Celinda*,
Bright *Celinda's* Health goes round.

With

With eternal Beauty blest, ever blooming,
Ever blooming still be best;
Drink your Glass, drink your glass,
Drink your Glass and think,
Think, think the rest,
Drink your Glass and think,
Think, think the rest.

An IRISH SONG.

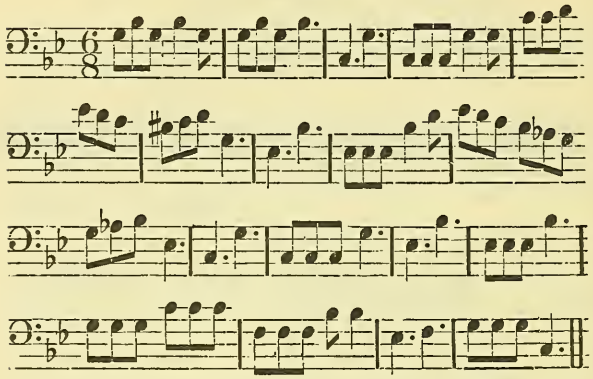
HUB ub, ub, boo;
Hub ub, ub, boo;
Dish can't be true,
De War dees cease,
But der's no Peash,
I know and find,
'Tis Sheal'd and Sign'd,
But won't believe 'tis true,
Hub, ub, ub, boo, Hub ub, ub, boo.

A hone, a hone,
Poor *Teague's* undone,
I dare not be,
A Rapparee,
I ne'er shall see,
Magraw Macree,
Nor my more dear Garone,
A hone, a hone.

Awa, awa,
I must huzza,
'Twill hide my Fears,
And save my Ears,
The Mob appears,
Her'sh to *Nassau,*
Dear Joy 'tis *Usquebaugh,*
Huzza, Huzza, Huzza.

The

The BATH *Teazers : Or a Comical Description of the Diversions at* BATH.



I'LL tell thee *Dick* where I have lately been,
There's rare doings at Bath,
Amongst Beauties divine, the like was ne'er seen,
There's rare doings at Bath,
And some dismal Wits that were eat up with Spleen,
There's rare doings at Bath.
There's rare doings at Bath.
Raffling and Fidling, and Piping and Singing,
There's rare doings at Bath.

Where all drink the Waters to recover Health,
And some sort of Fools there throw off their Wealth,
And now and then Kissing, and that's done by stealth,
There's rare doings, &c.

And now for the Crew that pass in the Throng,
That live by the Gut, or the Pipe, or the Song,
And teaze all the Gentry as they pass along,
There's rare doings, &c.

First

First *Corbet* began my Lord pray your Crown,
You'll hear a new Boy I've Just brought to Town,
I'm sure he will please you, or else knock me down,
There's rare doings, &c.

Besides I can boast of my self and two more,
And *Leveridge* the Bass, that sweetly will roar,
'Till all the whole Audience joins in an ancore,
There's rare doings, &c.

Next *H—b L—r* and *B—r* too,
With Hautboy, one Fidle, and Tenor so bleu,
And fusty old Musick, not one Note ot New,
There's rare doings, &c.

Next *Morphew* the Harper with his Pigg's Face,
Lye tickling a Treble and vamping a Bass,
And all he can do 'tis but Musick's disgrace,
There's rare doings, &c.

Then comes the Eunuch to teaze them the more,
Subscribe your two Guineas to make up fourscore,
I never Perform'd at so low rate before,
There's rare doings, &c.

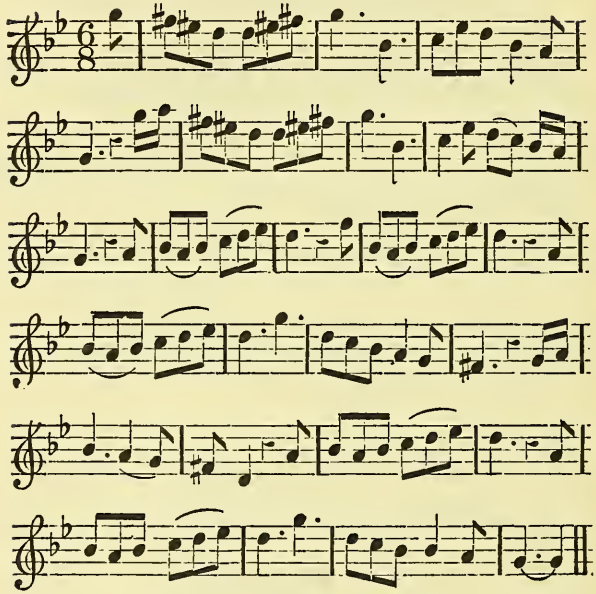
Then come the Strolers among the rest,
And little Punch *Powel* so full of his Jest,
With pray Sir, good Madam, it's my Show is best,
There's rare doings, &c.

Thus being Tormented, and teaz'd to their Souls,
They thought the best way to get rid of these Fools,
The Case they referr'd to the Master of the R——ls.
There's rare doings, &c.

Says his Honour, and then he put on a Frown,
And since you have left it to my Thoughts alone,
I'll soon have them all whipp'd out of the Town,
O *rare doings at* Bath, *Raffling, and Fidling*, &c.

The

The Distress'd SHEPHERD, *A* SONG.



I Am a poor Shepherd undone,
And cannot be Cur'd by Art;
For a Nymph as bright as the Sun,
Has stole away my Heart:
And how to get it again,
There's none but she can tell;
To cure me of my Pain,
By saying she loves me well:
And alass poor Shepherd,
Alack and a welladay;
Before I was in Love,
Oh every Month was *May*.

If

If to Love she cou'd not incline,
I told her I'd die in an Hour ;
To die says she 'tis in thine,
But to Love 'tis not in my Power.
I askt her the Reason why,
She could not of me approve ;
She said 'twas a Task too hard,
To give any Reason for Love :
And alass poor Shepherd, &c.

She ask'd me of my Estate,
I told her a Flock of Sheep ;
The Grass whereon they Graze,
Where she and I might Sleep :
Besides a good Ten Pound,
In old King *Harry's* Groats ;
With Hooks and Crooks abound,
And Birds of sundry Notes :
And alass poor Shepherd, &c.

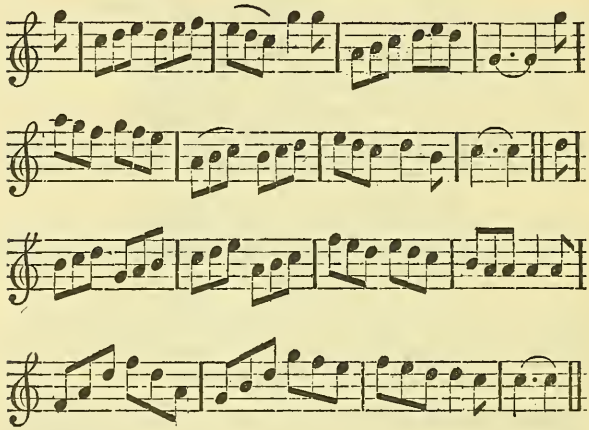
A SONG.

I Love to Madness, rave t'enjoy,
But heaps of Wealth my Progress bar :
Curse on the Load that stops my way,
My Love's more Rich and Brighter far :
Were I prest under Hills of Gold,
My furious Sighs should make my escape ;
I'd sigh and blow up all the Mould,
And throw the Oar in *Cælia's* Lap.

Were thou some Peasant mean and small,
And all the spacious Globe were mine ;
I'd give the World, the Sun and all,
For one kind brighter Glance of thine :
This Hour let *Cælia* with me live,
And Gods cou'd I but of you borrow,
I'd give what only you can give,
For that dear Hour, I'd give to morrow.

The

The loving Couple: Or the Merry WEDDING.



A Jolly young *Grocer* of *London Town*,
Fell deeply in Love with his Maid:
And often he courted her to lye down,
But she told him she was afraid:
Sometimes he would struggle,
But still she would Boggle,
And never consent to his wicked Will;
But said he must tarry,
Until he would marry,
And then he should have his fill.

But when that he found he could not obtain,
The Blessing he thus pursu'd;
For tho' he had try'd her again and again,
She vow'd she would not be leud:
At last he submitted,
To be so outwitted,

As

As to be catch'd in the Nuptial snare ;
Altho' the young Hussie,
Before had been busie,
With one that she lov'd more dear.

The Morning after they marry'd were,
The Drums and the Fiddles came ;
Then oh what a thumping and scraping was there,
To please the new marry'd Dame :
There was fiddle come fiddle,
With hey diddle diddle,
And all the time that the Musick play'd ;
There was Kissing and Loving,
And Heaving and Shoving,
For fear she should rise a Maid.

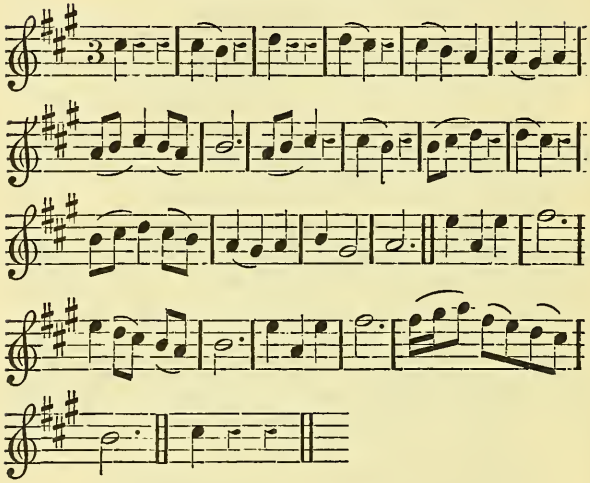
But e'er three Months they had marry'd been,
A Thumping Boy popp'd out ;
Ads—— says he you confounded Queen,
Why what have you been about ?
You're a Strumpet cries he,
You're a Cuckold cries she,
And when he found he was thus betray'd ;
There was Fighting and Scratching,
And Rogueing and Bitching,
Because she had prov'd a Jade.

A SONG, *Tune of Chickens and Sparrow-grass.*

WHAT sayest thou,
If one should thrust thee thro' ?
What sayest thou,
If one shou'd Plough ?
I say Sir, you may do what you please,
I shall scarce stir,
Tho' you ne'er cease,
Thro', thro', you may thrust me thro'.
Such Death is a Pleasure,
When Life's a Disease.

The

The precaution'd Nymph, *Set by* L. Ramondon.



GO, go, go, go falsest of thy Sex be gone,
Leave, leave, oh leave, leave me to my self alone;
Why wou'd you strive by fond pretence,
Thus to destroy my Innocence.

Know, *Cælia* you too late betray'd,
Then thus you did the Nymph upbraid;
Love like a Dream usher'd by night,
Flyes the approach of Morning light.

Go falsest of your Sex begone,
Oh! Leave me to my self alone;
She that believes Man when he swears,
Or but regards his Oaths or Pray'rs,
May she, fond she, be most accurst,
Nay more, be subject to his Lust.

The

The Life and Death of Sir HUGH *of the* GRIME. *To the Tune of* Chevy-chace.

AS it befel upon one time,
About *Mid-summer* of the Year;
Every Man was taxt of his Crime,
For stealing the good Lord Bishop's Mare.

The good Lord *Screw* sadled a Horse,
And rid after the same serime;
Before he did get over the Moss,
There was he aware of Sir *Hugh* of the *Grime.*

Turn, O turn, thou false Traytor,
Turn and yield thy self unto me;
Thou hast stol'n the Lord Bishop's Mare,
And now thinkest away to flee.

No, soft Lord *Screw*, that may not be,
Here is a broad Sword by my side;
And if that thou canst Conquer me,
The Victory will soon be try'd.

I ne'er was afraid of a Traytor bold,
Altho' thy Name be *Hugh* in the *Grime;*
I'll make thee repent thy Speeches foul,
If Day and Life but give me time.

Then do thy worst, good Lord *Screw*,
And deal your blows as fast as you can;
It will be try'd between me and you,
Which of us two shall be the best Man.

Thus as they dealt their blows so free,
And both so Bloody at that time;
Over the Moss ten Yeomen they see,
Come for to take Sir *Hugh* in the *Grime.*

Sir *Hugh* set his Back again a Tree,
And then the Men compast him round;
His mickle Sword from his Hand did flee,
And then they brought Sir *Hugh* to the Ground.

Sir *Hugh* of the *Grime* now taken is,
And brought back to *Garland* Town;
Then cry'd the good Wives all in *Garland* Town,
Sir *Hugh* in the *Grime*, thou'st ne'er gang down.

The good Lord Bishop is come to Town,
And on the Bench is set so high;
And every Man was tax'd to his crime,
At length he call'd Sir *Hugh* in the *Grime.*

Here am I, thou false Bishop,
Thy Humours all to fulfil;
I do not think my Fact so great,
But thou may'st put into thy own Will.

The Quest of Jury-Men was call'd,
The best that was in *Garland* Town;
Eleven of them spoke all in a-breast,
Sir *Hugh* in the *Grime* thou'st ne'er gang down.

Then other Questry-men was call'd,
The best that was in *Rumary;*
Twelve of them spoke all in a-breast,
Sir *Hugh* in the *Grime* thou'st now Guilty.

Then came down my good Lord *Boles*,
Falling down upon his Knee;
Five hundred Pieces of Gold will I give,
To grant Sir *Hugh* in the *Grime* to me.

Peace, peace, my good Lord *Boles*,
And of your Speeches set them by;
If there be Eleven *Grimes* all of a Name,
Then by my own Honour they all should dye.

Then

Then came down my good Lady *Ward*,
Falling low upon her Knee;
Five hundred Measures of Gold I'll give,
And grant Sir *Hugh* of the *Grime* to me.

Peace, peace, my good Lady *Ward*,
None of your proffers shall him buy,
For if there be Twelve *Grimes* all of a Name,
By my own Honour all should dye.

Sir *Hugh* of the *Grime's* condemn'd to dye,
And of his Friends he had no lack;
Fourteen Foot he leapt in his Ward,
His Hands bound fast upon his Back.

Then he look'd over his left Shoulder,
To see whom he could see or 'spye;
There was he aware of his Father dear,
Came tearing his Hair most pitifully.

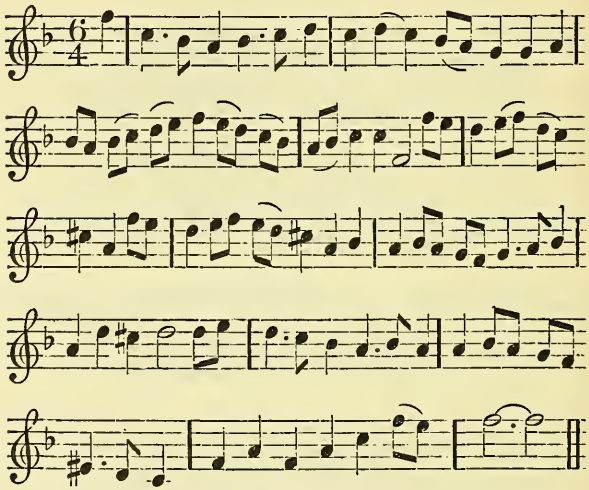
Peace, peace, my Father dear,
And of your Speeches set them by;
Tho' they have bereav'd me of my Life,
They cannot bereave me of Heaven so high.

He look'd over his right Shoulder,
To see whom he could see or 'spye;
There was he aware of his Mother dear,
Came tearing her Hair most pitifully.

Pray have me remember'd to *Peggy* my Wife,
As she and I walk'd over the Moor;
She was the cause of the loss of my Life,
And with the old Bishop she play'd the Whore.

Here *Johnny Armstrong*, take thou my Sword;
That is made of the metal so fine;
And when thou com'st to the Border side,
Remember the Death of Sir *Hugh* of the *Grime*.

The disappointed TAYLOR : *Or good Work done for Nothing.*



A Taylor good Lord, in the Time of Vacation,
When Cabbage was scarce and when Pocket was low,
For the Sale of good Liquor pretended a Passion,
To one that sold Ale in a Cuckoldy Row :
Now a Louse made him Itch,
Here a Scratch, there a Stitch,
And sing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

One Day she came up, when at Work in his Garret,
To tell what he Ow'd, that his Store he might know ;
Says he it is all very right I declare it,
Says she then I hope you will pay e'er I go?
Now a Louse, *&c.*

Says

Says Prick-Louse my Jewel, I love you most dearly,
My Breast every Minute still hotter does grow,
I'll only says she for the Juice of my Barly,
And other good Drink in my Cellar below:
Now a Louse made him Itch,
Here a Scratch, there a Stitch,
And sing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

Says he you mistake, 'tis for something that's better,
Which I dare not Name, and you care not to show;
Says she I'm afraid you are given to flatter,
What is it you Mean, and pray where does it grow:
Now a Louse, &c.

Says he 'tis a Thing that has never a handle,
'Tis hid in the Dark, and it lies pretty low;
Says she then I fear that you must have a Candle,
Or else the wrong way you may happen to go:
Now a Louse, &c.

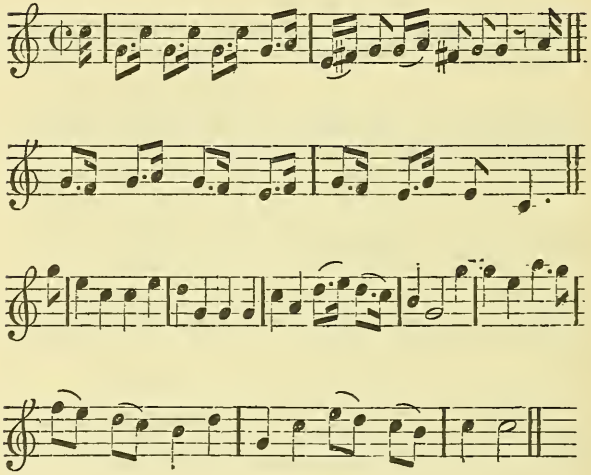
Says he was it darker than ever was Charcole,
Tho' I never was there, yet the way do I know;
Says she if it be such a terrible dark Hole,
Don't offer to Grope out your way to it so:
Now a Louse, &c.

Says he you shall see I will quickly be at it,
For this is, oh this is the way that I'll go;
Says she do not tousle me so for I hate it,
I vow by and by you will make me cry oh:
So they both went to work,
Now a Kiss, then a Jirk,
And sing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

The Taylor arose when the business was over,
Says he you will rub out the Score e'er you go;
Says she I shall not pay so dear for a Lover,
I'm not such a Fool I would have you to know:
Now a Louse made him Itch,
Here a Scratch there a Stitch,
And sing Cucumber, Cucumber ho.

The

The Penurious QUAKER: *Or, the High priz'd* HARLOT.



Quaker. MY Friend thy Beauty seemeth good,
We Righteous have our failings;
I'm Flesh and Blood, methinks I cou'd,
Wert thou but free from Ailings.

Harlot. Believe me Sir I'm newly broach'd,
And never have been in yet;
I vow and swear I ne'er was touch'd,
By Man 'till this day sennight.

Quaker. Then prithee Friend, now prithee do,
Nay, let us not defer it;
And I'll be kind to thee when thou
Hast laid the Evil Spirit.

Har

Harlot. I vow I won't, indeed I shan't,
Unless I've Money first, Sir;
For if I ever trust a Saint,
I wish I may be curst, Sir.

Quaker. I cannot like the Wicked say,
I Love thee and Adore thee,
And therefore thou wilt make me pay,
So here is Six pence for thee.

Harlot. Confound you for a stingy Whig,
Do ye think I live by Stealing;
Farewel you Puritannick Prig,
I scorn to take your Shilling.

A SONG. *Tune of the* Old Rigadoon:

LAIS when you
Lye wrapp'd in Charms,
In your Spouses Arms,
How can you deny,
The Youth to try,
What is his due.

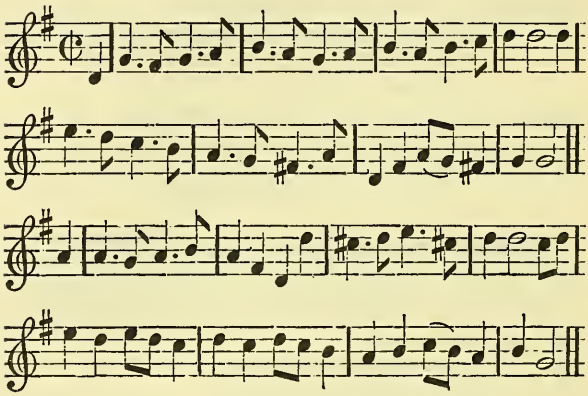
Sure you ne'er have
Been touch'd by Man,
That you ne'er can,
Admit the Slave.

Come let him in,
And if he does
Not pay what he owes,
Ne'er trust the Fool again.

Let another Spark supply his Place,
For a Woman should not want;
And Nature sure ne'er made a Man so base,
But with asking he would grant:
But if all Mankind were agreed to spoil your Race,
By *Jove* my Dear they shan't.

The

The travelling TINKER, *and the Country* ALE-WIFE: *Or, the lucky Mending of the leaky* COPPER.



A Comely Dame of *Islington*,
Had got a leaky Copper;
The Hole that let the Liquor run,
Was wanting of a Stopper:
A Jolly *Tinker* undertook,
And promised her most fairly;
With a thump thump thump, and knick knack knock,
To do her Business rarely

He turn'd the Vessel to the Ground,
Says he a good old Copper;
But well may't Leak, for I have found
A Hole in't that's a whopper:
But never doubt a *Tinkers* stroke,
Altho' he's black and surly,
With a thump thump thump, *&c.*
He'll do your Business purely.

The

The Man of Mettle open'd wide,
His Budget's mouth to please her,
Says he this Tool we oft employ'd,
About such Jobbs as these are:
With that the Jolly *Tinker* took,
A Stroke or two most kindly;
With a thump thump thump, *&c.*
He did her Business finely.

As soon as Crock had done the Feat,
He cry'd 'tis very hot ho;
This thrifty Labour makes me Sweat,
Here, gi's a cooling Pot ho:
Says she bestow the other Stroke,
Before you take your Farewel;
With a thump thump thump, *&c.*
And you may drink a Barrel.

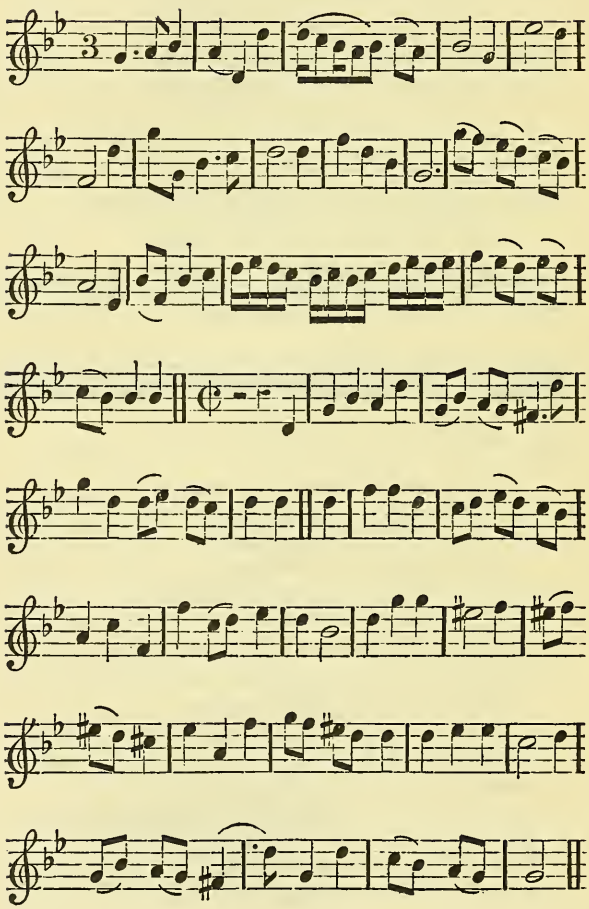
A SONG. *Set by Mr.* JOHN ABELL.

I'LL press, I'll bless thee Charming fair,
Thou Darling of my Heart;
I'll press, I'll bless thee Charming fair,
Thou darling of my Heart:
I'll clasp, I'll grasp thee close my Dear,
And Doat on every Part.

I'll clasp, I'll grasp thee close my Dear,
And Doat on every Part!
I'll bless thee now thou Darling,
Thou Darling of my Heart;
I'll bless thee now, *&c.*

With fond excess of Pleasure,
I'll make the Panting cry, Panting cry;
Then wisely use your Treasure,
Then wisely use your Treasure,
Refusing, still comply.

A SONG.



WHAT shall I do, I've lost my Heart,
'Tis gone, 'tis gone I know not whither ;
Love cut its strings,
Then lent it Wings
And both are flown together :
Fair Ladies tell for Love's sweet sake,
Did any of you find it?
Come, come it lies,
In your Lips or Eyes,
Tho' you'll not please to mind it.

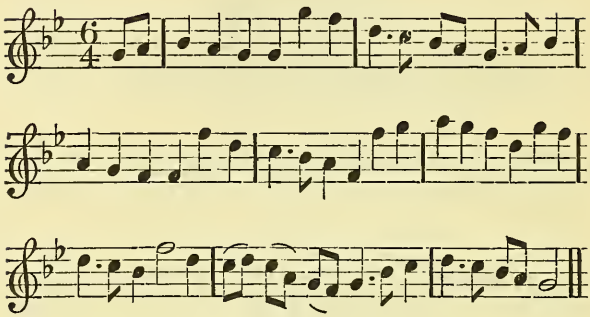
But if't be lost,
Then farewel Frost,
I will enquire no more ;
For Ladies they
Steal Hearts away,
But only to restore :
For Ladies they, &c.

Tune, *si votr' epousa.*

CHLORIS, can you
Forgive the fault that I have done ;
Chloris can you
Forgive me when I sue,
Faith it is true,
That had you let me farther gone,
I had ruin'd you,
And mischiev'd my self too :
Yet I ne'er should
Have ventur'd on a Maid so Chast,
Had not your Eye,
Shot thro' my Soul,
And conjur'd all the Sense away,
That there did lye.

Lumps

Lumps of PUDDING.



WHEN I was in the low Country,
When I was in the low Country ;
What slices of Pudding and pieces of Bread,
My Mother gave me when I was in need.

My Mother she killed a good fat Hog,
She made such Puddings would choak a Dog ;
And I shall ne'er forget 'till I dee,
What lumps of Pudding my Mother gave me.

She hung them up upon a Pin,
The Fat run out and the Maggots crept in ;
If you won't believe me you may go and see,
What lumps, *&c.*

And every Day my Mother would cry,
Come stuff your Belly Girl until you die ;
'Twou'd make you to laugh if you were to see,
What lumps, *&c.*

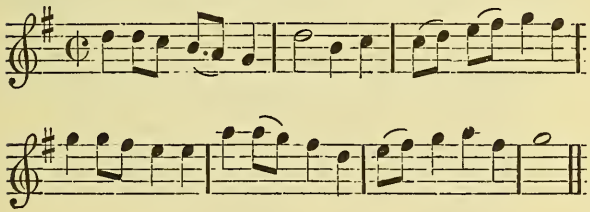
I no sooner at Night was got into Bed,
But she all in kindness would come with speed ;
She gave me such parcels I thought I should dee,
With eating of Pudding, *&c.*

At

At last I Rambled abroad and then,
I met in my Frolick an honest Man ;
Quoth he my dear *Philli* I'll give unto thee,
Such Pudding you never did see.

Said I honest Man, I thank thee most kind,
And as he told me indeed I did find ;
He gave me a lump which did so agree,
One bit was worth all my Mother gave me.

The QUAKER's SONG.

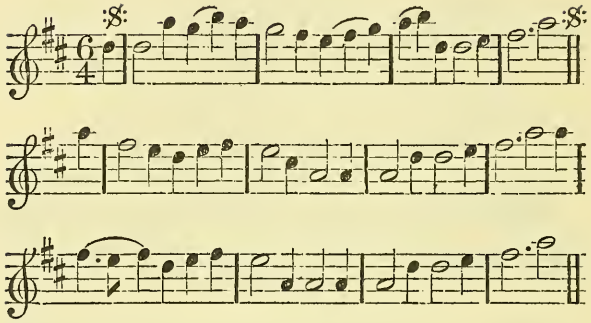


WALK up to Virtue Strait,
And from all Vice retire ;
Turn not on this Hand nor on that,
To compass thy Desire.

Side not with wicked ones,
Nor such as are Prophane ;
But side with good and goodly ones,
That come from *Amsterdam.*

Arm not thy self with Pride,
That's not the way to Bliss ;
But Arm thy self with holy Zeal,
And take this loving Kiss.

A SONG.



LORENZO you amuse the Town,
And with your Charms undo, Sir;
Laurinda can resist a Frown,
But must not be from you, Sir:
You make them all resign their Hearts,
And fix their Eyes a gazing;
The *Porcupine* has not more Darts,
From every part amazing.

You Bill and Cooe when you are kind,
And happy's the Nymph believes you;
You are true, but you are not Blind,
For never a Nymph deceives you;
Tho' she were naught, you'll ne'er be caught,
But still have your Wits about you;
You're a Hero, and you have Fought,
There's ne'er a Hector can flout you.

You are good, and you are bad,
And you can be what you please, Sir;
You are an honest trusty Lad,
And I'll Wager ne'er had the Disease, Sir:

The

Then here's to you, a Glass or two,
For farther I dare not venture;
And then my Dear I bid thee adieu,
For I must be now a Dissenter.

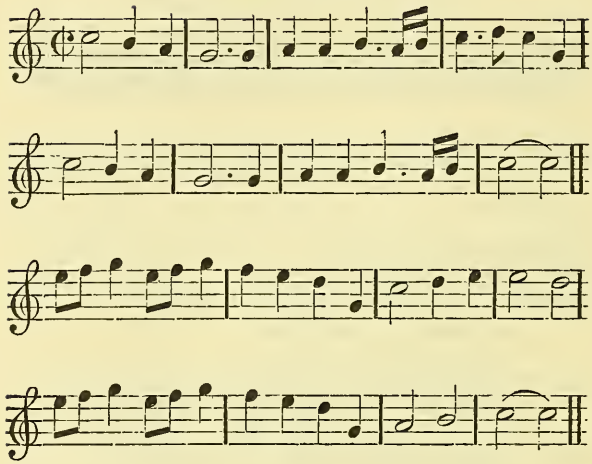
A SONG.

Tune of Oh! how happy's he. *Pag.* 104.

AH! how happy's he,
Lives from drinking free,
Can enjoy his Humour, Paper and his Pen;
Nor ensnar'd with Wine,
Or some Whores design,
But in harmless Sonnets thinking does ever mend;
Prigs shall never vex him,
Pox shall ne'er perplex him,
If his Pocket's full, sits down and counts his Joy;
If it be not so,
Takes a Tune or two,
'Till by wise Content, his trouble does destroy.

When a Monarch reels,
He his Thoughts conceals,
Whether Whig or *Tory*, never does express;
With a sober Dose
Of *Coffee* funks his Nose,
And reading all the News does leave the World to guess:
But when his Noddle's full,
O then he hugs his Soul,
And homeward flush'd with Joy does trudge apace,
When on Pillow laid,
Then with Mind display'd
Argues with himself the Queen and Nation's Case.

A SONG.



HAD I but Love,
I'd quit all Treasure,
Had I but Love,
I'd Envy none above:
Camp and Court,
Have no such Pleasure;
Camp and Court,
Have both such pretty Sport.

Wo. Let me alone, let me alone,
Says the Fool,
Or I'll cry out, Sir;
Man. Prithee do, prithee do,
With all my Soul,
But you shan't stir.

Such

Such is Love,
And such is living,
Such is Love,
And such was mighty *Jove:*
Gods and Kings,
Have both been contriving,
Gods and Kings,
To catch these pretty things.

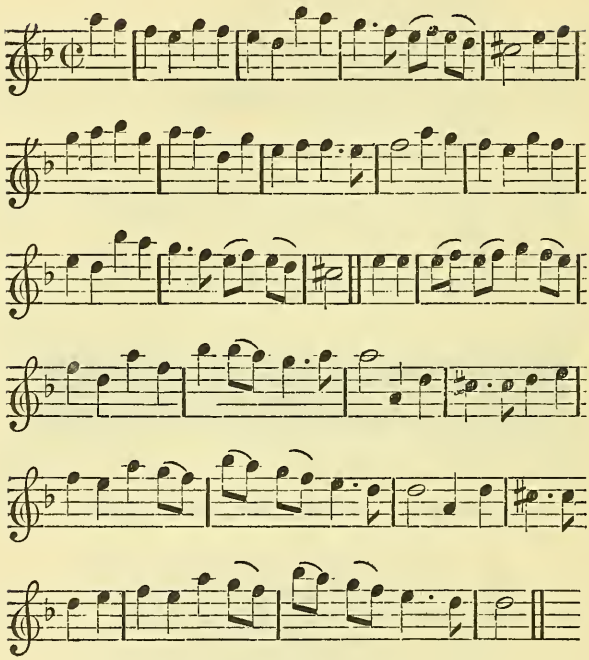
Wo, Let me go, what d'ye do, pray forbear,
Alass I cannot bear it;
Man. Hold your Tongue, hold your Tongue,
Never fear you peevish Chit.

A SONG. *Set by Mr.* FRANK.

LOVE's Passion never knew 'till this,
A blissful Happiness like mine;
With Joy now *Cælia* crowns my wish,
And *Cupid* both our Hearts does joyn:
With Joy now *Cælia* crowns my wish.
And *Cupid* both our Hearts does joyn.

Whene'er our Hearts dart fiery Beams,
Fierce as the pangs of our Desires;
The meeting Glances kindle flames
More pure than fancyed fires:
Then *Cælia* let's no Pleasure want,
To perfect the most happy State;
The bliss you fear too soon to grant,
You'll rather think enjoyed too late.

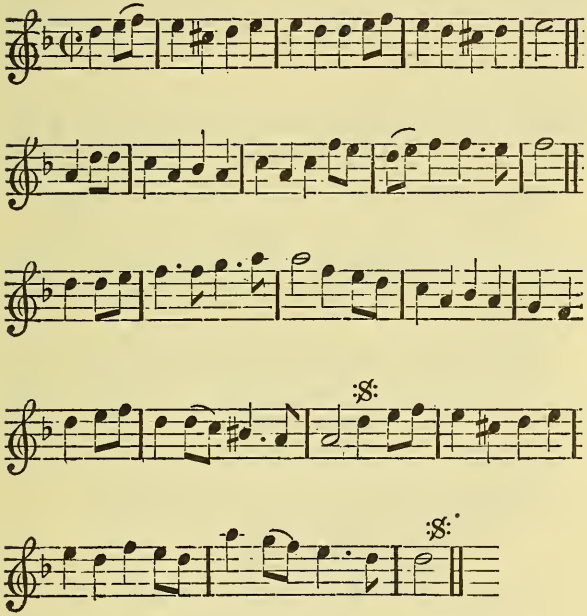
A SONG. *Set by Mr.* ABELL.



Cælia be not too complying,
Ease not soon a Lovers pain;
Love increases by denying,
Soon we leave what soon we gain.
Cælia *be not too complying*, &c.

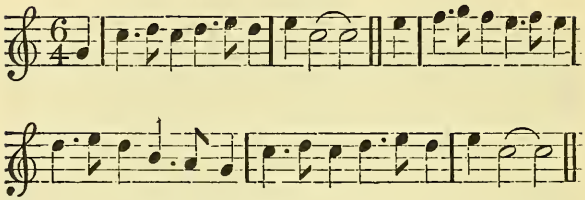
If in Courtship you're delighting,
And wou'd no Adorer loose;
Let your looks be still inviting,
But your Vertue still refuse.
Let your looks be still inviting, &c.

A SONG. *Set by Mr.* ABELL.



A Little Love may prove a Pleasure,
Too great a Passion is a Pain;
When we our Flame by reason measure,
Blest is our Fate, and light our Chain:
Who then would long a Slave remain?
True Hearts are like a Fairy Treasure,
Talk'd of, but ever sought in vain;
A little Love may prove a Pleasure,
Too great a Passion is a Pain.

A SONG.



WHEN first I lay'd Siege to my *Chloris*,
When first I lay'd Siege to my *Chloris*;
Cannon Oaths I brought down,
To batter the Town,
And boom'd her with amorous Stories.

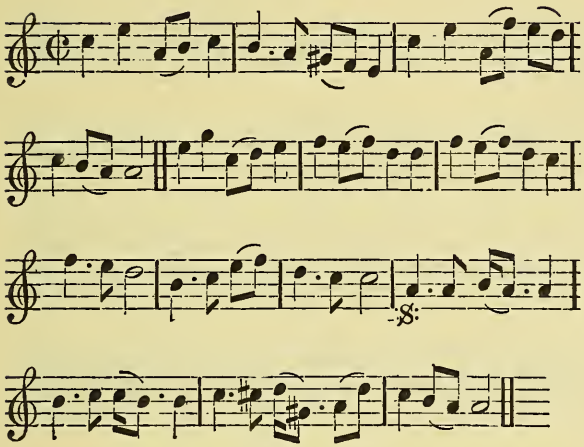
Billet deux like small Shot did so ply her,
Billet deux like small Shot did so ply her;
And sometimes a Song,
Went whistling along,
Yet still I was never the nigher.

At length she sent Word by a Trumpet,
At length she sent Word by a Trumpet,
That if I lik'd the Life,
She would be my Wife,
But she would be no Man's Strumpet.

I told her that *Mars* wou'd ne'er Marry,
I told her that *Mars* wou'd ne'er Marry;
I swore by my Scars,
Got in Combates and Wars,
That I'd rather dig Stones in a Quarry.

At length she granted the Favour,
At length she granted the Favour;
With the dull Curse,
For better for worse,
And saved the Parson the Labour.

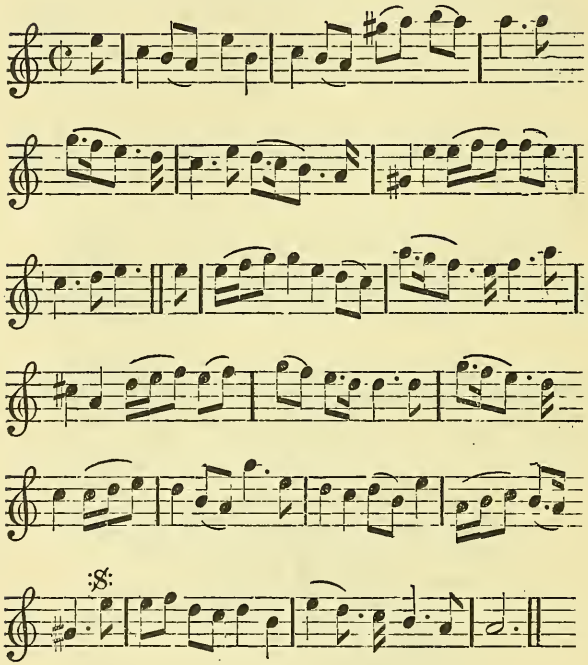
A SONG. *Set by Seignor* BAPTIST.



WHY alas do you now leave me,
You who vow'd a Love so true;
Can you hope whilst you deceive me,
Others will be just to you?
Oh you know what you forsake,
You're pursuing,
My undoing,
But you know not what you take.

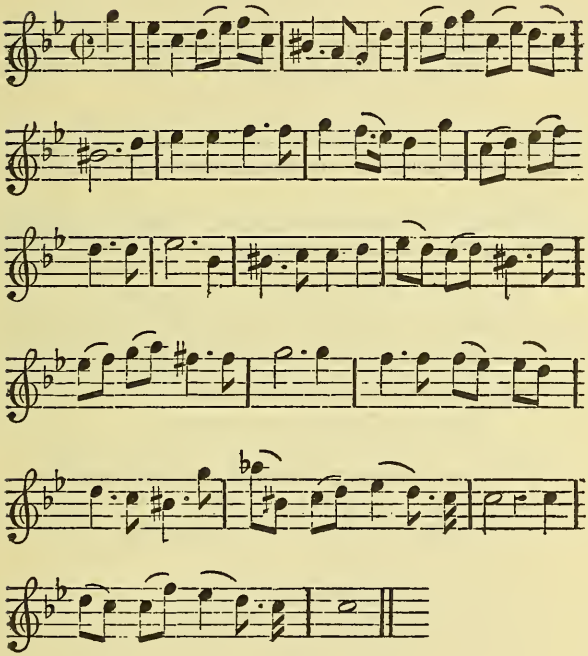
Is your fit of Passion over,
Will you Kill me dear unkind;
Is your Heart then such a Rover,
As no Vows, no Oaths can bind:
Hear at least my last adieu,
See me lying,
See me dying,
And remember 'tis for you.

A SONG. *Set by Mr.* AKEROYDE.



WHEN Beauty such as yours has mov'd desires,
A kind return, a kind return,
Should raise the glowing Fires ;
But tho' you hate me, I am still
Devoted wholly to your Will :
Not all your Frowns can quench my Flame,
My Love is something more than Name,
And as it ought, will ever, ever be the same.

A SONG. *Set by Mr.* FRANK.



SEE bleeding at your Feet there lies,
One murder'd by Disdain;
That Heart you wounded with your Eyes,
Is by your Rigour slain:
Expiring now I cannot live,
Death no delay will brook,
Unless some pitying word you give,
Or kind relenting Look,
Or kind relenting Look.

For

For then from Fate by Rapture born,
And taken from your Arms ;
The Heart thus rescued from your Scorn,
I'll offer to your Charms :
Love's eager Rites, I'll then pursue,
And Sacrificing dye ;
Altar and Beauteous Goddess you,
And Priest, and Victim.

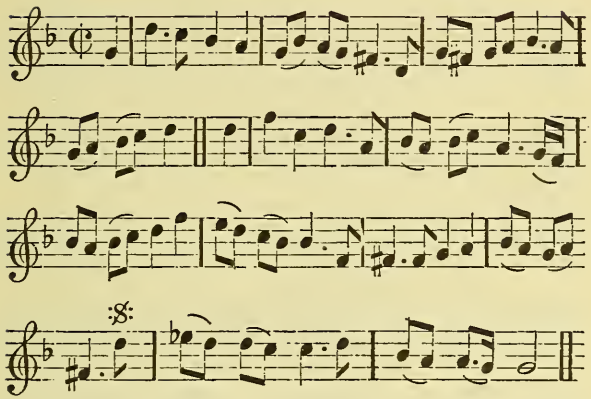
The good Fellow's Resolve : Tune as *May* was in her youthful Dress. *Vol.* 3. *P.* 199.

NOW I'm resolv'd to Love no more,
But Sleep by Night, and Drink by Day ;
Your Coyness *Chloris* pray give o'er,
And turn your tempting Eyes away :
I'll place no happiness of mine,
On fading Beauty still to court ;
And say she's glorious and divine,
When there's in Drinking better sport.

Love has no more Prerogative,
To make me desperate Courses take ;
Nor me of *Bacchus* Joys deprive,
For them I *Venus* will forsake :
Despise the feeble Nets she lays,
And scorn the Man she can o'ercome ;
In Drinking we see happy Days,
But in a fruitless Passion none.

'Tis Wine alone that cheers the Soul,
But Love and Women make us sad ;
I'm merry while I court the Bowl,
Whilst he that Courts his Madam's mad.
Then fill it up Boys to the brim,
Since in it we refreshment find ;
Come here's a Bumper unto him,
That courts good Wine, not Woman-kind.

A SONG. *Set by Mr.* FRANK.



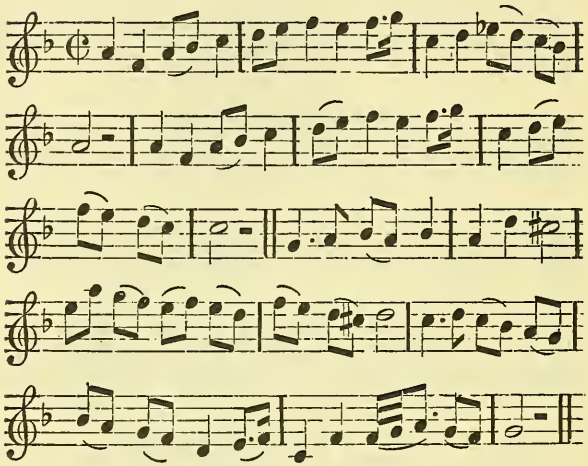
WHEN crafty Fowlers would surprize,
The harmonious Lark that soars on high
It is by glancing in his Eyes,
The Sun-shine Rays which draws him nigh:
It is by, &c.

Charm'd with Reflections from the Glase,
He flies with eager hasty speed;
Ceasing the Musick of his Lays,
Into the Nets the Fowler spread.

So when *Clemelia* would obtain,
The Prey her Fancy most desires;
She spreads her Dress like Nets in vain,
And all her Youthful gay attires.

'Till watching Opportunity,
She throws an Amorous charming Glance,
Then to her Net the Youth does flie,
And lies entangled in a Trance.

A SONG. *Set by Dr.* BLOW.



BOASTING Fops who court the Fair,
For the Fame of being lov'd;
You who daily prating are
Of the Hearts your Charms have mov'd,
Still be vain in talk and dress,
But while Shadows you pursue;
Own that some who boast it less,
May be blest as much as you.

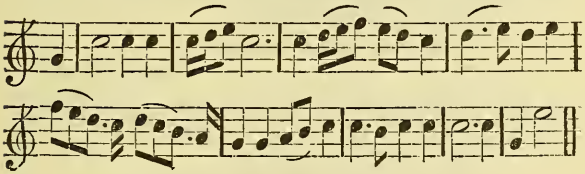
Love and Birding are Ally'd,
Baits and Nets alike they have;
The same Arts in both are try'd,
The unwary to inslave;
If in each you'd happy prove,
Without Noise still watch your way;
For in Birding and in Love,
While we talk it flies away.

A SONG.

MUST Love, that Tyrant of the Breast,
Have all our Songs, have all our Hours ;
Whilst he alone disturbs our Rest,
And with his Cares our Hearts devours,
And with his Cares our Hearts devours :
No more let's blame ignoble Souls,
Who doat on Arbitrary Powers ;
Since cruel Love our Wills controuls,
Yet all the World, yet all the World the Toy adores.

For shame let's break the feeble Bonds,
And our old Liberty regain ;
Love against Reason seldom stands,
Whenever that sways, its Power is vain :
When Man the prize of Freedom knows,
Cupid is easily out-brav'd ;
The Bug-bear only conquers those,
Who fondly seek to be enslav'd.

The Woman's Complaint to her Neighbour.



GOOD morrow Gossip *Joan*,
Where have you been a Walking?
I have for you at Home,
A Budget full of Talking,
Gossip *Joan.*
My Sparrow's flown away,
And will no more come to me ;
I've broke a Glass to Day,
The Price will quite undo me,
Gossip *Joan.*

I've lost a *Harry* Groat,
Was left me by my Granny;
I cannot find it out,
I've search'd in every Cranny,
Gossip *Joan.*

My Goose has laid away,
I know not what's the Reason;
My Hen has hatch'd to Day,
A Week before the Season,
Gossip *Joan.*

I've lost my Wedding-Ring,
That was made of Silver gilt;
I had Drink would please a King,
And the whorish Cat has spill'd it,
Gossip *Joan.*

My Duck has eat a Snail,
And is not that a Wonder;
The HORNS bud out at Tail,
And have split her Rump asunder,
Gossip *Joan.*

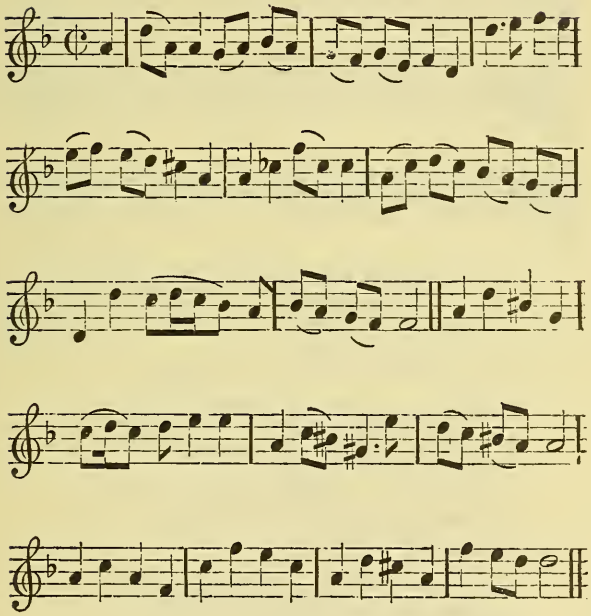
My Pocket is cut off,
That was full of Sugar-candy;
I cannot stop my Cough,
Without a Gill of Brandy,
Gossip *Joan.*

O I am sick at Heart,
Therefore pray give me some Ginger;
I cannot Sneeze or Fart,
Therefore pray put in Finger,
Gossip *Joan.*

O pitty, pitty me,
Or I shall go Distracted;
I have cry'd 'till I can't see,
To think how things are acted,
Gossip *Joan.*

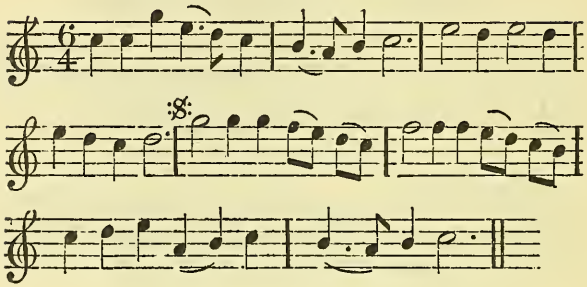
Let's to the Ale-house go,
And wash down all my Sorrow;
My Griefs you there shall know,
And we'll meet again to morrow,
Gossip *Joan.*

A SONG, *Set by Mr.* Jer. Clark.



I'M vext to think that *Damon* wooes me,
Who with Sighs and Tears pursues me;
He still whining and repining,
Of my Rigour does complain:
I'd not see him, yet wou'd free him,
And my self, my self from pain:
I'll enjoy him, and so cloy him,
Love cures Love, more, more than Disdain.

A SONG, *by Mr.* Burkhead.



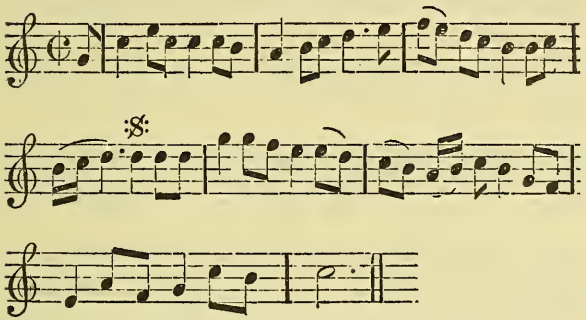
CLaspt in my dear *Melinda's* Arms,
Soft engaging, oh how she Charms;
Graces more divine,
In her Person shine,
Then *Venus* self cou'd ever boast.

In the softest Moments of Love,
Melting, Panting, oh how she moves;
Come, come, come my Dear,
Now we've nought to fear,
Mortal sure was never so blest,
Come, come, come, *&c.*

Pray don't trifle, my dearest forbear,
I shall die with Transports I fear;
Clasp me fast my Life,
'Twill more Pleasure give,
Both our stocks of Love let's Joyn,
Clasp me, *&c.*

Now our Souls are charm'd in Bliss,
Raptures flow from every Kiss;
Words cannot reveal,
The fierce Joys I feel,
'Tis too much to bear and live,
Words cannot, *&c.*

A SONG, *in the* Play *call'd the Ladies Fine Aires: Sung by Mr.* Pack, *in the Figure of a* Bawd. *Set by Mr.* Barrett.

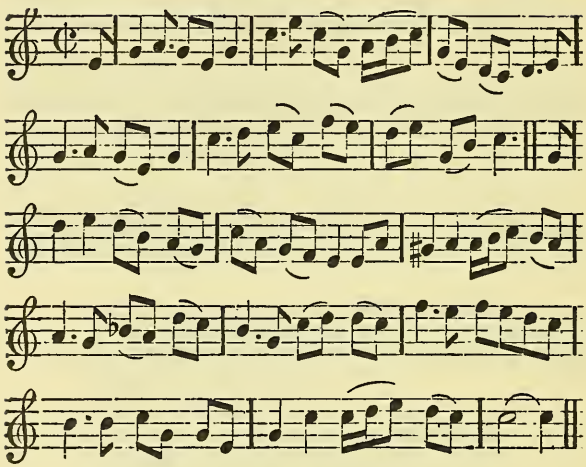


HOW happy are we,
Who from thinking are free,
That curbing Disease o'the Mind:
Can indulge every Tast,
Love where we like best,
Not by dull Reputation confin'd.

When we're young fit to toy,
Gay Delights we enjoy,
And have crowds of new Lovers wooing;
When we're old and decay'd,
We procure for the Trade,
Still in ev'ry Age we're doing.

If a Cully we meet,
We spend what we get,
E'ery day for the next never think:
When we dye where we go,
We have no Sense to know,
For a Bawd always dyes in her drink.

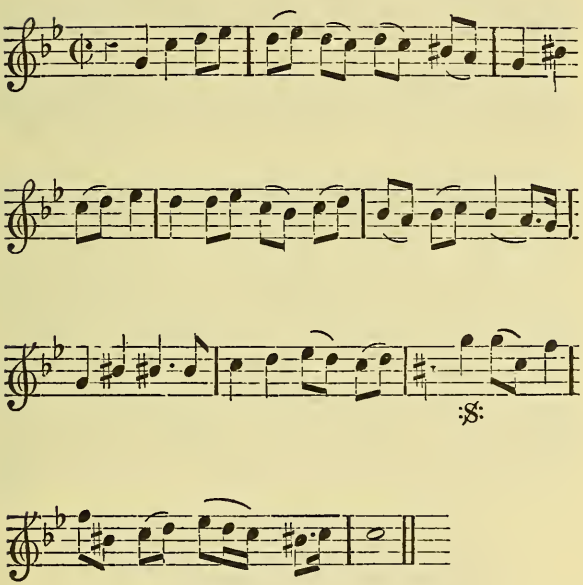
A SONG. *Set by Mr.* FORCER.



FArewel my useless Scrip,
And poor unheeded Flocks;
No more you'll round me trip,
Nor cloath me with your Locks:
Feed by yon purling Stream,
VVhere *Jockey*, where *Jockey* first I knew:
I only think, I only think, I only think on him,
I cannot, cannot, cannot think on you.

Farewel each Shepherdess,
The bonny Lads adieu;
May each his VVish possess,
And to that VVish be true:
Your Oaten Pipes cou'd please,
But *Jockey* then was kind;
Your bonny Tunes may cease,
The Lad has chang'd his Mind.

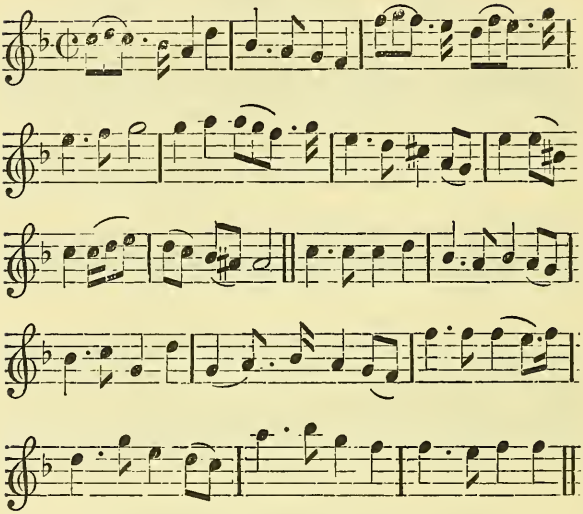
A SONG. *Set by Mr.* FRANK.



ERE *Phillis* with her looks did kill,
My Heart resisting.
My Heart resisting them was ill;
Now in its VVounds it finds a Cure,
VVhen most they bleed, I least endure.

For tho' 'tis Death those looks to meet,
There's Life in dying at her feet;
Kill *Phillis* then, kill with your Eyes,
If you let *Strephon* live he dyes.

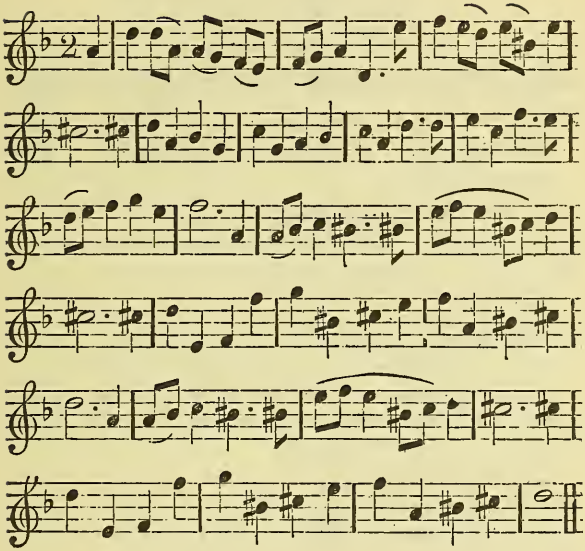
A SONG. *Set by Mr.* KING.



NOT your Eyes *Melania* move me,
Not your flowring Charms or Wit;
Not your daily Vows to love me,
Make my easy Soul submit.
Shape nor Dress can never sway me,
Nor the softest looks betray me;
Shape nor Face can never sway me,
Nor the softest looks betray me.

But your Mind, my Dear, subdues me,
Where a thousand Graces shine;
Goodness, Love, and Honour moves me,
And my Passion's all Divine.
Goodness as a boundless Treasure,
Yields the purest sweetest pleasure.

A SONG.



THEN come kind *Damon*, come away,
To *Cynthia's* power advance:
The *Sylvians* they shall pipe and play,
And we'll lead up, and we'll lead up,
And we'll lead up the Dance:
The *Sylvians* they shall pipe and play,
And we'll lead up, and we'll lead up,
And we'll lead up the Dance;
The *Sylvians* they, *&c.*

Smile then with a Beam Divine,
We'll be blest if you but shine;
Happy then our Pains and Toils,
Wit only lives when Beauty smiles:

Happy then our Pains and Toils,
Wit only lives, Wit only lives,
When Beauty smiles;
Wit only lives, *&c.*

The Soldiers return from the Wars, or the Maids and Widdows Rejoycing. Tune Page 278.

AT the Change as I was walking,
I heard a Discourse of Peace;
The People all were a Talking,
That the tedious Wars will cease:
And if it do prove but true,
The Maids will run out of their Houses,
To see the Troopers all come Home,
And the Grenadiers with their Drum a Drum Drum,
Then the Widdows shall all have Spouses.

The Scarlet colour is fine, Sir,
All others it doth excel;
The Trooper has a Carbine, Sir,
That will please the Maidens well:
And when it is Cock'd and Prim'd, Sir,
The Maids will run out of their Houses,
To see the Troopers come come come, &c.

There's *Joan*, and *Betty*, and *Nelly*,
And the rest of the Female Crew;
Each has an Itch in her Belly,
To play with the Scarlet hue:
And *Marg'ret* too must be peeping,
To see the Troopers, &c.

The Landladys are preparing,
Her Maids are shifting their Smocks;
Each swears she'll buy her a Fairing,
And opens her *Christmas-box:*
She'll give it all to the Red-coats,
When as the Troopers, &c.

Jenny

Jenny she lov'd a Trooper,
And she shew'd her all her Gear;
Doll has turn'd off the Cooper,
And now for a Grenadier:
His hand Grenadoes they will please her,
When as the Troopers, &c.

Old musty Maids that have Money,
Although no Teeth in their Heads;
May have a Bit for their Bunny,
To pleasure them in their Beds:
Their Hearts will turn to the Red-coats,
When as the Troopers, &c.

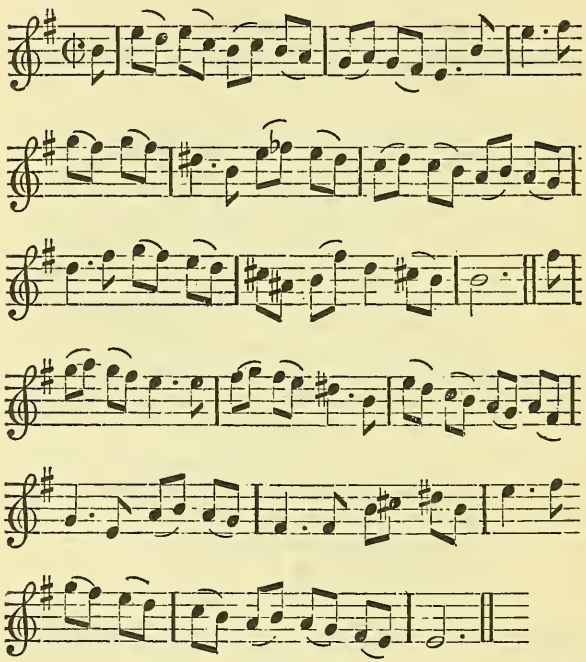
The Widdows now are a Singing,
And have thrown their Peaks aside;
For they have been us'd to stinging,
When their Garters were unty'd:
But the Red-coats they will tye 'em,
When as the Troopers, &c.

Wives and Widdows and Maidens,
I'm sure this News will please ye;
If any with Maiden-heads laden,
The Red-coats they will ease ye:
Then all prepare to be happy,
To see the Troopers all come Home, &c.

A SONG. *Tune of* Old Boree.

COME *Cælia* come, let's sit and talk a while,
About the Affairs of Loving:
Let a mutual Kiss our Cares and Fears beguile,
Far distant from this Grove:
Let's pass our Time in Mirth away,
Now we're remov'd from the noisy, noisy Court;
Now we're got out of the stormy Sea,
Into the safer Port.

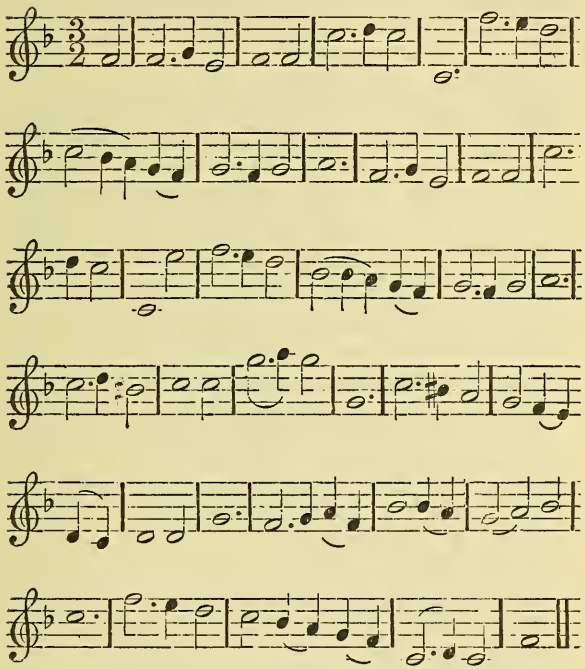
A SONG. *Set by Mr.* Damascene.



WHO can *Dorinda's* Beauty view,
And not her Captive be;
Apollo, *Daphne* did pursue,
Embraced the Maid, though chang'd to a Tree:
If God's could love at such a rate,
Poor Mortals must adore:
Dorinda's Merit is as great;
'Tis just, 'tis just to love her more.

A

A HYMN *upon the Execution of two* CRIMINALS, *by Mr.* RAMONDON.



ALL you that must take a leap in the Dark,
Pity the Fate of *Lawson* and *Clark;*
Cheated by Hope, by Mercy amus'd,
Betray'd by the sinful ways we us'd:
Cropp'd in our Prime of Strength and Youth,
Who can but weep at so sad a Truth;
Cropp'd in our Prime, &c.

Once

Once we thought 'twould never be Night,
But now alass 'twill never be light;
Heavenly mercy shine on our Souls,
Death draws near, hark, *Sepulchres* Bell Toles:
Nature is stronger in Youth than in Age,
Grant us thy Spirit Lord Grief to assuage:

Courses of Evil brought us to this,
Sinful Pleasure, deceitful Bliss:
We ne'er shou'd have cause so much to repent,
Could we with our Callings have been but Content:
The Snares of Wine and Women fair,
First were the cause that we now Despair.

You that now view our fatal End,
Warn'd by our Case your Carriage mend;
Soon or late grim Death will come,
Who'd not prepare for a certain Doom:
Span long Life with lifeless Joys,
What's in this World but care and noise.

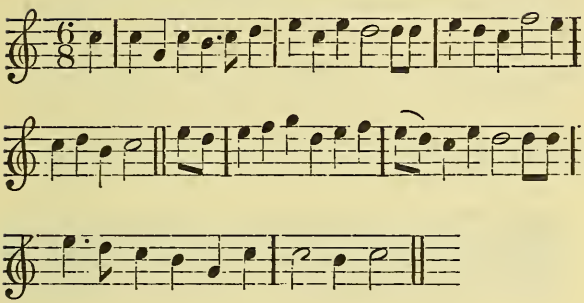
Youth, tho' most blest by being so,
As vast thy Joy, as great thy Woe;
Ev'ry Sin that gives Delight,
Will in the end the Soul affright:
'Tis not thy Youth, thy Wealth nor Strength,
Can add to Life one Moments length.

God is as Merciful as Just,
Cleanse our Hearts, since die we must:
Sweet Temptations of worldly Joys,
Makes for our Grief, and our Peace destroys,
Think then when Man his Race has run,
Death is the Prize which he has won.

Sure there's none so absurd and odd,
To think with the Fool there is no God;
What is't we fear when Death we meet,
Where't not t' account at the Judgment-Seat:
That Providence we find each Hour,
Proves a supernatural Power;
In Mercy open thy bright Abode,
Receive our Souls tremendous God.

The

The British ACCOUNTANT.



YOU Ladies draw near, I can tell you good News,
If you please to give Ear, or else you may Choose ;
Of a *British Accountant* that's Frolick and free,
Who does wondrous Feats by the Rule of Three.

Addition, *Division*, and other such Rules,
I'll leave to be us'd by your Scribling Fools ;
This Art is Improv'd unto such a Degree,
That he manages all by the Rule of Three.

You Dames that are Wed who can make it appear,
That you lose an Estate for want of an Heir :
This *Accountant* will come without e'er a Fee,
And warrants a Boy by his Rule of Three.

Is the Widdow distress'd for the loss of her Spouse,
Tho' to have him again she cares not a Louse ;
Her Wants he supplys whatsoever they be,
And all by his Art in the Rule of Three.

Do you Dream in the Night and fret at your Fate,
For want of the Man when you happen to wake ;
You may presently send and satisfy'd be,
That he Pacifies all by the Rule of Three.

You

You Ladies who are with a Husband unblest,
And are minded to make him a delicate Beast;
He'll fix the Brow-antlers just where they should be,
And all by his Art in the Rule of Three.

You Lasses at large of the true Female Race,
Who are glad of the Men who will lye on their Face;
Do but try the bold *Britton*, you all will agree,
That you never did know such a Rule of Three.

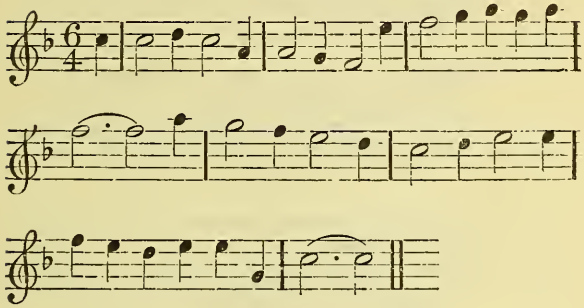
A SONG. *Set by Mr.* FRANK.

THE Night is come that will allow,
No longer any Coyness now,
But every freedom must to Love be given;
What tho' the Shadows of the Night,
Withdraw her Beauty from his sight,
The Youth another way, another way,
Another way will find his Heav'n.

See, see the charming Nymph is lay'd,
Never again to rise a Maid,
The vigorous Bridegroom now impatient grown;
Thrown himself by her side,
With eager Joy, and amourous Pride,
Ready to seize the Prey that's now his own.

And now that all have left the Place,
Transporting Joys crowd on apace,
The Nymph contends like one that would not win;
Entrain'd with Pleasure now she lies,
The Youth has gain'd the noble Prize,
And now her Fears are past, and Joys begin.

A SONG. *The Words by Mr.* ESCOURT.



YOU tell me *Dick* you've lately read
That we are beaten in *Spain;*
But prithee Boy hold up thy Head,
We'll beat 'em twice for it again
With a Fal la la la la la la la.

Is this the Courage you us'd to boast,
Why thou art quite cast down;
You can reflect on what we've lost,
But ne'er think what we've won,
With a Fal, &c.

What tho' *Jack Spaniard* crack and bounce,
He ne'er shall do so again;
We took last Year as many Towns,
As they have now took Men,
With a Fal, &c.

In War and Gaming it is the same,
According to the old Saying;
Who's sure to conquer ev'ry Game,
Quite loses the Pleasure of playing:
With a Fal, &c.

I think we have a Man of our own,
A Man if I may call him so;
For after those great Deeds he has done,
I may question if he's so or no,
With a Fal, &c.

But now if you wou'd know his Name,
'Tis *Johnny Marlborough;*
The beaten *French* has felt his Fame,
And so shall the Spaniards too,
With a Fal, &c.

And since we cannot Justice do,
To ev'ry Victory;
In a full Glass our Zeal let's show,
To our General's Family,
With a Fal, &c.

For he has Eight fair Daughters,
And each of them is a Charmer;
There's Lady *Railton*, *Bridgwater*,
Fine *Sunderland*, Lady *Mount-Hermer*,
With a Fal, &c.

The other Four so Charming are,
They will with Raptures fill ye;
There's Lady *Hochstet*, *Schellenburgh*,
Bright *Blenheim*, and Lady *Ramillie*,
With a Fal, &c.

The last were got so fair and strong,
As in Story ne'er was told;
The first Four always will be Young,
And the last will never be Old,
With a Fal, &c.

At ev'ry Feast, e'er we are all deceas'd,
And the Service begins to be hard;
'Tis surely your Duty, to Toast a young Beauty,
Call'd Madamosel *Audenard*,
With a Fal, &c.

All

All Joy to his Grace, for the ninth of his Race,
She's as fair as most of the former;
But where is that he, dare so impudent be,
To compare her to Lady *Mount-Hermer*,
With a Fal, &c.

And now to make thy Hopes more strong,
And make you look like a Man;
Remember that all these belong,
To the Queen of Great *Britain*,
With a Fal, &c.

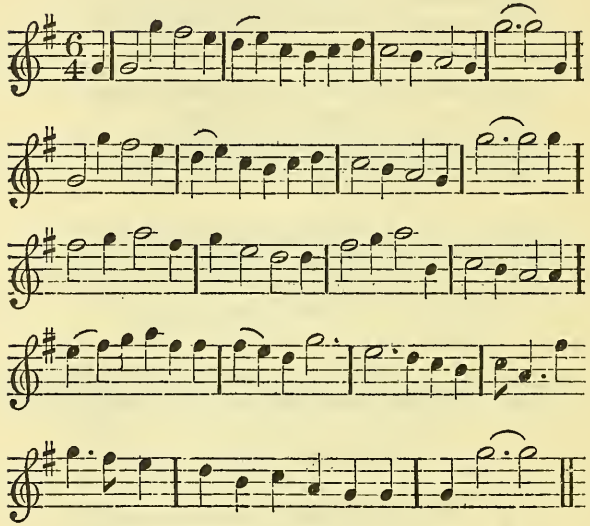
Then prithee *Dick* hold up thy Head,
Altho' we were beaten in *Spain;*
As sure as Scarlet Colour is Red,
We'll beat them twice for it again:
With a Fal, &c.

A SONG.

LET those Youths who Freedom prize,
Far from the conquering *Sylvia* run,
Never see her killing Eyes,
Or hear her soft enchanting Tongue:
For such sure Destruction waits,
On those Darts with which she wounds;
No shepherd ever can escape,
But falls if *Sylvia* does but Frown.

Damon to his cost has prov'd,
All resistance is but vain;
Heaven has form'd her to be lov'd,
And made her Queen of all the Plain:
Damon when he saw her Face,
From her Beauty would have fled;
But the Charmer turn'd her Voice,
And with a Song she struck him dead.

A SONG.



YOUR Melancholy's all a Folly,
The Peace I'm sure is Sign'd;
The *French* are for't, so is our Court,
And the *Dutch* must be inclin'd:
What is't to us who's King of *Spain*,
So we are Masters of the Main,
Our Fleet must always the Trade maintain,
If we are not Banter'd and Bubbl'd.
And Cheated and Banter'd and Bubbl'd.

We very well know when *Marlborough*,
Did take the Towns in *Flanders;*
'Twas *English-men*, did pay for them,
Tho' they put in *Dutch* Commanders;

So

So that while we were humbling *France*,
Hollands Power we did advance,
And made 'em Great at our expence,
And so we were Banter'd, *&c.*

We must suppose, the Whigs are Foes,
When Treatys they will Sign a;
To give the *Dutch* so plaguy much,
And call it the Barrier Line a:
For how can we Great *Europe* Sway,
Or keep the Ballance every way,
I fear we shall pay for't another Day,
For we have been Banter'd, *&c.*

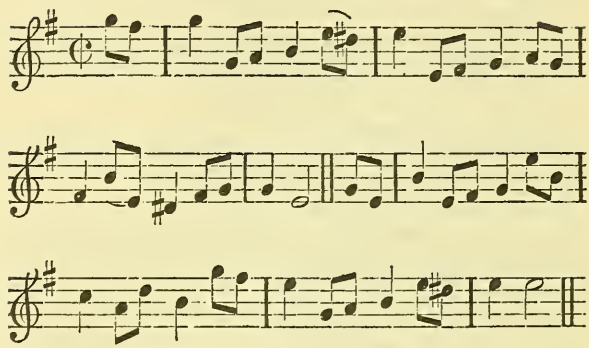
For Liberty, and Property,
'Twas once we us'd to Fight;
'Gainst Popery, and Slavery,
We did it with our Might:
But now the Taxes make us poor,
The Emperor may Swear and roar,
We neither can nor will do more,
For we have been Banter'd, *&c.*

Fanaticks then, are now the Men,
Who Kingly Pow'r divide;
Their Villany to Monarchy,
'Tis makes 'em *France* deride:
If *Hollanders* wou'd choose a King,
As much as now their Praises Sing,
They wou'd Curse, and Damn, and Fling,
And cry they were Banter'd, *&c.*

I swear adsnigs, the Canting Whigs,
Have run their Knavish Race;
The Church and Queen, are Flourishing,
Now they are in Disgrace:
Great *Harly* he has set us right,
And *France* will banish *Perkenite*,
So we're no more the *Holland* Bite,
Nor will we be Banter'd and Bubbl'd,
And Cheated and Banter'd and Bubbl'd.

The

The MOHOCKS. *A* SONG.



THERE's a new set of Rakes,
Entitled Mohocks,
Who infest Her Majesties Subjects;
He who meets 'em at Night,
Must be ready for flight,
Or withstanding he many a Drub gets.

In their nightly Patrole,
They up and down rowle,
To the Bodily fear of the Nation;
Some say they are Gentle-
men, otherwise Simple,
And their Sense like their Reputation.

Others say that the Van's
Led by Noblemen,
Tho' to Forreigners this will but sound ill;
But let 'em take care,
How they manage th' Affair;
For a Lord may be kill'd by a Scoundrel.

Some

Some count it a Plot,
And the Lord knows what,
Contriv'd by the Whigs out of Season;
But shou'd it be so,
By the *High-Church* or *Low*,
Rebellion was always high Treason.

Fie, curb the Disgrace,
'Tis imprudent and base,
Pray take the advice of a Stranger;
But if you go on,
Like Fools as ye've done,
When ye're Hang'd ye'll be quite out of Danger.

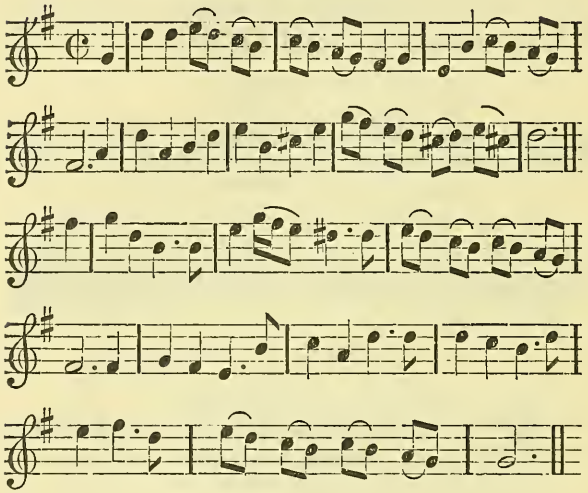
Tune *of Joy to the Bridegroom.*

MY *Theodora* can those Eyes,
From whence those Glories always shine:
Give light to every Soul that prys,
And only be obscure to mine:
Give light to every Soul that prys,
And only be obscure to mine.

Send out one Beam t' enrich my Soul,
That doth in Clouds of darkness roul;
And chase away this gloomy Shade,
That in my Breast a Hell has made:
And chase away this gloomy Shade,
That in my Breast a Hell has made.

Where fire burns, where Flame is bright,
Yet I the Comfort want of light:
O shine, then shine upon the Man,
That else in Darkness is undone:
O shine, then shine upon the Man,
That else in Darkness is undone.

A SONG *in Praise of* BEGGING: *Or, the Beggars Rivall'd.*



THO' Begging is an honest Trade,
Which wealthy Knaves despise;
Yet Rich Men may be Beggars made,
And we that Beg may rise:
The greatest Kings may be betray'd,
And lose their Sov'raign Power,
But he that stoops to ask his Bread,
But he that stoops to ask his Bread,
Can never fall much lower.

What lazy Foreigns Swarm'd of late,
Has spoil'd our Begging-trade;
Yet still we live and drink good Beer,
Tho' they our Rights invade:

Some

Some say they for Religion fled,
But wiser People tell us,
They were forc'd Abroad to seek their Bread,
For being too Rebellious

Let heavy Taxes greater grow,
To make our Army fight;
Where 'tis not to be had you know,
The King must lose his Right:
Let one side laugh, the other mourn,
We nothing have to fear;
But that great Lords will Beggars be,
To be as great as we are.

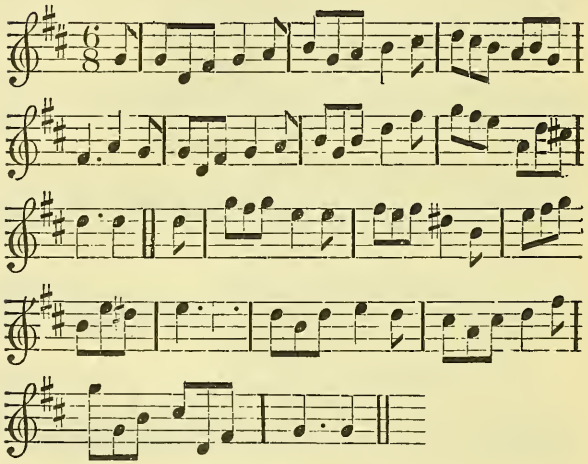
What tho' we make the World believe,
That we are Sick or lame;
'Tis now a Virtue to Deceive,
Our Teachers do the same:
In Trade Dissembling is no crime,
And we may live to see;
That Begging in a little time,
The only Trade will be.

Tune, *Let* CÆSAR *rejoyce.*

ALPHONZO, if you Sir,
Your Heart have resign'd;
Take care what you do, Sir,
For a Lover is blind.

Beware of the Snare,
That for Lovers is laid:
Beware of the Fair,
But more treacherous Maid:
For when tir'd with the Joy,
Of a Minutes delight;
You'll repent the next Morn,
What you did over Night.

A new BALLAD, *Sung at* Messieurs Brook *and* Hellier's *Club, at the* Temple-*Tavern in* Fleet-Street.



SINCE *Tom's* in the Chair, and e'ery one here
Appears in Gay humour and easie;
Say, why shou'd not I, a new Ballad try,
Bright Brethren o'th' Bottle to please ye.
This Wine is my Theme, this is all on's Esteem,
For *Brook* and *Hellier* cannot wrong us;
Let them get Wealth, who keeps us in Health,
By bringing neat Liquors among us,
Let them get Wealth, &c.

Each Vintner of late, has got an Estate,
By Brewing and Sophistication:
With Syder and Sloes, they've made a damn'd Dose,
Has Poisoned one half of the Nation:

But

But *Hellier* and *Brook*, a Method have took,
To prove them all Scoundrels and Noddys;
And shew'd us a way which (if we don't stray)
Will save both our Pockets and Bodies.

This generous Juice, brisk Blood will produce,
And stupid ones raise to the bonny'st:
Make Poets and Wits, of you that are Cits,
And Lawyers (if possible) honest:
If any are Sick, or find themselves Weak,
With Symptoms of Gout or the Scurvy;
This will alone, the Doctor must own,
Probatum est Healthy preserve ye.

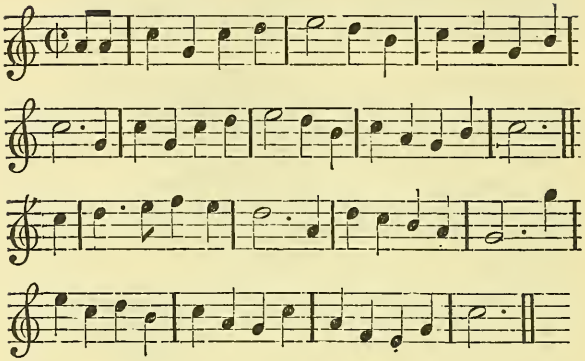
Have any here Wives, that lead 'em sad lives,
For you know what pouting and storming;
Then drink of this Wine, and it will incline,
The weakest to vig'rous performing:
Each Spouse will say then, pray go there agen,
Tho' Money for the reck'ning you borrow;
Nay, for so much Bub, here I'll pay your Club,
So go there agen Dear to morrow.

Tho' one drinks red Port, another's not for't,
But chuses *Vienna* or White-Wine;
Each takes what suits best, his Stomach or Tast,
Yet e'ery one's sure he drinks right Wine;
Thus pledg'd we all sit, and thus we are knit,
In Friendship together the longer;
As Musick in Parts, enlivens our Hearts,
And renders the Harmony stronger.

Now God bless the Queen, Peers, Parliament Men,
And keep 'em like us in true Concord;
And grant that all those, who dare be her Foes,
At *Tyburn* may swing in a strong Cord;
We'll Loyalists be, and bravely agree,
With Lives and Estates to defend Her;
So then she'll not care, come Peace or come War,
For *Lewis*, the *Pope*, or *Pretender*.

The

The LONDON PRENTICE.



A Worthy *London* Prentice,
Came to his Love by Night;
The Candles were lighted,
The Moon did shine so bright:
He knocked at the Door,
To ease him of his Pain;
She rose and let him in Love,
And went to Bed again.

He went into the Chamber,
Where his true Love did lye;
She quickly gave consent,
For to have his Company:
She quickly gave consent,
The Neighbours peeping out;
So take away your Hand,
Love let's blow the Candle out.

I would not for a Crown Love,
My Mistress should it know;
I'll in my Smock step down Love,
And I'll out the Candle blow;

The

The Streets they are so nigh,
And the People walk about;
Some may peep in and spy Love,
Let's blow the Candle out.

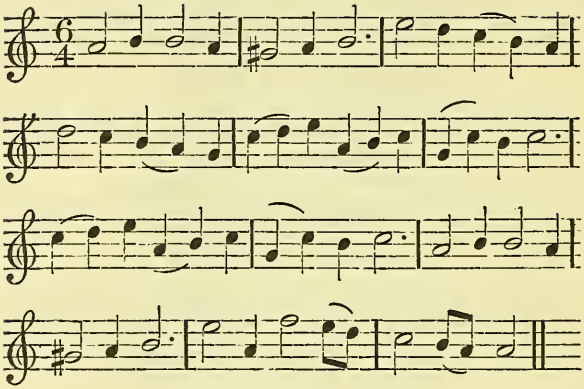
My Master and my Mistress,
Upon the Bed do lye;
Injoying one another,
Why should not you and I:
My Master kiss'd my Mistress,
Without any fear or doubt;
And we'll kiss one another,
Let's blow the Candle out.

I prithee speak more softly,
Of what we have to do;
Least that our noise of Talking,
Should make our Pleasure rue:
For kissing one another,
Will make no evil rout;
Then let us now be silent,
And blow the Candle out.

But yet he must be doing,
He could no longer stay;
She strove to blow the Candle out,
And push'd his Hand away:
The young Man was so hasty,
To lay his Arms about;
But she cryed I pray Love,
Let's blow the Candle out.

As this young Couple sported,
The Maiden she did blow;
But how the Candle went out,
Alas I do not know:
Said she I fear not now, Sir,
My Master nor my Dame;
And what this Couple did, Sir,
Alas I dare not Name.

A SONG *out of the* GUARDIAN.



OH the Charming Month of *May*,
When the Breezes fan the Trees, is
Full of Blossoms fresh and gay,
Full of Blossoms fresh and gay:
Oh the Charming Month of *May*,
Charming, Charming Month of *May*.

Oh what Joys our Prospect yields,
In a new Livery when we see every,
Bush and Meadow, Tree and Field, *&c*,
Oh what Joys, *&c*. Charming Joys, *&c*.

Oh how fresh the Morning Air,
When the Zephirs and the Hephirs,
Their Odoriferous Breaths compare,
Oh how fresh, *&c*. Charming fresh, *&c*.

Oh how fine our Evenings walk,
When the Nightingale delighting,
With her Songs suspends our Talk,
Oh how fine, *&c*. Charming fine, *&c*.

Oh

Oh how sweet at Night to Dream,
On mossy Pillows by the trillows,
Of a gentle Purling Stream,
Oh how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.

Oh how kind the Country Lass,
Who her Cows bilking, leaves her Milking,
For a green Gown upon the Grass,
Oh how kind, &c. Charming kind, &c.

Oh how sweet it is to spy,
At the Conclusion, her deep confusion,
Blushing Cheeks and down cast Eye,
Oh how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.

Oh the Charming Curds and Cream,
When all is over she gives her Lover,
Who on her Skimming-dish carves her Name,
Oh the Charming Curds and Cream,
Charming, Charming Curds and Cream.

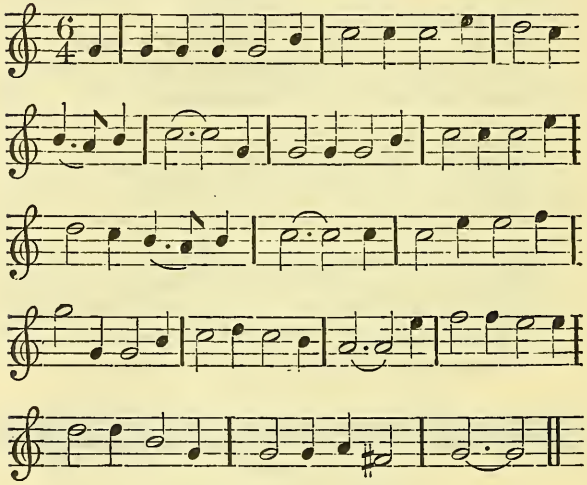
Tune, *Hopes farewel.*

FATES I defie, I defie your Advances,
Since *Cælia* has crown'd
My true Love with a Smile;
I'll laugh at your Darts,
Your Arrows and Lances,
Since her Bosom abounds,
With the Pleasures of Nile.

You shall never,
Me from her sever,
Since that my *Cælia* has thrown by her Scorn:
Then forbear,
To come so near,
For I from *Cælia* can never be torn.

The

The Country FARMER'S *Campaign: By the Author of* Banter'd and Bubbl'd, *&c.*



OH *Roger* I've been to see *Eugene*,
By *Villars* over-reach'd;
And that *Dutch* Earl, great *Albermarle*,
So foolishly Detach'd:
For *Phil* of *Spain*, saw *Doway* tain,
And *Quesnoy* close beset;
Saw *Frenchmen* grin, at Count *Rechstrin*,
And *Dutchmen* in a Sweat.

With both my Eyes *Auxillaries*,
I saw desert our Cause;
Old *Zinzendorf* did buy 'em off,
But never stopp'd their Maws:

Whilst

Whilst ORMOND he most orderly,
Did march them towards *Ghent;*
The *German* Dogs, with great *Dutch* Hogs,
Their towns against him Pent.

Were not we mad to spend our Blood,
And weighty Treasure so;
Do they deserve, that we should serve,
Adad we'll make them know:
They'll be afraid, of Peace and Trade,
And downfal of the Whigs;
Our glorious ANN, with *France* and *Spain*,
Will dance then many a Jigg.

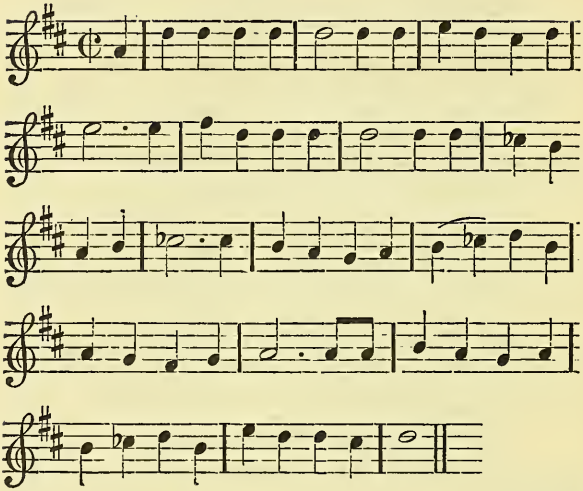
If they have a mind, 'fore Peace be Sign'd,
To own Great ANNA's Power;
Such Terms she'll get, as she thinks fit,
And they shall have no more:
Great *Oxford's* Earl, that weighty Pearl,
And Minister of State:
With *Bollingbrook*, I swear adzooks,
Old *England* will be great.

We Farmers then, shall be fine Men,
And Money have good store;
Their Whigish Tax they'll have with a Pox,
When Monarchy's no more:
My Son I'm sure, will ne'er endure,
To pay their plaguy Funds;
'Tis with reproach, they ride in Coach,
It makes me mad Ads—

For twenty Years, with Popish fears,
We have been Banter'd much;
With Liberty, and Property,
And our very good Friends the *Dutch:*
But now I hope, our Eyes are ope,
And *France* is more Sincere;
Then *Emperor* with all his stir,
Or Dounders Divil myn Heir.

Straw-

STRAWBERY.



OF all the handsome Ladies,
Of whom the Town do talk;
Who do frequent the *Opera's*,
And in the Park do walk:
The many lovely Beauties,
There are who do excel;
Yet my *Strawbery*, my *Strawbery*,
Does bear away the Bell.

Some cry up Madam *Mar*—
For this thing and for that;
And some her Grace of *Sh*—
Tho' she grows something fat:
And tho' I love her *Ma*—
And all her Ladies well,
Yet my *Strawbery*, &c.

The

The Kit Cat and the Toasters,
Did never care a Fig;
For any other Beauty,
Besides the little Whig:
But for all that Sir *Harry*,
That witty Knight can tell,
'Tis my *Strawbery*, &c.

The red Coats think the *Ch—ls*,
The Fairest in the Land;
Because the D. their Father,
The Ar—y does Command:
But the noble D. of *B—*
Who does all Dukes excel,
Says my *Strawbery*, &c.

Tune, *Now the Fight's done.*

NOW, now the Night's come,
And the great God of Love
Lyes lurking in Shades,
His bright Arrows to prove:

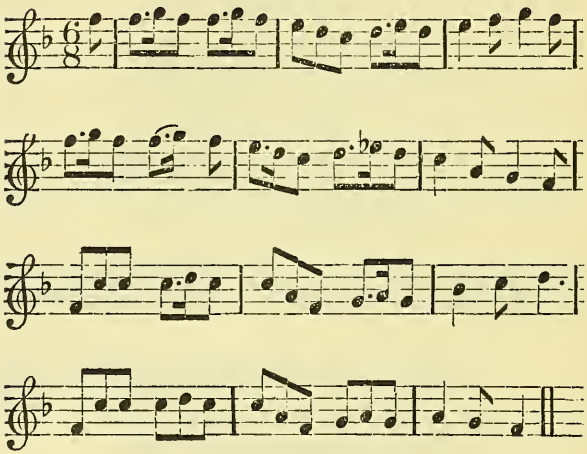
He laughs at our Rest,
And he Darts at our Hearts;
And a Will that won't still,
To each Lover imparts.

He smiles when he feels
The sharp point of his Dart;
And tho' our Breast's Steel,
Yet he drives to the Heart.

Whilst we court and we play,
He makes a full pass;
And ne'er does delay,
'Till we're link'd on the Grass.

The

The SCOTCH *Wedding: Or, Lass with the Golden Hair.*



NOW *Jockey* and *Moggy* are ready,
To gang to the Kirk to sped;
As fine as a Laird or Lady,
For they are resolv'd to wed:
Come aw let's awa to the Wedding,
For there will be Lilting there;
Jockey'll be Married to *Moggy*,
The Lass with the Golden Hair,

And for a whole Month together,
Brisk *Jockey* a wooing went;
'Till *Moggy's* Mother and Vather,
At last gave their Consent,
Come aw let's, &c.

And

And there'll be long Keel and Pottage,
And bannarks of Barly Meal;
And ther'll be good Sawt Herring,
To relish a Cogue of good Ale,
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be *Sawney* the Soater,
And *Will* with muckle mow;
And there'll be *Tommy* the Blutter,
And *Andrew* the Tinker I trow,
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be Bow-legg'd *Bobby*,
And thumbless *Kate's* geud Man;
And there'll be blue cheek'd *Dolly*,
And *Luwry* the Laird of the Land,
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be low lipper *Betty*,
And pluggy fac'd *Wat* of the Mill;
And there'll be farnicled *Huggy*,
That wins at the Ho of the Hill,
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be *Annester Dowgale*,
That splay footed *Betty* did wooe;
And mincing *Bessey* and *Tibely*,
And *Chrisly*, the Belly gut Sow,
Come aw let's, &c.

And *Craney* that marry'd *Steney*,
That lost him his Brick till his Arse;
And after was hang'd for stealing,
It's well that it happen'd no worse,
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be hopper-ars'd *Nancy*,
And *Sarey* fac'd *Fenny* by Name;
Glud *Kate* and fat legg'd *Lissey*,
The Lass with the codling Wem.
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be *Fenny* go Gibby,
And his glack'd Wife *Fenny Bell;*
And messed skin blosen *Fordy*,
The Lad that went Scipper himsel.
Come aw let's, &c.

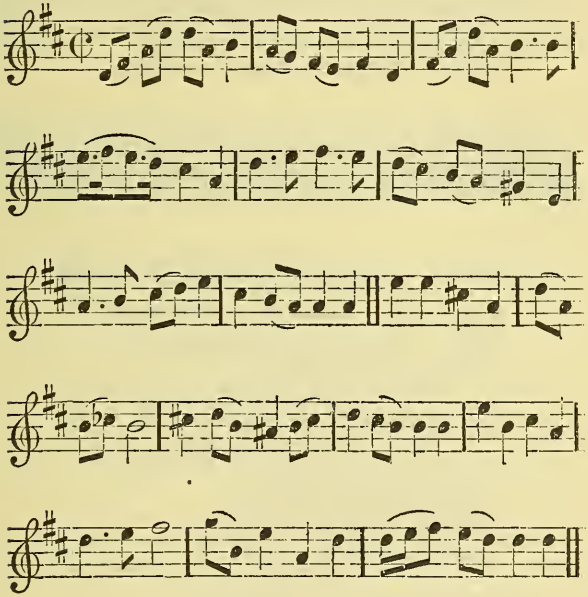
There'll be all the Lads and Lasses,
Set down in the middle of the Hall;
To Sybouse, and Rastack, and Carlings,
They are both sodden and raw.
Come aw let's, &c.

There'll be Tart Perry and Catham,
And Fish of geud Gabback and Skate;
Prosody, and Dramuck and Brandy,
And Collard, Neats-feet in a Plate.
Come aw let's, &c.

And there'll be Meal, Kell and Castocks,
And skink to sup 'till you rive;
And Roaches to roast on the Gridiron,
And Flukes that were tane alive,
Come aw let's, &c.

Cropt head Wilks and Pangles,
And a Meal of good sweting to ney;
And when you're all burst with eating,
We'll rise up and Dance 'till we dey:
Come aw let's awaw to the Wedding,
For there will be Lilting there;
Jockey'll *be marry'd to* Moggy,
The Lass with the Golden Hair.

The Mistresses: A SONG *Set by Mr.* JAMES TOWNSEND, *the Words by Mr.* ROLFE.



LAVIA would, but dare not venture,
Fear so much o'er-rules her Passion;
Chloe suffers all to enter,
Subjects Fame to Inclination:
Neither's Method I admire,
Either is in Love displeasing;
Chloe's fondness gluts desire
Lavia's Cowardise is Teazing.

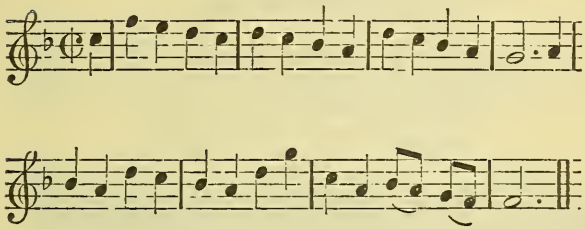
Cælia by a Wiser Measure,
In one faithful Swains embraces;
Pays a private Debt to Pleasure,
Yet for Chast in publick Passes:
Fair ones follow *Cælia's* Notion,
Free from fear and censure wholly;
Love, but let it be with Caution,
For Extreams are Shame or Folly.

A SONG. *Set by an Eminent Master.*

WHEN embracing my Friends,
And quaffing Champain;
Dull Phlegmatick Spleen,
Thou assault'st me in vain;
Dull Phlegmatick Spleen,
Thou assault'st me in vain:
My Pleasures flow pure,
Without Taint or Allay;
And each Glass that I drink,
Inspires with new Joy.

My Pleasures thus heighten'd,
No Improvement receive;
But what the dear Sight
Of my *Phillis* can give:
The Charms of her Eyes,
The Force of my Wine,
Do then in Harmonious Confed'racy joyn:
To wrap me with Joys,
To wrap me with Joys,
Seraphick, Seraphick, and Divine.

A TENEMENT *to Let.*



I Have a Tenement to Let,
I hope will please you all,
And if you'd know the Name of it,
'Tis called *Cunny Hall.*

It's seated in a Pleasant Vale,
Beneath a rising Hill;
This Tenement is to be Let,
To whosoe'er I will.

For Years, for Months, for Weeks or Days,
I'll let this famous Bow'r;
Nay rather than a Tennant want,
I'd let it for an Hour.

There's round about a pleasant Grove,
To shade it from the Sun;
And underneath is Well water
That pleasantly does run.

Where if you're hot you may be cool'd,
If cold you may find heat;
It is a well contrived Spring,
Not little nor too great.

The place is very Dark by Night,
And so it is by Day;
But when you once are enter'd in,
You cannot lose your way.

And when you're in, go boldly on,
As far as e'er you can;
And if you reach to the House top,
You'll be where ne'er was Man.

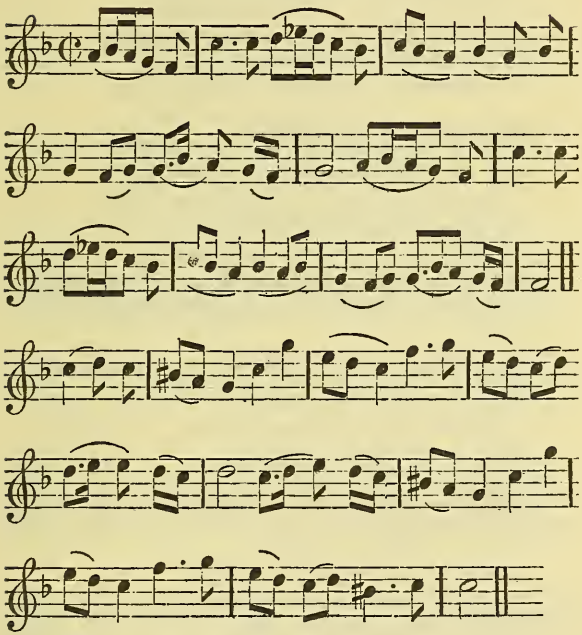
Tune, *Draw* Cupid *Draw.*

HERE, *Chloe* hear,
And do not turn away,
From my Desire, but quench my Fire.
And my Love's flames allay:
And let my Song go along,
Unto Compassion move;
And make you kind,
And bend your mind,
And melt you into Love.

If *Chloe* Loves, and Constant proves,
Oh! happy, happy then am I;
But if that she unconstant be,
And do's delight to rove:
As sure as Gun,
I am undone,
And shan't have power to move.

Fashio-

Fashionable Shepherdess, *Set by Mr.* Ramondon.



AT the break of morning light,
When the marbled Sky look gay;
Nature self all perfect bright,
Smil'd to see the God of Day:
Charming prospect, verdant Trees,
Azure Hill, enamell'd Sky;
Birds with warbling Throats to please,
Striving each which shall outvey.

Lisbea

Lisbea then with wond'rous hast,
O'er a green sword Plain she flew;
Thus my Angel as she past,
The Eyes of ev'ry Shepherd drew:
When they had the Nymph espyed,
All amazed cry'd there she goes;
Thus by blooming Beauty tryed,
Thought a second Sun arose.

Ev'ry Swain the Sun mistook.
Dazled by refulgent Charms;
And with Joy their Flocks forsook,
For to follow Love's Alarms:
All 'till now were perfect Friends,
Bound by Innocence and Truth;
'Till sly Love to gain his ends,
Made a difference 'twixt each Youth.

Each expected which should be,
Made the happy Man by Love;
While for want of Liberty,
None could truly happy prove:
But at length they all arriv'd,
To a charming easie Grove;
Where the Nymph had well contriv'd,
To be happy with her Love.

There in amorous folding twin'd,
Strephon with his *Lisbea* lay;
Both to mutual Joys enclin'd,
Let their Inclinations stray:
As the curling Vines embracing,
Fondly of the Oak around;
So the blooming Nymphs caressing,
Of her Swain with pleasure crown'd.

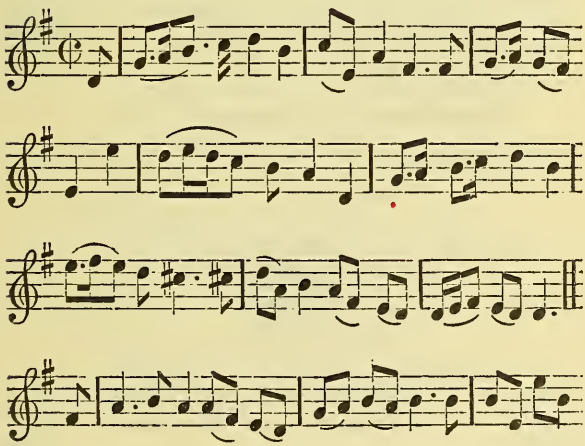
How surpriz'd were ev'ry Swain,
When they found the Nymph engaged;
Disappointment heighten'd Pain,
'Till it made them more enraged:

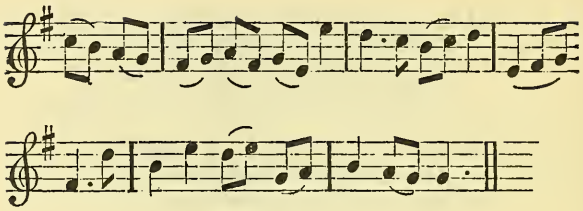
Arm

Arm your self with Resolution,
Cry'd the most revengeful he;
We'll contrive her Swains Confusion,
Let him fall as much as we.

Several Punishments they Invented,
For to Torture helpless he;
All revengeful, ne'er contented,
Cruel to a vast Degree:
One more envious in the rear,
Thus his Sentiments let slip;
Make him like the Cavalier,
And for the *Opera* him Equip.

A Scotch SONG *in the Play call'd* Love at first Sight: *Set by the late Mr.* JER. CLARK.

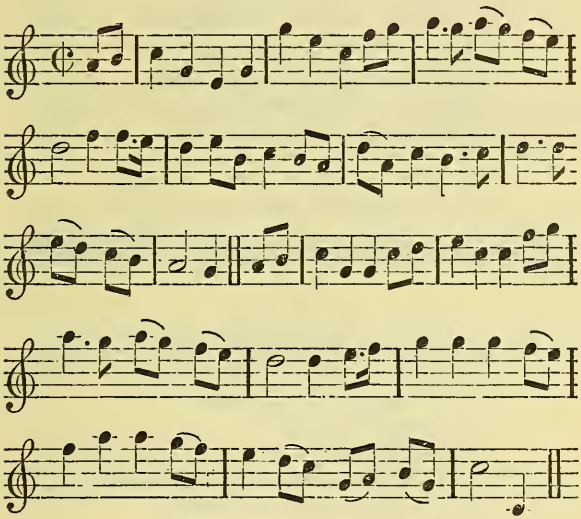




THE Rosey Morn lukes blith and Gay,
The Lads and Lasses on the Plain;
Her bonny, bonny sports pass o'er the Day,
And leave poor *Jenny* tol complain:
My *Sawndy's* grown a faithless Loon,
And given, given *Moggy* that wild Heart;
Which eance he swore was aw my own,
But now weese me I've scarce a part.

Gang thy gate then perjur'd *Sawndy*,
Ise nea mere will Mon believe;
Wou'd Ise nere had trusted any,
They faw Thieves will aw deceive:
But gin ere Ise get mere Lovers,
Ise Dissemble as they do;
For since Lads are grown like Rovers,
Pray why may na Lasses too.

The Restauration: *Or the* Coventry SONG. 1710.



THE Restauration now's the Word,
A blessed Revolution;
That has secur'd the Church, the Crown,
And *England's* Constitution:
May ev'ry Loyal Soul rejoice,
May Whigs and Canters mourn, Sir;
Who ever thought that *Coventry*,
Shou'd make a due Return, Sir.

We Rally'd the Church-Militant,
And fell to work ding-dong, Sir;
Craven and *Gery* are the Names,
That do adorn our Song, Sir:

Beau-

Beaufort, *Ormond*, *Rochester*,
And more than we can tell, Sir;
Are Themes that well deserve the Pen,
Of brave *Sacheverell*, Sir.

The glorious Sons of *Warwickshire*,
May justly be commended;
There's ne'er a Member now Elect,
That ever has offended:
Denbigh and *Craven* we esteem,
A Loyal Noble pair, Sir;
And hope to see our worthy Friend,
Great *Bromly* in the Chair, Sir.

A SONG.

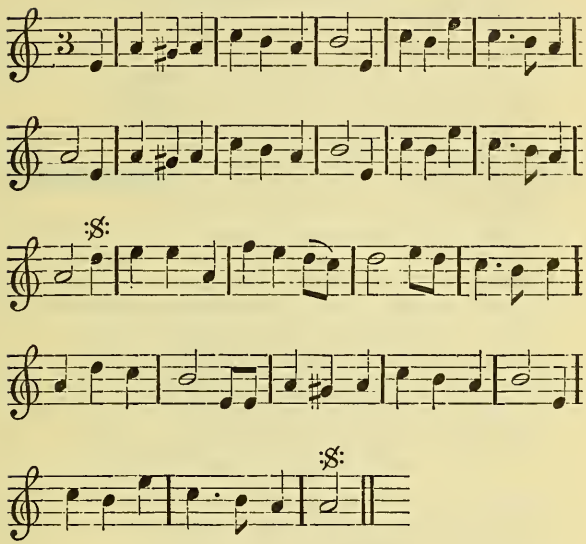
SUCH an happy, happy Life,
Ne'er had any other Wife;
As the loose *Corinna* knows,
Between her Spark,
Her Spark and Spouse:
The Husband lies and winks his Eyes,
The valiant makes Addresses,
The wanton Lady soon complies,
With tenderest Caresses.

The Wife is pleas'd,
The Husband eas'd,
The Lover made a drudge,
His Body's drain'd, his Pocket's squeez'd;
And who'll his Pleasure grudge,
Such an happy, &c.

Corinna's gay,
As Flow'rs in *May*,
And struts with slanting Ayre;
The Lovers for her Pride doth pay,
The Cuckold's free from Care,
Such an happy, &c.

COL-

COLLIN's *Complaint.*



DESPAIRING besides a clear stream,
A Shepherd forsaken was laid ;
And whilst a false Nymph was his Theme,
A Willow supported his Head :
The Winds that blew over the Plain,
To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply ;
And the Brook in return of his Pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas silly Swain that I was,
Thus sadly complaining he cry'd ;
When first I beheld that fair Face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd :

She

She talk'd, and I blest the dear Tongue,
When she smil'd 'twas a Pleasure too great ;
I listned, and cry'd when she Sung,
Was Nightingale ever so sweet.

How foolish was I to believe,
She cou'd doat on so lowly a Clown ;
Or that a fond Heart wou'd not grieve,
To forsake the fine Folk of the Town :
To think that a Beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant wou'd prove ;
Or go clad like our Maidens in Gray,
Or live in a Cottage on Love.

What tho' I have skill to complain,
Tho' the Muses my Temples have crown'd ;
What tho' when they hear my soft Strains,
The Virgins sit weeping around :
Ah *Collin* thy Hopes are in vain,
Thy Pipe and thy Lawrel resign ;
Thy false one inclines to a Swain,
Whose Musick is sweeter than thine.

And you my Companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd ;
Whatever I suffer forbear,
Forbear to accuse my false Maid,
Tho' thro' the wide World we shou'd range,
'Tis in vain from our Fortunes to fly ;
'Twas hers to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be Constant and die.

If whilst my hard Fate I sustain,
In her Breast any Pity is found ;
Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,
And see me laid low in the Ground ;
The last humble Boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with *Cypress* and *Yew ;*
And when she looks down on my Grave,
Let her own that her Shepherd was true.

Then

Then to her new Love let her go,
And deck her in Golden Array;
Be finest at every fine Show,
And Frolick it all the long Day:
Whilst *Collin* forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of or seen;
Unless that beneath the Pale Moon,
His Ghost shall glide over the Green.

The Constant Warrior: *Set by Mr.* Ramondon.

FAREWEL *Chloe*, O farewel,
I'll repair to Wars alarms;
And in foreign Nations tell,
Of your Cruelty and Charms:
Come ye briny Billows rowl,
And convey me from my Soul,
Come ye briny Billows rowl,
And convey me from my Soul:
Since the cruel Fair,
The cause of my Despair,
Has forc'd me hence to go,
Where stormy Winds do blow;
Where raging Seas do toss and mount,
With dangers that I can't recount,
Forgive me showing thus my Woe;
Where raging Seas do toss, &c.

When you hear of Deeds in War,
Acted by your faithful Swain;
Think, oh think, that from afar,
'Twas you conquer'd all were slain:
For by calling on your Name,
I Conquer'd whereso'er I came;
Shou'd my Fate not be,
To keep my Body free,

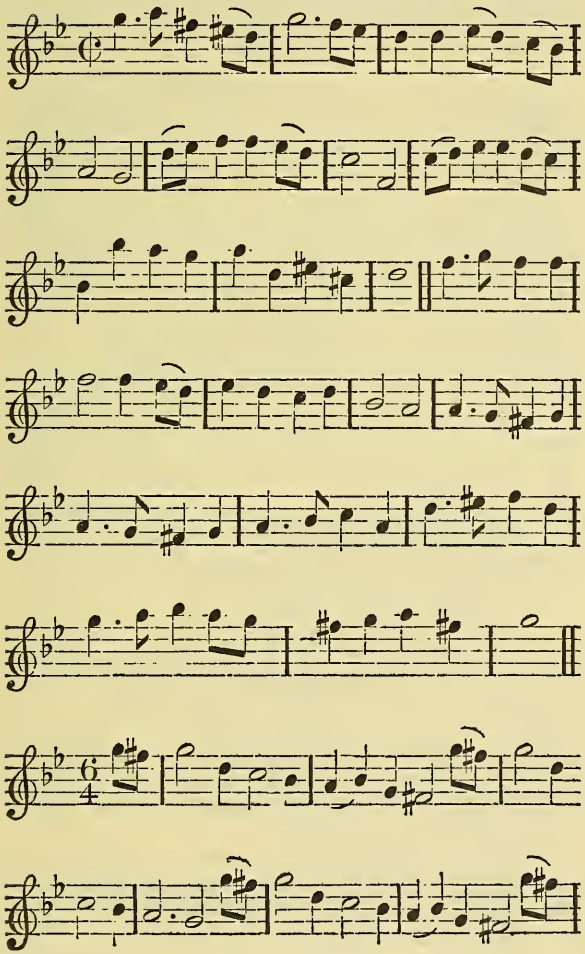
From

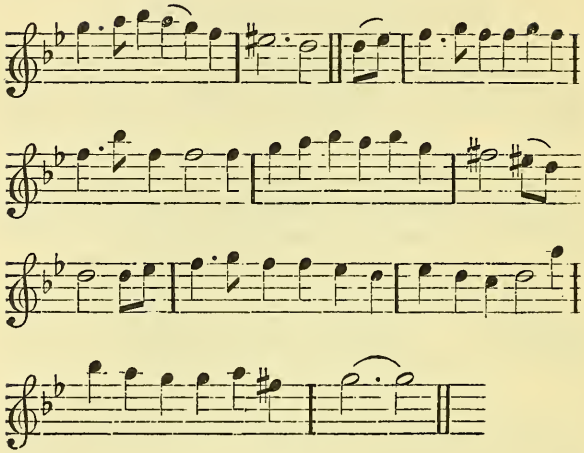
From Wounds and Bruises too,
Whilst Honour I pursue;
'Twou'd raise my Reputation,
My Pain I'd lose in Passion,
And glory that 'twas done for you.

Shou'd grim Death once assail me,
It cou'd never fright your Slave,
Fortune self cou'd never fail me,
Only you can make my Grave:
My Destiny shou'd grant reprieve,
I cou'd not Die, if you said live:
Were it to be found,
In all the World around,
An instance of such Love,
As you in me may prove:
I'd never ask return,
But patiently wou'd burn,
Nor more your generous pity move.

O my guardian Angel say,
Can such proofs your Passion gain;
If it can I'll bless the Day,
That I venture on the Main:
Then with Joy cry Billows rowl,
And convey me to my Soul:
Return with glory Crown'd,
Upon the lowly Ground,
Kneel at your Feet a while,
And there my Fears beguile:
And think my Toyl repaid,
If you'd vouchsafe dear Maid,
To crown my Labours with a Smile.

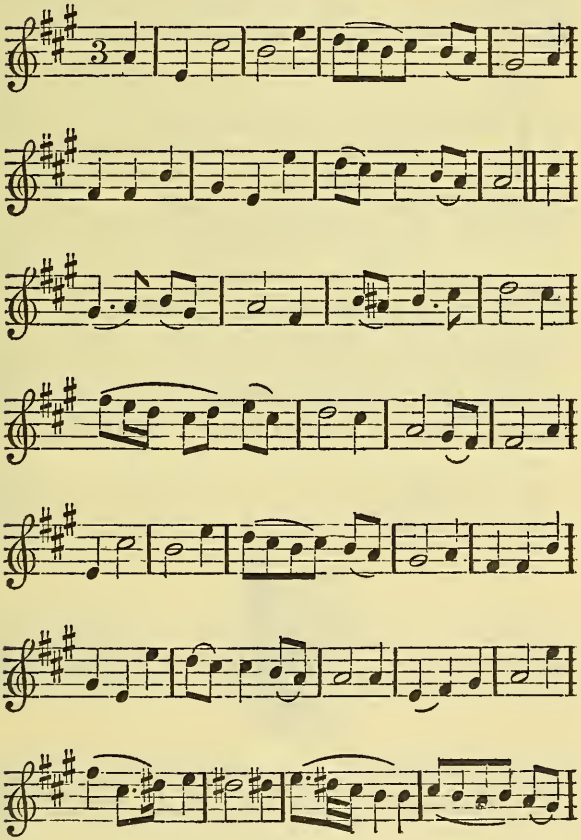
The true Use of the BOTTLE.

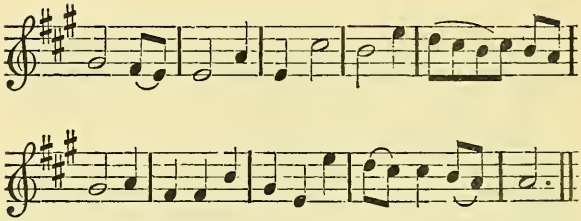




LOVE, the sweets of Love, are the Joys I most admire,
Kind and active Fire,
Of a fierce Desire,
Indulge my Soul, compleat my Bliss;
But th' affected coldness
Of *Cælia* damps my boldness,
I must bow, protest and Vow,
And swear aloud, I wou'd be Proud,
When she with equal Ardour longs to Kiss:
Bring a Bowl, then bring a Jolly Bowl,
I'll quench fond Love within it;
With flowing Cups I'll raise my Soul,
And here's to the happy Minute:
For flush'd with brisk Wine,
When she's panting and warm;
And Nature unguarded lets loose her Mind,
In the Amorous moment the Gipsie I'll find,
Oblige her and take her by Storm.

A SONG *in the* Farce *call'd the* Younger *the* Wiser: *Set by Mr.* DANIEL PURCELL. *Sung by Mr.* LEVERIDGE.



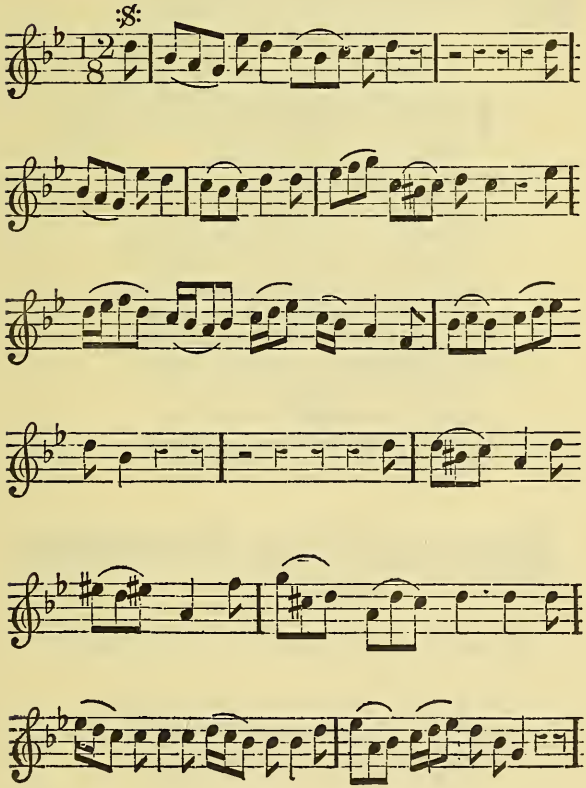


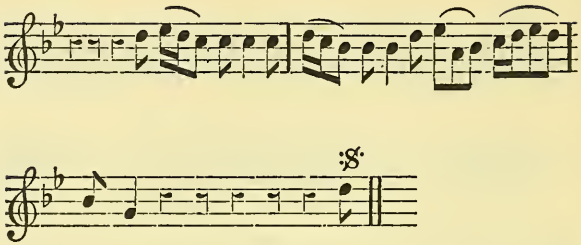
HOW happy's he who weds a Wife,
Well practis'd, well practis'd in the *London* Life;
Dull Country Brides a Sense may want,
To hide the Favours which they grant.

How happy's he who weds a Wife,
We'll practis'd, well practis'd in the *London* Life;
But *London* Wives Coquet by Rule,
Discreetly please the Men they Fool.

How happy's he who weds a Wife,
Well practis'd, well practis'd in the *London* Life.

A SONG. *Set by Mr.* RAMONDON. *Sung at the* Theatre.





HOW Charming *Phillis* is, how Fair,
How Charming *Phillis* is, how Fair,
O that she were as willing,
To ease my wounded Heart of Care,
And make her Eyes less killing:
To ease my wounded Heart of Care,
And make her Eyes less killing,
To ease my wounded Heart of Care,
And make her Eyes less killing,
To ease my wounded Heart of Care,
And make her Eyes less killing:
I sigh, I sigh, I languish now,
And Love will not let me rest;
I drive about the Park and Bow,
Where'er I meet my Dearest.

A SONG. *Set by Mr.* BERENCLOW.

WHY will *Clemene*, when I gaze,
My ravish'd Eyes reprove;
And chide 'em from the only Face,
That they were made to Love:

Was

Was not I born to wear your Chain,
I should delight to rove ;
From your cold Province of Disdain,
To some warm Land of Love.

But shou'd a gentle Nymph when try'd,
To me prove well inclin'd ;
My destin'd Heart must yet reside,
With you the most unkind ;
So destin'd Exiles as they roam,
While kindly us'd elsewhere ;
Still languish after Native home,
Tho' Death, Death is threatned there.

FINIS.

Date Due

APR 1 5 '60			

Library Bureau Cat. No. 1137

WELLESLEY COLLEGE LIBRARY
3 5002 03037 3968

MUSIC
M
1738
W77
5-6

319292